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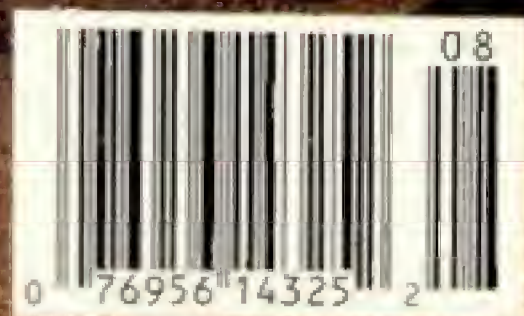
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AWFUL MOVIE MAKING
THE DELAURENTIIS WAY

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PLUS

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as That
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GREAT EXPECTATIONS 9

NAKED CITY

► Tasty final meals on death row. More pearls of not-at-all-racist wisdom from David Duke. The well-informed members of the Oliver North jury. Support for those with support-group overload. Bill Cosby, lovable cheapskate 26

THE SPY MAP



► Death Takes a Holiday: the Lee Harvey Oswald Memorial Assassin's Guide to New York, by ANDREA RIDER. Illustrated by ERIC HANSON 82

PARTY POOP 102

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

► AC al fresco is a stone-cold groove. Illustrated by JEANNE BERG 104

THE COVER

Sandra Bernhard photographed by Firooz Zohedi. Background: Robert Knight/After Image. Hair: Sally Hershberger for Visage Style L.A. Makeup: Debi M. for Lisa Schiffman Management. Styling assistant: Mark Bridges. Dresser: Leslie Neuman for Celestine-Cloutier. Stylist: Barbara Frank (represented by Olive Head).



1989

FEATURES

THE MAN WHO SAID, "EVERYBODY LOVES THE BIG MONKEY!"

Dino DeLaurentiis is many things to many people: Hollywood's snazziest (and maybe shortest) living film mogul, the auteur who made *Tai-Pan* (and *King Kong Lives* and *Million Dollar Mystery* and many, many more). He is also a charmer who speaks a seductive but almost indecipherable patois that once seemed to whisper success to all who'd listen. And many (including Jay Leno and Judd Nelson) did. MARK FRANKEL sifts through the wreckage of a Hollywood empire 44

WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY LUGGAGE IS IN THE MIDDLE AGES?

"Time travel?" you say. "Pshaw! Impossible!" But have you really looked into the ever-more-plausible world of wormholes, tachyonic antitelephones and Tipler cylinders? No? Then sit back, clear your mind (high school physics is not a prerequisite for reading on) and let CHARLES C. MANN and EDWARD ZUCKERMAN take you all the way back to the exact moment when they wrote this article. Plus: Low-Tech Time Travel—SYDNEY SCHUSTER's guide to the former lives (and life-styles) of the reincarnated rich and famous 58

NAKED STARS ON DRUGS! AND PAT BUCHANAN!

They're back—and more long-winded and self-important than ever. JAMIE MALANOWSKI presents a dozen new unseemly celebrity autobiographies—supercondensed for easier reading. Some sneak peeks: Klaus Kinski's raw-egg love diet, Ultra Violet's erotic romp with a lobster and Debbie Reynolds's tips for disciplining big ears. BONUS: SPY's convenient, only somewhat tendentious index to The Andy Warhol Diaries 70

MAKING MILLIONS, THE E-Z WAY!

Can you really make thousands assembling fabric flowers in your own home? Or stuffing envelopes? Or through some vague, unspecified system designed to attract inveterate optimists and other gulls? Just by sending \$29.90? Really? Ask novice entrepreneurs ANDY AARON and STEVE RADLAUER 84

AUGUST

COLUMNS



"DUTCH" HOLLAND speculates about secret identities in **Review of Reviewers**; NEAL KARLEN rounds up all those Jewish baseball stars in **Sports**; CELIA BRADY on the final days of CBS and what **The Industry's** manliest agent is spending his 10 percents on; JAMES GRANT on wastrel Argentina's pals on **The Street**; plus the debut of MACAULAY CONNOR's **Ministry of Information**, this month on the shark fight for Time Inc. 92

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR. 101



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IT'S AUGUST—THAT'S THE ILLUSION WE'RE TRYING TO CREATE, ANYWAY, HERE IN THE LAND OF monthly magazine lead-time make-believe. In fact, as you're reading this it's almost certainly closer to the Bastille Day bicentennial (leave it to the French to celebrate arbitrary executions) than to the Woodstock commemorative weekend (leave it to the Americans to celebrate a 20-year-old concert featuring Sha Na Na).  But in fact,


it isn't July—it's still *June* for us, and not even *late* June: Jim Wright and Tony Coelho have just been purged, Tommy John was fired and Mike Schmidt retired mere days ago, and Joseph Papp's Shakespeare in the Park production of *Twelfth Night* hasn't even opened yet (but since it is nominally August, we know that Gregory Hines was a disappointment as Feste, that critics were enthralled by Michelle Pfeiffer as Olivia, that Jeff Goldblum was grand as Malvolio). Plus, *Batman* is a big hit; the Central Park "wilding" victim is doing fine; and the new ABC News show starring Diane Sawyer, Chris Wallace and Sam Donaldson is in trouble. And New York is



really hot. Right?  "We also have hot-heads," Mikhail Gorbachev told Zhao Ziyang, his Chinese counterpart, just before the hothead Zhao was sacked and Gorbachev returned to Moscow to kick his

It's August— that's the illusion

own hotheads around. "They want it all done in one night," Gorbachev said. "This is not the way it happens in life. This happens only in fairy tales."  Or in America, land of enchantment.  Just as the court was deciding whether to let him buy the Eastern Air Shuttle, Donald Trump warned America of the consequences of letting the airline sell the shuttle to anyone else. "If

I don't get it," he said, "*you'll have riots in the street.*" And so he got it.  Meanwhile, Frank Lorenzo, the previous owner of the shuttle, and the fairy-tale, can-do, business wizard of the *early* 1980s, announced that he'd hired a squad of psychiatrists to analyze the leaflets put out by the Eastern Airlines unions. Lorenzo wants the psychiatrists to find evidence



of "brainwashing in the style of the forties." That's the way union organizing happens in life, not just in fairy tales?

Brainwashing in the style of the forties—a phrase and a concept evocative of Sir Ronald Reagan, who, in the 1940s, was abruptly transmogrified from a liberal union official into a right-wing corporate spokesman. Mount Rushmore, the planet's great artifact of kitsch patriotism, was completed in the 1940s—or so we thought. The graven image of a fifth president—Reagan—remains to be carved onto

the mountain, according to right-wing editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, who was devoting himself to this very important cause. Tyrrell even presented the idea to Reagan, complete with drawings of a revised



Rushmore. Did the former president turned fake knight examine the pros and cons of this project? Declaim on the merits of amending national shrines? Talk about how the climactic scene in *North by Northwest* was filmed? "I think," recalls Tyrrell, "he asked if he could have a little more red wine."

Thank goodness George Bush has reverted to his old WASPy, silly, pre-1988 self, admitting he couldn't get through to a fellow world leader ("The line was busy," Bush said) and writing dumbbell reminiscences of undergraduate life ("One of my very favorite courses was History of Art 36 [pots and pans]... a great course in American furniture and silver") for Yale's newspaper. It turns out the mean, know-nothing racist Bush of last year's presidential campaign was just a phase he had to go through; the wimp is back. "Maybe someday," a disappointed friend of his said, "George'll just haul off and slug somebody." *Why, Dan, what the heck do you mean I'm a liberal?* comes the cry from the West Wing. *I'll show you who's a liberal.*

But that's only the way it would happen in a fairy tale. In real life, by some queer coincidence, the vice president has been abroad whenever the president has been in Washington, and vice versa. During a recent official visit to American Samoa, Quayle sipped a ceremonial drink called Ava, made from the kava root by tribal

high chiefs—essentially a kind of Samoan communion. "It tasted like a laxative," the vice president of the United States said.

When a Washington visitor is unimpressed, what's a poor provincial to do? In preparation for an official visit by the administration's other right-wing pretty boy who we all must pray never, ever becomes president—Jack Kemp—the managers of a new housing complex tried to make their piece of downtown Detroit as swell as possible: they dyed the lawns green and dyed the water blue, so that the complex—

Harbortown, it's called—looked like a fairy-tale place. It was just "some extra fine tuning," according to the manager of the complex, and it apparently did the trick: Kemp made no remarks at Harbortown of

the tasted-like-a-laxative variety.

They beautify Detroit by giving it a postmodern paint job; we beautify New York by scrubbing off the paint—at least if the paint has been applied to municipal property by unauthorized poor people or Keith Haring. And, mirabile dictu, the war has been won: this summer, New York's subways are finally graffiti-free. It has been almost two decades since the trains were so clean, and Mayor Koch surrendered to the early-1970s, pregraffiti spirit of the day. "Graffiti on the walls of trains or subway stations," he said, in mid-1989, "create bad karma."

Rudolph Giuliani never uses phrases like *bad karma* (virtue or weakness?—you, the citizens, decide), but the reason he may defeat Koch in November is that Giuliani seems reassuringly familiar, like he has run before. And he has, in a sense, lots of times, since Giuliani is a Frankenstein-monster


assemblage of other politicians: a publicity-hound crimebuster like Thomas Dewey, a thin-skinned nut like Koch, the family background and queer Hamlety intelligence of Mario Cuomo, the awful I'm-not-really-bald haircut of Al D'Amato. And the feisty eloquence of Hugh Carey—no, make that the eloquence of Joseph Biden. "Before they tell you what they'll do," Giuliani has been saying this summer, "ask them what they've done." "Before they

tell you what they want to do," Carey said in 1974, "make them show you what they've done." And before they tell you anything at all, ask them where they stole it. So, squeaky-clean Rudy Giuliani has lifted his slogan from Carey. But Carey didn't *write* the line—a campaign adviser did. (This is the way it happens in life; leaders utter their own words only in fairy tales.)

When it comes out on videocassette this summer, *The Last Temptation of Christ*—the movie that depicts the mortal side of Jesus (purity of thought and deed exists only in fairy tales)—will not be available at Blockbuster Video, the nation's second-largest video chain. "This movie was enough of an insult to our senses that we chose not to carry it," says a spokesman for Blockbuster. They refuse to carry a movie about Christ... and it's just coincidence, is it, that there are exactly 666 Blockbuster stores? And it's also just coincidence that after Blockbuster was accused of dubious accounting practices and traders began selling the company's stock short, the corporate chairman cast it all as a question of metaphysics? "The crux of the matter," H. Wayne Huizenga told *The Wall Street Journal*, "is: Are you short or do you believe? I'm a believer."

H. Wayne Huizenga, sounding like a little boy in a fairy tale, or a Monkee, says he's a believer. Steve Friedman, meanwhile, says he's "a stand-up guy." *Check.* Friedman, the former *Today* show producer who created the Frankenstein-monster infotainment show *USA Today on TV*, says in the same interview, "I call 'em like I see 'em." *Check.* And, the man whose most recent special was called *Diet America Challenge* says, "I'm also a class guy." *Check.*

Class guy... class guy... Were we talking about Mark Gastineau? Class guys like him are sure to have class chicks for daughters: his six-year-old, to whom he gave the shopping-mall-fairy-tale name Brittny, is now being merchandised as a model by

Gastineau's ex-wife. Brittny Gastineau will not show up for cattle calls, her mother says. Brittny Gastineau will pose, if you hire her over the phone, for about \$800 a day, and with her mother for several hundred more. And Brittny Gastineau, six, is ready and willing to do product endorsements, her mother says. This is exactly the way it happens in life. And with a dad and name and career like hers, how can she do anything but live happily ever after? 

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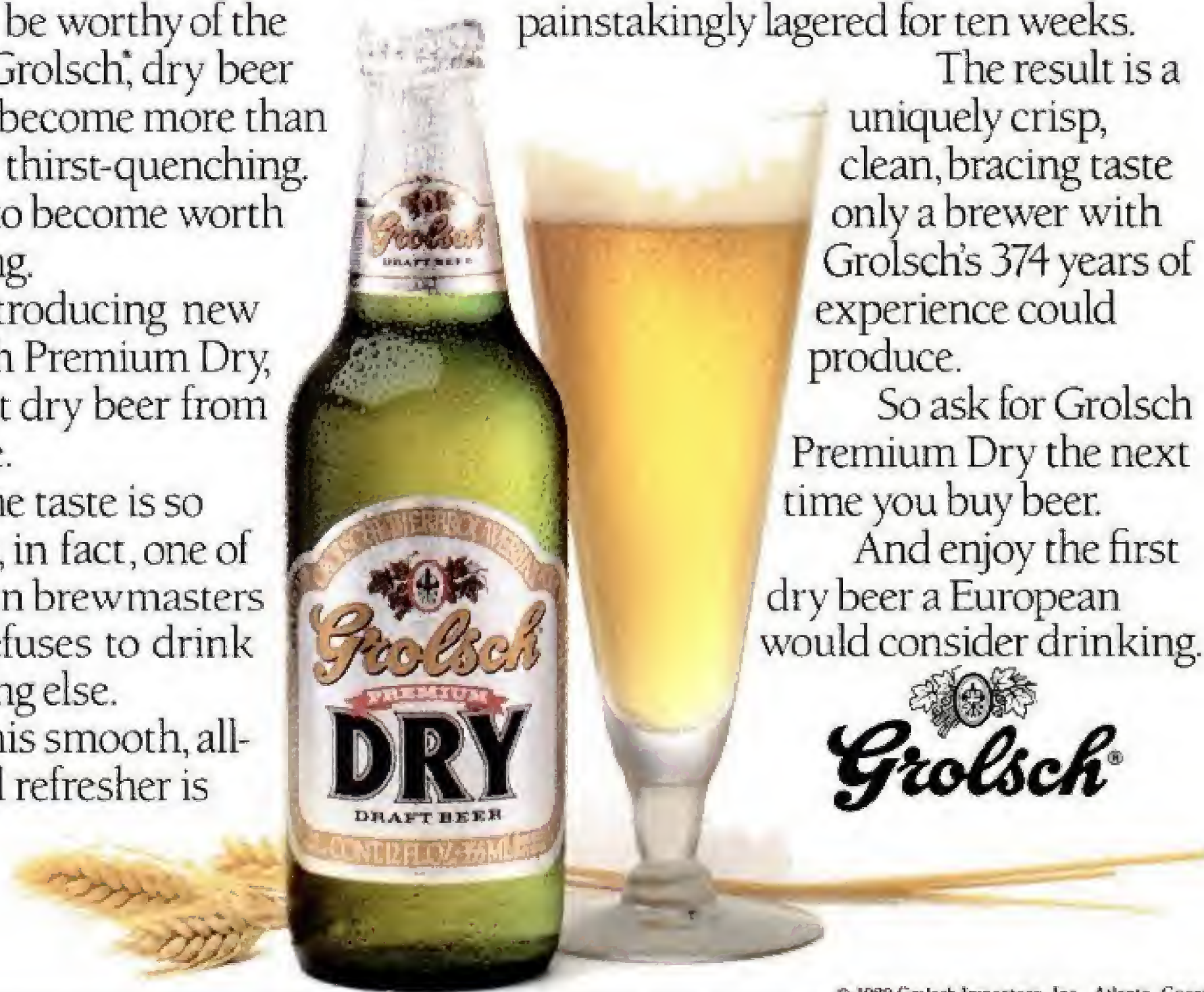
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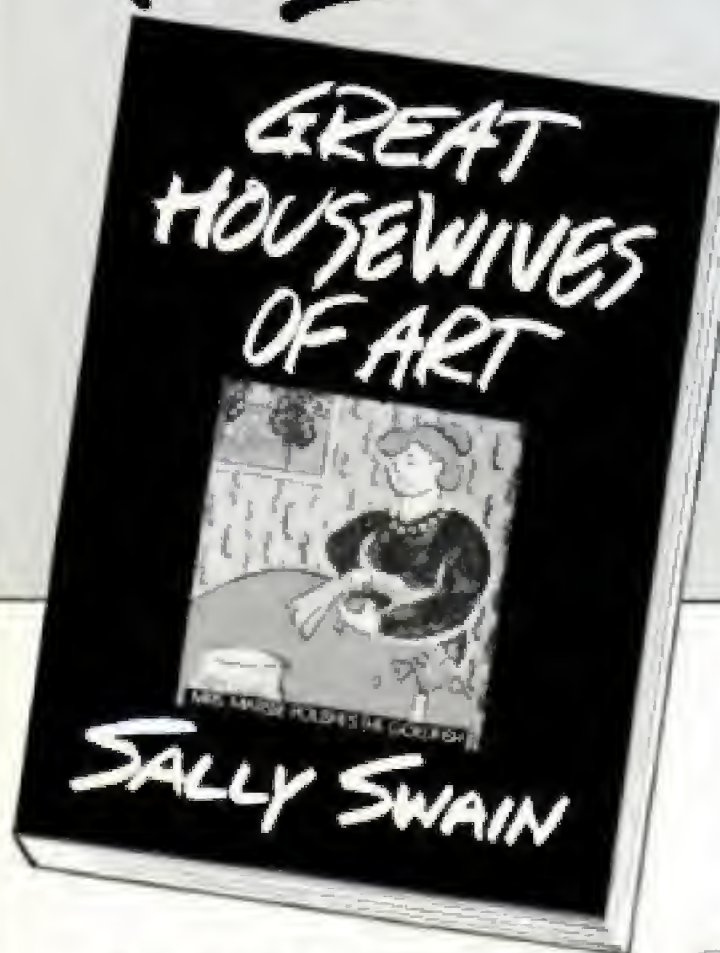


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Ahh! (Capitol/Enigma) 368688</p> <p>Joan Jett And The Blackhearts—Up Your Alley (CBS Associated Blackhearts) 368340</p> <p>Cheap Trick—Lap Of Luxury (Epic) 368050</p> <p>Robert Plant—Now and Zen (Es Paranza) 366716</p> <p>Carly Simon—Greatest Hits Live (Arista) 365874</p> <p>Tone-Loc—Loc'd After Dark (Delicious Vinyl) 379875</p> <p>Supertramp—Classics Vol. 9 (A&M) 364471</p> <p>Alice Cooper—Billion Dollar Babies (Warner Bros.) 363531</p> <p>Little Feat—Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 363515</p> <p>George Michael—Faith (Columbia) 362228</p> <p>Steve Winwood—Roll With It (Virgin) 371211</p> | <p>Elvis Costello—Spike (Warner Bros.) 378190</p> <p>Michael Jackson—Bad (Epic) 362079</p> <p>Bruce Springsteen—Tunnel Of Love (Columbia) 360115</p> <p>Billy Idol—Vital Idol (Chrysalis) 360107</p> <p>Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357616-397612</p> <p>Jimi Hendrix—Are You Experienced? (Reprise) 353102</p> <p>Yes—Fragile (Atlantic) 351957</p> <p>Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351924</p> <p>Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350652</p> <p>Van Morrison—Moondance (Warner Bros.) 349803</p> <p>The Boys—Messages From The Boys (Motown) 376368</p> <p>The Who—Greatest Hits (MCA) 365361</p> <p>Tracy Chapman (Elektra) 369892</p> |
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U2 | <input type="checkbox"/> Soft Rock
Debbie Gibson,
Fleetwood Mac | <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz
Kenny G,
Al Jarreau |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Easy Listening/Pop
Neil Diamond, Barbra Streisand,
Johnny Mathis, Ray Conniff | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical*
Vladimir Horowitz,
Luciana Pavarotti | |

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Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

373/F6

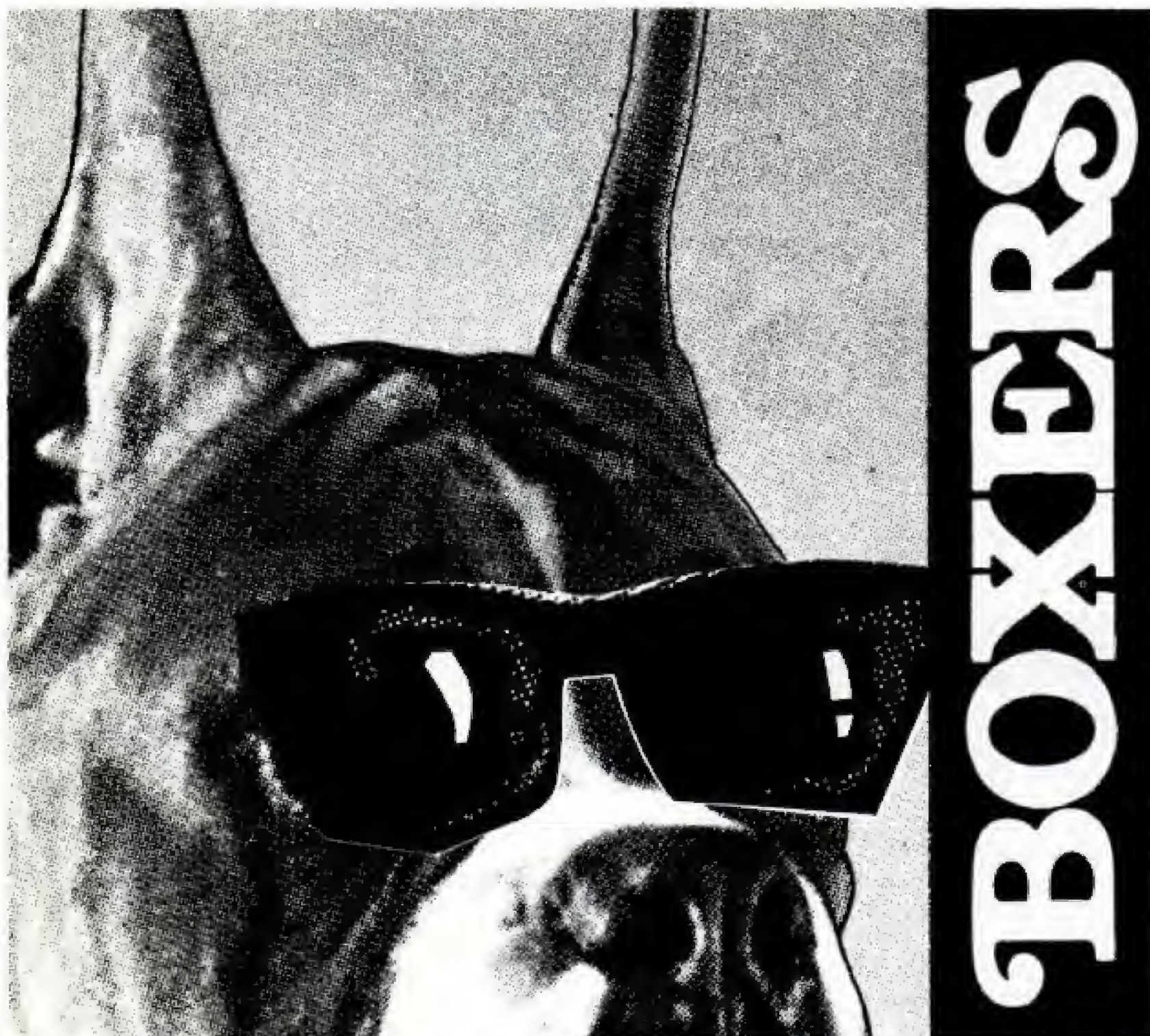
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From the SPY mailroom: Greetings. Bobby Zarem, George Lois and Larry Brown have the month off.

"As you become less of a New York-based rag, may I have the privilege of applying for a West Coast internship, as



I believe we have many assholes out here too." This from a reader in Seattle. Given what interns do—photocopying,

running for coffee, gossiping about the staff with other interns—"West Coast intern" is kind of a problematic job description for a SPY employee, don't you think? Our offices are in lower Manhattan, after all. We guess you *could* wander up and down the Pacific coastline making Xeroxes of things and ordering coffees eight at a time. Look, you think about it, and so will we.

From Mark D. Cooper of Manhattan: "I'd love to know... why so many of your really beautifully paced sentences sound as if they were written by someone classically trained in the 1930s." Well, does the phrase *average age: 76* suggest anything about our staff? (We know, *no one* can believe it.) Cooper goes on to encourage SPY, in beautifully paced sentences, to "start spending money on essays, maybe a short story, even, dare I say it, poetry." To be fair, he wrote to us before we'd run that haiku (this space, last month).

Trump watchers and Brazilians alike will want to know that the *Los Angeles Times* quoted Donald Trump sounding very much like SPY sounding like Trump, saying he'd like to someday build "a glamorous, super-quality building" in Rio or São Paulo. (Thanks to John Romine of West Hollywood for the clipping.)

Speaking of deal-doing, Christopher Gray, the urban historian, has sent us a postcard with the following message written on the back: "If you will stop writing about me, I will put SPY on the Eastern Shuttle." Hey—that's extortion and a "liable." Why, our lawyers feel we could virtually win in a summary judgment.

A Yonkers reader, one who probably spends weekends handing out leaflets that read DON'T LITTER, writes that SPY's letters section—including this col-

umn—is becoming too long and boring and asks for “a little editing please.” *Lop.* There went your name and the rest of your letter. (Message to the art department: if the column runs over, this paragraph goes first.)

Now in their second sensational SPY year... *the Halbfingers!* David Halbfinger (Letters to SPY, *passim*) has written from New Haven to rebuff one Patrick Barnes of Columbus, Ohio. Barnes (whom we assume is a Halbfinger confederate, if not actually Halbfinger himself) not only called Halbfinger's writing “pompous” in a letter last May but also cruelly translated the Halbfinger name as “half finger.” “I wish,” writes Halbfinger, “I had the rest of my middle digit to wave in his general direction.” We'll admit it: Halbfinger knows what we like. He knows we're putty in his abbreviated-fingered hands. He knows that certain names open doors, and that *his* opens the door to the SPY mailroom. (The return address on his envelope carried the name HALBFINGER in marquee-size, open-me-first block letters; he knew we would see the letter and publish it.)

In the final analysis, though, SPY is not a magazine about Halbfingers, not even Halbfingers who submit questions to President Bush on behalf of *The Yale Daily News* and as a result get quoted extensively in *The New York Times*—no, it's a magazine about people helping people. In the May issue we ran a letter from Emily Rosenthal, who wondered where she could pick up bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord's dirty books; we directed her to the Strand, where copies of the out-of-print dirty classic *Golden Hill* were going for \$7.50. Now another reader, Cheryl Solimini of Montclair, New Jersey, has written to Emily Rosenthal c/o SPY. “You're in luck! While on vacation last August, I spotted a copy of *Golden Hill* at the Bar Harbor Public Library's end-of-the-season book sale. At the time, I thought 25 cents was too much.... I'm sure those thrifty Mainers have put it in storage for next year's sale. Or you could ask them to send it to you.... And Emily, it was hardcover!”

SPY is also a magazine about bringing people together. “In reference to May 1989's Letters to SPY: David Farkas! ▶

DEAR EDITORS I lent, or rather gave away, the issue with the Buddy-o-Matic [“A SPY Guide to Making Hit Movies the Surefire, Scientific Buddy-o-Matic Way,” by Bruce Feirstein, September 1988]. What I want to know is, could one have constructed *Rain Man* using the Buddy-o-Matic? Also, are there other films created since the appearance of the Buddy-o-Matic that could have been created using the chart?

Frank Kaufmann
New York

No, *Rain Man* was a brother movie, not a buddy movie. You know, like *Twins*: two brothers grow up not knowing the other exists, find each other and go across America in a car, and along the way they change each other for the better and learn something about themselves. Both *Rain Man* and *Twins*, incidentally, starred and were written and directed by folks represented by—you got it—Mike Ovitz's CAA. As to your second question, yes.

DEAR EDITORS YOU know what I think I like best of all about your magazine? You don't chop up your articles and continue them on page 72 or 89 or whatever in order to make room for some dumb ad. (continued on page 24)

DEAR EDITORS YOU could be a dating service! It's true. In a story worthy of the *National Enquirer*: READING SPY IN PUBLIC NETS MANHATTAN WOMAN THREE ELIGIBLE MEN IN 15 MINUTES!!!

Recently I was riding on the 79th Street crosstown bus and reading the November

Thanks, SPY. You made my day. Three close encounters aren't quite a date, but they've increased the odds. I think I'll carry you everywhere.

Nancy Lloyd
New York

That all sounds great, but watch out for a guy who says he's a famous movie director.

DEAR EDITORS As an Irish American Catholic and a U.S. Marine veteran, I protest the anti-Irish bias you have shown in your March edition. I refer to your statements regarding the streets intersecting Fifth Avenue and the need for Portosans [Datebook].

James J. Leary
New York

Our remark, for March 17, that “block associations for streets intersecting Fifth Avenue regret too-hasty decision not to install Portosans on every corner this year” was not intended as an anti-Irish slur. It was intended as an anti-teenagers-from-Piscataway-on-Quaaludes slur.

DEAR EDITORS Congratulations on turning Tom Wolfe's style into a format for a magazine. “The Irony Epidemic” [by Paul Rudnick and Kurt Andersen, March] was good Wolfe. I was wondering when somebody would take his formula and apply it to everything. After all, there are few things more prized by writers than to be the first to spot a trend or give a name to a previously unnoticed phenomenon. And now you guys are mining the archetype for all it's worth!

Wolfe is the most influential writer of

LETTERS TO SPY

1988 election issue (okay, I'm a slow reader). While reading Paul Simms's “How to Become President” I started laughing out loud. A nice-looking guy near me asked, “What are you reading? I haven't heard anyone laugh out loud while reading in... forever.” I told him it was SPY, whereupon a second man chimed in and we spent the next few minutes discussing how terrific you are.

I moved on to the supermarket still smiling and asked a third man if he would get me some Kitten Chow off the top shelf. He did this immediately and walked away saying, “You have a beautiful smile, you know, really beautiful.”

the last 25 years. He single-handedly made it cool to be conservative, named a decade and defrocked the priests of Art and Architecture. Yes, SPY's a good idea. It's going to be tough to maintain that standard of insight, but you'll get by with 90 percent style as long as you come up with one or two Wolfe-quality pieces a year.

Ben Bochner
Eugene, Oregon

DEAR EDITORS Talk about irony. You call Judy Garland “pop junk.” That's perplexing, since at her early 1960s peak she was probably the

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Are you the same David Farkas who gave a book report on the Bible in school? Now, that's funny." That's from Mary Catherine Mone, Salt Lake City. Farkas: Get in touch. And keep us posted.

And SPY is a magazine about keeping its readers happy. The last time Gena Feist wrote, from New Paltz, New York, she asked us to stop picking on Elvis Costello; not only did we cease and desist, we made him our June cover boy. Now Feist wants to know why the name of Drew Friedman's monthly illustration was changed from *Private Lives of Public Enemies* to *Private Lives of Public Figures* and then shortened to *Private Lives*. "So tell me, who threatened to sue?" she asks, on the back of a home-made postcard that reads WIMPS? Easy does it, Gena. No one threatened to sue. "Public Figures" just gave us more range than "Public Enemies." The truncating, however, was arbitrary, and will be corrected beginning this issue (see *Naked City*, page 27). Because you cared.

Taso Lagos of Seattle has also written again, this time complaining at length about the writing in the advertising supplements in SPY. Uh, Taso—so why do you read them?

"Just what exactly is a Taso Lagos?" asks Ryan "Tiger Beat Happens to Be an Excellent Magazine, Far Outshining Bop or Even Teen Beat" Witte of Garden City, New York, coincidentally.

"Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me..." Fitzgerald or Hemingway? Fitzgerald, in "The Rich Boy" (1926), as Susan Sherman Smith, Peter W. Adams and "Bradley Stilton-Sod" of New York have most recently pointed out to us (Hemingway misquoted the line in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in 1936). We had said it was Hemingway—first suggesting that he'd written it ("Papa's Got a Brand-new Mag," by Bradley W. Bloch, January/February) and then, regrettably, asserting that he'd written it (this space, May). In any case, we'll always prefer to think of the line as having originated in Alan Richman's Wine & Spirits column in GQ (1988). Who is Alan Richman? You know. The fellow who also said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." D

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finest singing actress (as opposed to singer-actress) this country has produced.

Then you blame Warhol for reducing the stature of art, putting words in his mouth: "Hey, art isn't serious—it's a hoot!" You seem unaware of the melancholy and foreboding lying just under the surface of much of his work.

Worse, SPY implies that we've reached the sad stage where half the world is kitschy and unwittingly hip and the other half wink smugly among themselves. This is the editorial equivalent of psychiatric delusions of self-reference. Fact is, SPY writers and readers may be among the few concerned with this whole can of frosting, Manhattan being, after all, the epicenter of this (wink-wink) fashion "catastrophe."

Let's send Susan Sontag to camp and forget the whole thing.

Preston Reese

Daly City, California

Now that Warhol's Bianca handed me her panties (cab fare \$5) diaries are out, we can better understand the, uh, melancholy and foreboding under the surface of his work.

DEAR EDITORS **T**hank you for your reference to our product in your article "They Threw It All Away" [by John Brodie and Bob Mack, April]. However, we suspect the mention was unintentional. In the article in question, KITTY LITTER® Brand was referred to in a generic sense. As KITTY LITTER® Brand is a registered trademark for a specific premium cat box filler manufactured by Edward Lowe Industries Inc., any use of the name other than as shown here is incorrect.

Please help us protect our valuable trademark and assure the accuracy of your copy as well, by capitalizing the K and L in KITTY LITTER® and adding the word *Brand*. When not referring specifically to KITTY LITTER® Brand, we suggest the generic term *cat box filler*.

Lori Schlotfeldt

Customer Relations Department

Edward Lowe Industries Inc.

South Bend, Indiana

DEAR EDITORS **A**n entry in the April Datebook suggests "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" as the appropriate song to accompany spinning dinner plates on tall sticks. I believe, if

you'll review the relevant episodes of *The Ed Sullivan Show*, you'll find the proper music to be "Sabre Dance."

Eli Messinger

San Jose, California

DEAR EDITORS **I** too used to think Dick Van Patten belonged in the Living Comb-over Wearers category ["The Illustrated History of Hair, Part IV," by David Earl, April]. However, when he appeared on TV recently to pitch some dubious enterprise or other, I noticed that Dick's once thinly decorated pate is now disguised by a suspiciously thick layer of something resembling steel wool. (It's still combed sideways, though.)

Joyce Saenz-Harris

Dallas, Texas

DEAR EDITORS **T**he comb-over was only Round One. SPY should consider the female equivalent: the "Hide-a-Chicken-Neck."

The categories are:

- (1) The Barbara Bush—pearls the size of marshmallows and beads reminiscent of infant teethingers
- (2) The Bess Myerson—turtleneck and/or scarf with ugly gold pin (a little something "picked up" at cheap department stores)
- (3) The Audrey Hepburn—high fashion as camouflage; ruffles the size of the Hoover Dam.

Nettie Hansen

Cheektowaga, New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** read with great interest your article "Room at the Top: How the Rich Get Richer in Koch's New York" [by Jamie Malanowski, April], about how developers were swapping small public amenities for millions of dollars of extra footage.

I thought you would like to know that added floor space was not the only gift from the Koch administration to these developers. Virtually every one of the projects you list received 421a tax breaks for new residential construction, worth additional millions. The list includes West Riverhouse, Trafalgar House, Le Triomphe (where apartments were being offered for rent in 1984 at anywhere from \$2,500 to \$20,000 a month), The Copley and Bel

Canto. Indeed, the lucky residents of West Riverhouse received tax subsidies worth an average of \$31,904 per unit!!

It was obviously this waste of taxpayers' money that led me, in my 1984 report on 421a, to the title *The Rich Get Richer*.

Ruth W. Messinger

City Council member

New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**s one of the *McHale's Navy* purists you refer to in "The Unknown Joseph Heller" [by William Poundstone, April], I feel compelled to bring several inaccuracies in your article to your attention.

McHale's Navy airs daily on WPTT, Pittsburgh, at noon. And while the episode Mr. Heller wrote indeed fell in the Taratupa period, the photograph accompanying your article is from the Voltafiore period. The picture is of McHale, Captain Binghamton and an Army colonel; Taratupa dealt with the war against the Japanese, from the sea—in which the army did not take part.

Ronald E. Gold

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

According to WPTT, they used to air the show daily at 11:00 a.m. but stopped last February. And you call yourself a purist?

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our May issue characterizes C. Boyden Gray as "the administration's Jeff to [John Tower's] Mutt" [Great Expectations].

But it is Jeff, not Mutt, who, like Tower, is the short guy. Get on the stick, guys—some of your readers went to college.

Peter Lushing

South Orange, New Jersey

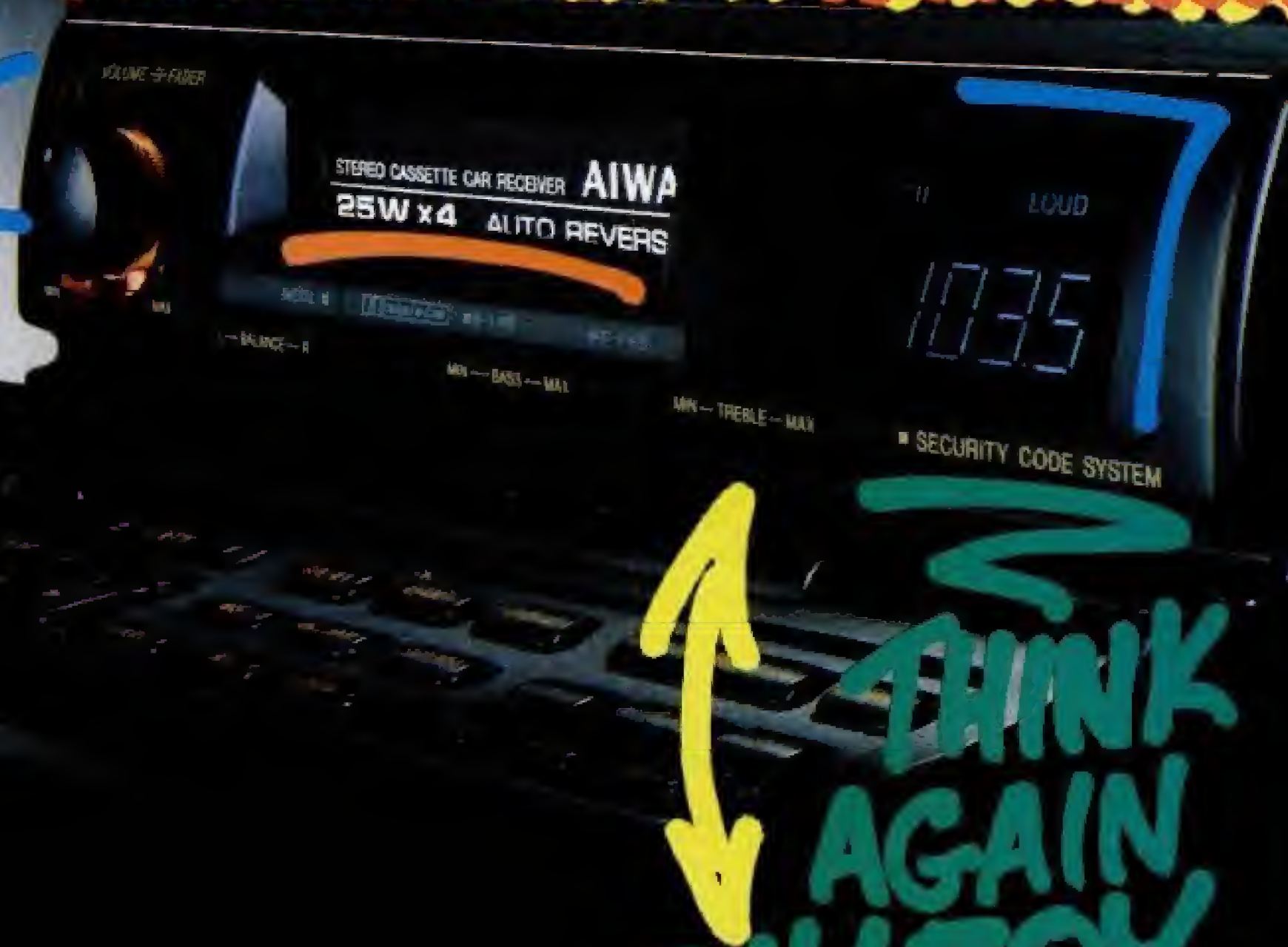
Judging from this month's letters, we're a magazine largely devoted to covering comb-overs, Kitty Litter—oops, make that KITTY LITTER®, Portosans and McHale's Navy. Yet this is hardly representative of our magazine. For example, didn't anyone read our history of the male ponytail?

DEAR EDITORS **A**lthough I thoroughly enjoyed your tribute to former Olympic attendee and pending trademark applicant Ivana Trump ["That's Why the Lady Is a Trump," by Jonathan Van Meter, May], I believe the cover line IVANARAMA! was inappropriate. The suffix

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-ama seems to suggest the world, which would probably be a tour of the casino operators' various residences, offices and perhaps even their understated "disco-wich-a-hull." The only suitable heading, therefore, would be IVANA—A WHIRLIGIG!, which pertains to rapid movement, commotion, a merry-go-round, bustle, continuous change of events, children's toys and a state of mental instability (*Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged*).

Jim Fuhrman
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS I have been a big fan of your magazine from the start. Your wit has always been admirably cutting but never vicious—until now. Your cover of Ivana Trump goes beyond vicious and is truly disgusting. The art director's cropping of the cover photo is a cheap trick. I would love to see what a photo of your editorial staff looks like cropped in the same manner. Such cheap exploitations make the newsstands a hideous place for a whole month!

Robert Downs Clark
Special-projects editor
Town & Country
New York

DEAR EDITORS Your subscription department was apparently a little overzealous with the glue on my mailing label for your May issue. I didn't realize this until I put it on the rug to go answer the phone. When I returned some moments later, I noticed adhering to Ivana's teeth certain wool threads from the aforementioned rug (done by one of Morocco's top dead weavers), and possibly one or two cat hairs (from Tasha and Buckwheat, both tops in their species). These additions to your cover shot of Mrs. Trump's face made it look even more gruesome, if such a thing were possible.

Robin Sutherland
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS If Ivana is truly interested in efficiency and thrift in her dress budget (\$1.5 million per year!), may I suggest she simply assemble 614 of her absolute most favorite dresses, limo over to her hair dyer/colorer and

request each gown to be dyed to match the 614 different color schemes Ivana personally selected while practicing her licensed-interior-designer skills at Harrah's in Atlantic City.

With her savings, Ivana could give each of her employee/subjects an 18-cents-per-hour raise (less dye and limo costs) and not be bothered with jaunts to Paris fashion runways. With all that extra free time, Ivana could better "cover" her top kids.

Enrico Coco
West Hollywood, California

DEAR EDITORS Donnie and Ivaska must be pacing apologetically around their marble-clad enclave! It's about time they were referred to in a tone somewhere below Gush Adoration. Money doesn't give anyone the right to reduce the rest of the planet to kickable-puppy status. Class is something money doesn't ever buy. You sure made that point.

You gave a terrific kick in the rear to a lady on a very high horse.

K. McDonald
New York

DEAR EDITORS As an attorney, I was fascinated by the exchange of letters between Donald Trump (and/or his lawyers) and SPY (and/or your lawyers), which you meticulously documented in your May issue ["Dear Donald: An Epistolary History of a Year in the Life of Donald J. Trump"]. It is only now that I understand how Trump's lawyers earn the awe-inspiring fees that Trump surely pays them.

It is ludicrous for a law firm to send a letter to a periodical, purport to lay out facts and threaten that deviation from such "facts" will result in "major litigation."

In the case of a public figure like Trump, those knotty old First Amendment problems come into play, and the idea of a firm "dictating" an article to a magazine passes from the ridiculous to the sublimely ridiculous.

The zenith of legal absurdity was perhaps reached in Trump's letter to SPY in which he stated earnestly, "For Steven [Schragis] or anyone to say that he will stop writing about me if I put SPY magazines on my new Shuttle flights is a liable [sic] and extortion case which my attorneys feel I could virtually win on summary judg-

ment." (Emphasis added.) With regard to "liable," a defamation (libel or slander) case will often involve two different versions of the facts underlying the alleged defamation, as mentioned. You win on summary judgment when the court decides, or lawyers on both sides agree, that there are no issues of fact for a jury to decide at a trial. If there are such issues, you don't win on summary judgment—the case goes to trial. Given SPY's version of the facts of Alvin Schragis's original letter to Trump, I agree that in a libel suit by Trump against SPY there would be summary judgment—against Trump, assuming the case weren't dismissed even earlier. With regard to extortion: extortion is a crime that requires the prosecution to prove criminal intent, among other things. Suffice it to say that Trump's understanding of an extortion case is even less than his understanding of "liable."

Richard M. Ellis
New York

DEAR EDITORS Regarding the two letters you published in your May issue concerning Swifty Lazar and the nickname you gave him—"wee etymological curiosity"—I wonder if Jim Weis and Robert Haavie are not barking up the wrong tree when they question whether SPY had intended on calling Mr. Lazar a "wee entomological curiosity."

I think your original name is infinitely more clever. According to my copy of *The Encyclopedia of Word and Phrase Origins*, *lazar* is a medieval term for "a diseased beggar or leper," an outcast who is allowed to do nothing "but beg." *The American Heritage Dictionary* offers this definition: "a person afflicted with a loathsome disease." Since the word has dropped out of use, it has become, one might say, "a wee etymological curiosity."

The word *swift* has its own curious connotations. According to *The American Heritage Dictionary*, the third definition for *swift* is "any of the various small, fast-moving North American lizards of the genera *Sceloporus* and *Uta*."

Joining these two particular definitions of the words *swift* and *lazar*, the name Swifty Lazar would mean "a lizardlike leper." This is, etymologically speaking, more than just a wee bit curious.

Brooks Peters
New York

Mirabella

Mailgram 2

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DEAR EDITORS In a world full of venality, greed and corruption, you choose to pick on Norman and Frances Lear ["Desperately Seeking Seriousness," by Leah Rozen, June]? Both as a journalist and as a friend of the Lears', I was appalled at your story. As far as SPY is concerned, the Lears' major crime against humanity seems to be their desire to do something worthwhile with their money instead of just sitting on it or spending it with the kind of gross ostentation that has become so common among the super-rich. The Lears have principles they stand for and they actually put their money behind their beliefs; how awful! It is a real measure of the eighties that having a social conscience now makes one worthy of ridicule instead of applause. The Lears aren't even the kind of rich folks who scrounge up a cause or a disease to benefit late in the game; both Norman and Frances have been committed to the ideas they champion for decades. Apparently trying to make the world a better place renders one foolish these days; certainly it makes one vulnerable to snipers.

SPY also barely acknowledges the Lears' accomplishments. So what if People For the American Way is known as "Norman Lear's organization"? It performs an extremely valuable function, and has been notably successful.

Even shorter shrift is given to Frances's achievement. For a woman in her sixties with no experience in publishing to create a magazine that succeeds in the intensely competitive, failure-ridden marketplace is an amazing feat. Money can buy the start-up, but it can't buy the response *Lear's* has generated. Yet the fact that Frances succeeded where so many major publishing conglomerates have failed is shrugged off in your story, which implies that money alone is the reason for her success rather than the fact that she had a great idea and the energy and passion to make it work. Would SPY prefer that she simply went to parties and bought \$20,000 dresses like other rich women?

It seems to me that SPY has gotten so carried away with its own snideness that it has forgotten to think about where the weapon is aimed. The world is full of worthy targets; neither Norman nor Frances Lear is among them. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

Leslie Bennetts
New York

DEAR EDITORS I'm still waiting for the winner of the "Create Your Own Absolut Ad Contest" SPY touted a few years ago to be announced.

Entries *that* good, huh?

Robert Frain

Lyndhurst, New Jersey

Actually, we don't remember; we announced the winner, though, back in October 1988.

DEAR EDITORS Since Donald Trump reads your magazine, I've decided to write to you in hopes of being printed, instead of sending this suggestion to his office in his tower, where it might get lost in the shuffle.

There's been talk in the scientific community of mapping the human genome. It's been estimated that the complete list of DNA sequences in a human's chromosomes would fill ten or so fat volumes. It would take a long time to compile this list, and it has been estimated that it would cost something like \$100 million to do. The result would be a sort of *Oxford English Dictionary* of a person's genes. What if we asked Trump if he would put up the hundred million? He could even let the scientists use his genes, and when the work was completed, they could stamp in gold letters on the spines TRUMP GENOME. Besides the usual uses for such a book, perhaps in the future scientists could use the information in it to clone from scratch and find out what we were like in the twentieth century.

Tony Powell

New York

DEAR EDITORS Hi, guys! Can I get in on the fun of What's in a Name? SENATOR LLOYD BENTSEN: OLD, NASTY, BENT ON LEERS. GENE SISKEL AND ROGER EBERT: SLINKED ANGER; OBESE REGRET.

Stuart Aase

Sacramento, California

(continued from page 17) Yeah, that's really the best thing about SPY.

Lisa Mount

Santa Monica, California

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

From the SPY mailroom floor: And what have the Great Unsoliciteds been up to lately? Our last roundup was six issues ago—can it really be that long? Here are some of the submissions we've brushed off our desks.



First, the No Confidence Problem Here approach. From Atlanta: "Feast your eyes on some of the hippest pseudoliterary social

commentary since Thompson was fearful and loathsome." And from Chicago: "An article depicting the rise and fall of pets in my life is a hilarious, side-splitting piece... [that] will leave the reader smiling hours after they put the magazine down."

Second, its more realistic alternative. From Pennsylvania, a manuscript addressed to "Editor of Unwanted, Unsolicited, Probably Unfunny but Extremely Short Manuscripts, Keeper of Standard (Printed) Replies, Office of Rejection, Department of Eternal Optimism, Death-Upon-All-Writers Department." And from Hastings-on-Hudson, in its entirety: "I am afraid to say more than this in my cover letter for fear you'll make fun of it in your letters column."

Third, the We Sprechen the Same Language approach. A San Jose writer sent us his "latest" short story, "Weltschmerz." This is the 30th issue of SPY without even a single short story. On the other hand, we *have* used the word *Weltschmerz* a couple of times.

That's the thinking, we assume, that brought two dozen or so poems by an "Interdisciplinary Artist from Bangladesh" to our attention. And it's also probably responsible for the letter that contained these two phrases: "I am an admirer of SPY" and "I know that you often publish poetry."

Finally, the We Do It All For You approach, as demonstrated by "an established, versatile writer" in New York. This involves attaching a questionnaire to the cover letter. Of course, show us an editor who sits filling in blanks next to questions like "Do you have a writer's guide? If so, how may I obtain one?" and "Do you furnish sample issues? If so, what is the cost?," and we'll show you an editor who feels pretty silly by the end of the day. ☺

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol., Imported by The Poddington Corporation, New York, 1989

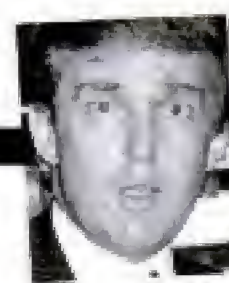


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THE USUAL SUSPECTS



D. TRUMP



A. FRANKLIN



B. COSBY

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

JUST A COUPLA WISEGUYS SITTIN' AROUND TALKIN', PART TWO

Last month we presented excerpts from summaries of a transcript of wiretaps placed by the FBI on various people in the entertainment industry who were suspected of criminal activity. Most prominent of those under surveillance was Eugene Giaquinto, then president of the Home Entertainment Division of the television and movie conglomerate MCA. The summaries were submitted in an affidavit presented to a federal judge by an FBI agent, Thomas Gates, in support of his application to continue the wiretaps. Last month we excerpted the discussions concerning various mobsters' involvement in the production of a motion picture about the late criminal Meyer Lansky, and discussions of possible drug dealing. This month we present a synopsis of conversations about possible violations of insider-trading laws, as well as a synopsis of what Giaquinto and his friends had to say about others in the filmmaking industry.

Note: The FBI capitalized the names of individuals who were subjects of their probe and numbered the paragraphs in this affidavit to indicate either new conversations or new subjects within a conversation. We re-grouped the conversations by subject. Notations within parentheses are by the FBI; within brackets, by SPY. We used the FBI's spelling when quoting but corrected it in our notes. ▶

AS WE'VE NOTED, **DONALD TRUMP** appears to have patterned his life and acquisitions—yes, we know, *life and acquisitions* is a redundancy—after those of the James Bond villain Ernst Stavro Blofeld. Now it turns out that his yacht, the 282-foot *Trump Princess*, was equipped with a supersecret, Bondmaniacal network of video cameras under the command of its former owner, indicted arms merchant **ADNAN KHASHOGGI**. A longtime Khashoggi employee has told SPY that the surveillance equipment was hidden in the diamond-shaped gold lighting fixtures that decorate the boat's main salon, as well as behind mirrors in each of the boat's 17 cabins—that's *bedrooms* in landlubber parlance. This network allowed Khashoggi the Warholian pleasure of monitoring and recording the intimate hours of the princes, businessmen and criminals he invited aboard to play. The employee could not confirm whether the cameras were still operational when Trump bought the boat for \$30 million two years ago, but their removal did not appear in *New York* magazine's exhaustive story on the *Princess*'s renovation. This could be news for **ROBIN GIVENS**, **LIZ SMITH**, **HENRY KISSINGER** and **LEE IACOCCA**—all onetime guests on Trump's seagoing mega-Winnebago. When asked if the *Princess* is still equipped with Khashoggi's cameras, a Trump spokesman denied it, saying, "It's totally absurd" and "totally ridiculous." Our thoughts exactly.

IT'S NOT AT ALL TRUMP-LIKE to be discreet about vast, vanity-inspired expenditure, but **IVANA** sent out not a single press release announcing her supersecret cosmetic surgery (see page 103)—*Make the face like I was happy and sexy when doing the smile?*—last spring. Silly, modest girl! Because not only did she take along her mother and mother-in-law, not only was she treated by top plastic-surgeon-to-the-stars **DR. STEVEN HOFFLIN** in her very own sealed-off wing of Santa Monica Hospital, but, best of all, Ivana did what any self-respecting, interior-design-license-less

Trump does when confronted with a large chunk of unimproved real estate: she refurbished. Ivana brought top Trump maids and cooks, who installed top Ivana-style furnishings and top a French juice squeezer. She made the de facto Trump Wing super-swanky and—more important—ultraexclusive. Throughout the Trump ladies' stay, no regular hospital staff or regular hospital patients were permitted in the megadeluxe Trump compound.

THE TAPING OF ONE OF JUMBO-SIZE SINGER **ARETHA FRANKLIN**'s latest videos was briefly interrupted early this summer when the keys of the grand piano in Lady Soul's home recording studio began to stick. Experts were summoned, opinions requested. After a thoroughgoing investigation by a professional, the cause of the problem was discovered: the piano hammers, it seems, were coated with a sound-aborting blanket of fluorescent orange dust—the residue of vast quantities of decaying Cheetos.

WHILE WE WERE AWARE OF OSTENSIBLY LOVABLE flesh-muppet **BILL COSBY**'s obsession with money, even we were impressed by the recent bean-counting advances he has made. It seems that some business associates of Cosby's were invited to his East Side townhouse for what they thought would be a genial lunch. Almost immediately after their arrival, however, a Cosby factotum began taking photos—making the baffled, uncomfortable visitors feel as if they had somehow stumbled onto a Carnival cruise ship. Of course, the Cos was up to something far more financial-planning-minded than snapping souvenir photos to sell back to his guests. (Although, if he had thought of it . . .) In fact, America's hardest-working professional dad admitted that he was stockpiling proof that the lunch was, indeed, a deductible business expense.

WITH PEERS LIKE THESE . . .



Reasons given by members of the Oliver North jury as to why they had no prejudicial knowledge about the Iran-contra affair and North's part in it:

"I don't like the news. I don't like listening to [my mother] tell me about the news. So I go into my room and I lock my door and I turn on everything that makes noise where I don't have to hear the information." —juror foreman Denise Anderson

"The only thing I really listen to is maybe the time and the weather." —juror Jean Johnson

"When I get a newspaper, most of the time I'm reading the comics." —juror Beverly Turner

"My daughter likes to watch her discos on Channel 6, and that means no news. . . . I saw discos. Well . . . I heard them." —juror Justine Parrish

"Now, I've seen [Oliver North] on TV going in and out of buildings, you know, but . . . I didn't pay any attention to it." —juror Patricia Bennett

"Well, yes, I turned [the news] on. I've seen [Oliver North] in uniform, but it was just that I saw him. It was just like I would be looking at the Three Stooges or something like that. I saw them and that was it."

—juror excused in the final round
—Josh Weinstein and Peter Jackson

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

POSSIBLE TAKEOVER ATTEMPTS OF MCA, AND INDICATIONS OF POSSIBLE INSIDER-TRADING VIOLATIONS

MCA's stock was heavily in play during the June 30–August 8, 1987, period that the wiretaps were in place. The chairman of MCA, Lew Wasserman, had undergone colon surgery on June 24, and speculation that he would have to curtail his activities or withdraw from the company led to rumors that the company would become a takeover target.

"14. On June 30, 1987 . . . GIAQUINTO told BACOW that A (a reference to Irving Azoff, in charge of the record division of MCA) was planning to take over the whole thing (a possible reference to Azoff taking over the entire MCA/Universal operation). BACOW told GIAQUINTO to wait, it's warfare."

"Martin Bacow was a friend of the late Teamsters president Jackie Presser and was known as the Teamsters' 'man in Hollywood'; he was a close associate and occasional business partner of Eugene Giaquinto's."

"38. [On July 12, 1987, after 12:37 p.m.] . . . BACOW asked [Giaquinto] if Azoff had something on S.S. (MCA president Sidney Sheinberg). GIAQUINTO said . . . he would know more when those other documents came in. . . . GIAQUINTO said he thought P (Pollack, in charge of the theatrical division of MCA) was more dangerous than A (Azoff). BACOW said he would have to be handled, that sooner or later something would be done."

"The chairman of the MCA Motion Picture Group is named Tom Pollock."

"40. On July 12, 1987 at about 6:47 p.m. . . . GIAQUINTO told BACOW that he had the inside story, but that they did not have all the facts. In a cryptic manner GIAQUINTO said they think S.S. (Sheinberg) is trying to take over the company (MCA). . . . GIAQUINTO added that timing is of the essence and I (GIAQUINTO) should go to Lew (Wasserman) when he gets out of the hospital and name my position. . . . BACOW said he was thinking the same thing and that GIAQUINTO can just wait now. ▶

A LITTLE LITERACY IS A DANGEROUS THING

Barbara Bush on Her Fight Against Illiteracy: "I always loved to read. . . . As I grew older, I loved any book written by Emily Brontë."

A Complete Catalog of Emily Brontë's Novels:

Wuthering Heights

The First Lady's Other Favorite Emily Brontë Books, According to the First Lady's Spokeswoman:
Jane Eyre —Joe Mastrianni

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione fills up his water bed the ultraclassy way.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

W. H. Auden

Sonny Crawford

Giuseppe Garibaldi

Jean Harlow

Adolf Hitler

Sondra Locke

Ralph
(the dweeb on
Dear John)

George Bernard Shaw

Rudolph Valentino

Cornell Woolrich

Yentl

THIS ISN'T HOW RICHIE RICH BEATS THE HEAT?

The SPY Fresh-Air Fund in Action

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"47. On July 16 . . . BACOW [told] GIAQUINTO [that] he spoke with Wasserman's secretary and that Wasserman was out of the hospital and wanted to speak with him (BACOW). GIAQUINTO wondered if they could get Sheinberg out of the company. BACOW said that GIAQUINTO should leave it to him and that he told (Wasserman's secretary) that he (BACOW) would quietly make the moves.

"54. [On July 17] GIAQUINTO said that he heard that all SS (Sheinberg) is doing is fighting the poison pill, he's fighting the takeover attempts. He said that SS is trying to take over the company and that Wasserman may not be well, that the poison pill is only a front.

"57. [On July 17] Giaquinto and Bacow discussed taking over MCA and eventually placing GIAQUINTO in charge of the entire operation.

"58. On July 18, 1987 at about 10:57 a.m., GIAQUINTO spoke with someone named Lou and told him that the company (MCA) was 'a run for the roses.' GIAQUINTO stated the top contender hated his guts, but he didn't have to worry about [the animosity] because he [Giaquinto] was with the boys (a reference to the LCN'). GIAQUINTO said [the contender] was the guy who owned Revlon and Technicolor, Perelman. . . .

'LCN is the FBI's abbreviation for La Cosa Nostra.

"59. On July 18, 1987 at about 9:07 p.m., GIAQUINTO . . . spoke with Joe (GAROFALO). Joe told him that the [MCA's] stock closed at over 62. GIAQUINTO began to tell him that he would have more information. . . .

'Joseph Garofalo was a target of this probe as well. As Giaquinto says, MCA's stock closed on Friday, July 17, at 62. On the sixteenth, MCA announced a takeover defense, which had temporarily depressed the price, but on the seventeenth the price rose \$4.875, to \$62, as speculators in all likelihood concluded that a takeover defense implied a fight that would cause the value of the stock to rise. The stock price had been \$49 when Wasserman had his operation. It's interesting to note that on the seventeenth, ▶

easons in New York City consist of a succession of visual clichés: fall means a picture of die-hard Riverside Park sunbathers, winter means a shot of pedestrians struggling against the wind on upper Fifth Avenue, spring means a smiling young couple at a fountain pretending not to notice the photographer. And high summer means children gamboling in the cooling gush of an open fire hydrant.

But why, we wondered disingenuously, do newspapers and TV shows record this annual cliché exclusively on street corners in the South Bronx or Harlem? Isn't hydrant play, our most deeply traditional summer diversion, available in posher neighborhoods, to children, say, whose parents may have neglected to send in the current dues to the Maidstone Club?

Although it is technically illegal to open a hydrant without a permit, the Police Department distributes special perforated hydrant caps to anyone,

permit or not, who asks for one. The caps restrict the flow to only 1/40 that of an open, uncapped hydrant.

When we asked the desk sergeant at the 19th Precinct, on East 94th Street, for a cap, he gave us some cursory instructions on its use and told us not to play in traffic. We announced our intention to install it on Madison Avenue at 76th Street; the sergeant unblinkingly noted this in his logbook.

We walked down Madison Avenue to the Hotel Carlyle, installed the spray cap across the street and opened the valve. Michael Lee and Tawan Parsons, two of our office assistants, had a great time frolicking in the spray until the doorman at Sotheby's International Realty became concerned: he said that someone would slip on the wet sidewalk and sue. We packed up and walked a few blocks down to a hydrant in front of The Polo at the Westbury Hotel. Urban summer had finally come to the Upper East Side, and we brought it.

—Andy Aaron



DADDY, YOU'RE *NOT* A FOOL TO CRY—YOU'RE JUST TERRIBLY CONFUSED

olling Stone bass guitarist Bill Wyman, 52, married his teen-age sweetheart, Mandy Smith, 19, in a secret ceremony in Bury St. Edmunds, England, yesterday." —the *New York Post*, June 3, 1989

"And because we don't like to leave any Stone unturned, we thought you should also know that Mandy [Smith]'s 40-year-old mom, Patsy, is now dating Wyman's 28-year-old boy, Stephen." —the *Daily News*, April 21, 1989

Mandy is now Stephen's stepmother, and Patsy is Bill's mother-in-law.

If Stephen and Patsy marry, Mandy will be her own mother's stepmother-in-law. Mandy's stepson, Stephen, will also be her stepfather. Stephen will be his own father's stepfather-in-law. Patsy, Bill's mother-in-law, will also be his daughter-in-

law. Moreover, Stephen and Patsy would be step-grandson and stepgrandmother as well as husband and wife.

If Bill and Mandy have a baby—a girl, let's say—the baby will be Patsy's granddaughter *and* her sister-in-law. The baby will be Stephen's half-sister *and* his stepgranddaughter.

If Stephen and Patsy have a baby—a boy, let's say—the baby will be Mandy's half-brother *and* her stepgrandson. The baby will be Bill's grandson *and* his brother-in-law.

Bill and Mandy's daughter will be Stephen and Patsy's son's half-aunt *and* his niece.

If, however, Bill and Mandy's daughter and Stephen and Patsy's son were to marry, it would probably be incest.

—Joanne Gruber

THE PERFECT RECESS



PARLIAMENT
Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av per cigarette by FTC method.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Wasserman sold 23,950 shares of his stock — 4 percent of his holdings — thus earning approximately \$311,350 on his polyps.

*61. On July 18, 1987 at about 9:15 p.m., GIAQUINTO [and] . . . (Garofalo) discussed the price of MCA stock. . . . GIAQUINTO told him he thought he would know something later in the week. They discussed an MCA takeover and GIAQUINTO indicated, 'on the q.t.,' that Sheinberg was trying to buy MCA. . . .

*68. In the opinion of your affiant, the numerous intercepted conversations of GIAQUINTO wherein he has furnished to BACOW, GAROFALO and others the health status of MCA chairman Lew Wasserman, the status of takeover attempts of MCA and other such information in advance of public disclosures in the media may be a violation of [securities fraud laws]. . . .

*69. On July 20 . . . GIAQUINTO . . . spoke with . . . Bob (ROBERT NICHOLS). They discussed the fact that the MCA stock went down four points. . . . They went on to discuss the rift among top executives at MCA. GIAQUINTO indicated he might be the one to lose his job and stated that they (MCA) would be in for trouble, he then laughed and asked NICHOLS if he (GIAQUINTO) knew what he was saying."

"Robert Nichols was a target of this probe as well.

*70. In the opinion of your affiant the above conversation may indicate that GIAQUINTO will use his influence with the unions through BACOW and/or the LCN through [Michael] Villano and others to threaten MCA and its top executives with either economic or physical harm. . . .

"Michael Villano is a New York businessman believed by the FBI to be an associate of John Gotti's.

*76. On July 23, 1987 at about 9:02 p.m., GIAQUINTO [told Robert Nichols that] he was . . . guessing that GE would take over MCA. GIAQUINTO speculated as to how the different MCA divisions would be merged into RCA. . . . NICHOLS said it sounded won-

DAVID DUKE, MR. REPUBLICAN

Another Chat With the Klan Wizard Turned GOP Superstar



Ever since Lincoln freed the slaves, the Republican Party has had a tough go of it in the Deep South. But today, thanks chiefly to the efforts of men such as Lee Atwater, the GOP can reap the benefits and at last recruit southerners. Louisiana state representative David Duke, former wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, is one of the most spectacular nouveau Republicans around.

SPY: Representative Duke, tell us where you see yourself in the political spectrum of the Republican Party.

Duke: You know, I think I'm kind of a populist Republican. We overcame tremendous obstacles in this election, I was outspent ten to one, and the people elected me in spite of my controversial background. Maybe partially *because* of it, in the sense that people knew I was the kind of person who would say what he felt and thought. I'm kind of a George Wallace Republican.

SPY: What's your own legislative agenda?

Duke: I think every poll has shown that over 80 percent of the American people are opposed to these affirmative-action minority set-aside programs. [In the Louisiana legislature] I sponsored an amend-

ment which forbids racial discrimination [against whites] in the awarding of contracts and jobs, which every member of the Republican delegation voted for.

SPY: Are there any philosophical or ideological points of similarity between you and President Bush?

Duke: Well, we're gonna agree on having a strong defense. [But] I was certainly taken aback when Mr. Bush spoke to the NAACP during the election, and he told them he was and always would be for affirmative action. I think that's totally out of line with the Republican Party. I see the Republican Party in a lot of the back rooms, in the higher echelon, I see them abandoning a lot of principles that got the Republican Party in the position that it's in today in terms of having elected the last few presidents of the United States.

SPY: You sound more like a Reagan Republican.

Duke: I would say yes. I would say I'm much closer to Reagan than Bush. But I wish I had seen more substance with Ronald Reagan. I think his rhetoric was better than his performance.

Next: Duke's foreign policy.

—Guy Martin

THE STEVE ROSS THREE-STEP SELF-IMPROVEMENT COURSE

What follows are the three preliminary instructions in the first volume of a lightweight series of handbooks for success-minded people, published by *Time* magazine, the Warner Communications subsidiary, in cooperation with Success Strategies Inc., and mailed free to new *Time* subscribers:

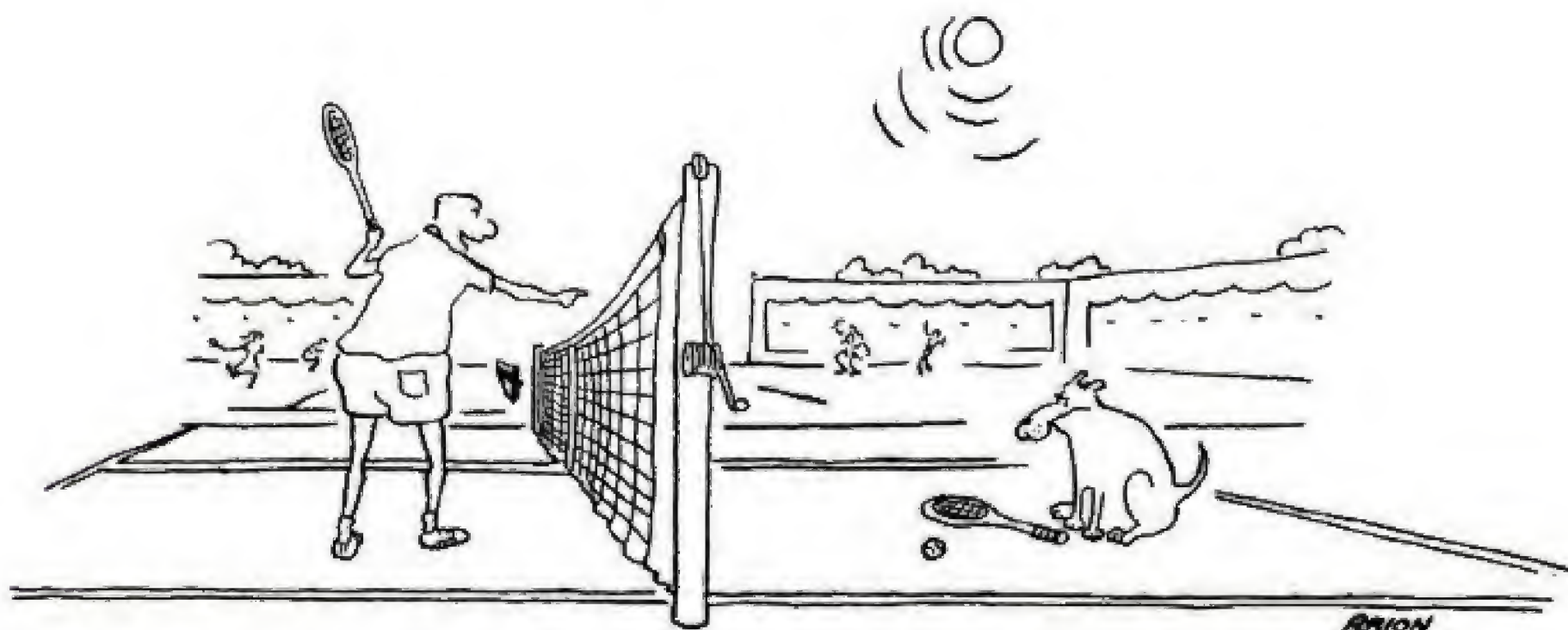
"1. Act like a winner."

"2. Be around winners."

"3. Avoid losers."

Subsequent chapters are filled with personal evaluation work sheets and provocative headlines, foremost among them an exhortation to "Have Integrity."

—Peter Heffernan



"Hah! 6-4, 6-2, 6-3! I hope I've proven my point about the opposable thumb!"

YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



WELCOME TO L.A., EH? Hockey superstar Wayne Gretzky threw a lavish get-together to make some new friends in Hollywood. Ol' No. 99 insisted that the guests change seats after every course—an old Canadian custom to promote good cheer. Dessert's coming up—and there's Gretzky's new friend Cher, flanked on either side by two superimportant old friends: her former husband-Svengali Sonny Bono and her former boyfriend—rock oddity Gene Simmons. And who knows what thrilling old times John Travolta, looking fitter and fabber than ever and an actor much in demand these days, chatted about with former date Brooke Shields? Cin cin, Mr. Gretzky—you're catching on!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

THE SATANIC VERSES

VAST RESISTANCE, EH?

MICHAEL KORDA

OH, DARK MALICE

SYLVESTER

STALLONE

RELEVANT? SELLS TOYS

TONY COELHO

HEY, CON LOOT!

—Andy Aaron

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"The author . . . is a bright star in the constellation of new American short story writers."

—John Barth on Frederick Barthelme's *Moon Deluxe*

"Barth isn't simply another writer, he's a point on the compass."

—Barthelme on Barth's *The Friday Book*

"Stephen King is the master."

—Clive Barker on Stephen King's *The Drawing of the Three*

"He's better than I am now."

—King on Barker's *In the Flesh*

"If Bob Greene's diary doesn't take you back to high school, you didn't go."

—Elmore Leonard on Bob Greene's *Be True to Your School*

"When a new Leonard book comes out, it's like Christmas morning."

—Greene on Leonard's *Freaky Deaky*

—Howard Kaplan

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

derful and asked GIAQUINTO if he wanted him (NICHOLS) to see if they had someone inside G.E. GIAQUINTO said to wait until it became a little more realistic. . . . They discussed meeting at La Serre for lunch and GIAQUINTO said he couldn't . . . because many of the industry people are there. . . .

'93. On August 1 . . . GIAQUINTO . . . spoke with Peter [and said] Wasserman was back at work and in control [and] that MCA had taken the poison pill by allowing all MCA employees to buy additional shares at special option prices which would increase the number of MCA shares on the market from 76,000,000 to 150,000,000."

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

Giaquinto had discussions with Bacow, Nichols and other associates in which he talked about acquaintances in show business. These discussions suggest that the people they talked about have a familiarity with underworld figures. It should be stressed that none of the people talked about were targets of this FBI probe, and that aside from Giaquinto's gossip there is no independent substantiation of the alleged misbehavior. Still, the FBI found them worthy of inclusion among the relevant transcripts submitted to federal court. Among the figures discussed were:

- **Irving Azoff**, former manager of the Eagles and president of MCA Records. During this period MCA Records caught the attention of the Justice Department in Los Angeles, due to the activities of Salvatore Pisello, a convicted tax evader with mob ties who earned at least \$256,000 on four deals with MCA that were not, to be kind, consistent with usual modes of business activity. On July 8 Giaquinto speculated that Azoff would not get indicted; on July 9 Pisello alone was indicted for tax evasion in connection with the MCA deals. Still, on July 12 Giaquinto speculated that Azoff's ability to take over the whole company was undercut because "the government had him."

On July 24, Giaquinto had a conversation about the Pisello ►

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

investigation with a man named Al, whom the FBI believed was a New York lawyer. According to the transcripts, "[Al] read GIAQUINTO excerpts of a letter prepared in 1985 on behalf of Pisello [that was] sent to Azoff." Al said the letter was obtained from Azoff's files, and suggested that it could cause problems for Azoff. Al added that he was going to send the letter with an anonymous cover letter to members of the MCA board of directors indicating that his goal was to bring enough pressure on Azoff so he would get off GIAQUINTO's back. Pisello was convicted of tax evasion in 1988; he later told government investigators that his initial contacts with MCA were through Azoff. No charges have ever been brought against Azoff. SPY offered Azoff or a spokesperson an opportunity to comment on what Giaquinto said, but MCA policy is to refuse to comment on matters under investigation.

• The **Movielab** film-processing company. In a conversation with Bacow, Giaquinto said that a then vice president of Paramount Pictures, Mike Policare, was "trying to get him to steer [MCA/Universal's business to Movielab." Bacow identified Policare as someone "from Bufalino's area," a reference to the Bufalino crime family in Pennsylvania. Giaquinto suggested that "someone owned Movielab" besides its nominal owner and, as the FBI summarized, "indicated in a very cryptic manner that it (the owner of Movielab) was the guy who came out here . . . for the big guy who was away (Russell Bufalino)." The FBI believed that "the guy who was away" was Russell Bufalino, and that "the guy who came out here" was Edward Sciandra, a prominent member of the Bufalino family. Sciandra was a target of this FBI probe who, as we saw last month, was pressuring Giaquinto over the cancellation of a printing contract. Policare could not be reached for comment.

It is interesting to note that in 1982, when Sciandra was convicted of income tax evasion, a federal prosecutor's sentencing memorandum said in what was described as "a care- ▶

AUGUST DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

1-6 "Whoop-Up Days" celebrated in Lethbridge, Alberta.

The first of many ridiculous-sounding Canadian events in August.

2 Actual day the Declaration of Independence was signed. Pedants all over America fire cap guns, wave sparklers.

3-6 "Buskers '89" celebrated in Fredericton, New Brunswick. The second of many ridiculous-sounding Canadian events in August.

4 Burkina Faso Day. Commemorates the country's change of name from the Republic of Upper Volta in 1984. *Please—celebrate in moderation.*

4 "St. Pierre Frog Follies" celebrated in St. Pierre-Jolys, Manitoba. And yet another.

4 Muslim New Year. Drunk-driving fatalities rarely a problem. Set your desk calendar for Muharram 1, 1410.

8-12 The Museum of Broadcasting's Comedy Lunch Break features old SCTV shows. For our younger readers: SCTV was a funny television show starring



those guys from *Club Paradise* and *Speed Zone*.

9 The Museum of Holography offers its first workshop for young people in creative holography. Nervous parents can rest assured that the teacher (who holds a master's degree in holography from the Royal College of Art in London) is "fully qualified in laser safety."

9 Tedious op-ed pieces mark 15-year anniversary of Richard Nixon's resignation.

10 Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward's birthday. BYOB; no piñatas.

11 A good day to get the hair styled into "the Hut," this summer's coolest hairstyle.

According to the press release: "It's new, it's hot, and it's being done exclusively at Louis-Guy D." Basically, the hair is formed into a tiny hut to shelter the face from the sun. Louis-Guy D. is at 41 East 57th Street.

12 Postcard show at the Brownsboro Inn in Louisville, Kentucky. One-stop service from La Guardia is available on American and TWA (the round-trip fare is \$258); from Louisville airport, take Interstate 264 east to Exit 22. Take a left at top of ramp.

12 Cantinflas's birthday.
15 Chung Yuan (Chinese All Souls' Day). The wandering souls of dead Chinese

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

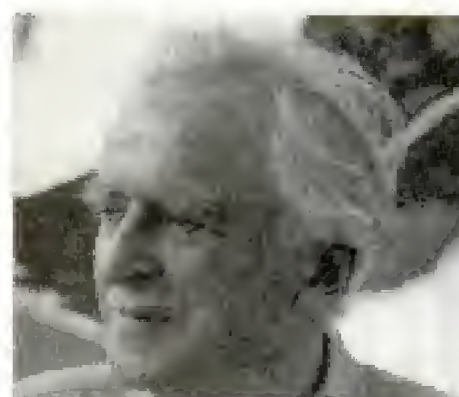
Old-Timers' Edition



Martha Graham . . .



and the Great Sphinx?



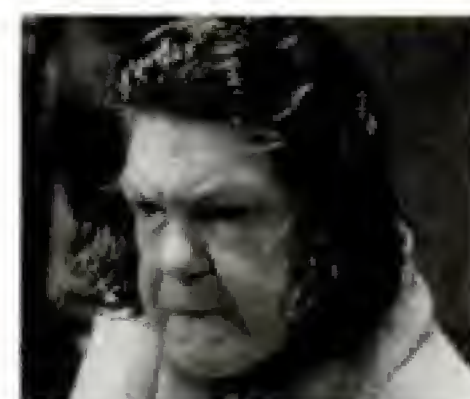
Condé Nast's
Alexander Liberman . . .



and *Wild Kingdom's*
Marlin Perkins?



Alabama senator
Howell Heflin



and actress Anne
Ramsey?

people are officially commemorated on this day. Expect ineffable bottlenecks in the Mott Street vicinity.

15 Chauvin Day observed. Named for Nicolas Chauvin, a Napoleonist who became a subject of ridicule due to his blind dedication to all things French. There's a lesson here for all of us.

16 Second anniversary of the Harmonic Convergence.

Remember how we all gathered at Niagara Falls or Lake Titicaca or one of the other designated sacred sites? Remember how we

meditated on the alien intelligence to be confronted in the next century? They called us crazy, but back in 1987, anything seemed possible.

16-17 Due to bad vibes stirred up by harmonic-convergence skeptics, an invisible monster in the sky will eat the moon. "Scientific" explanation is that it's a lunar eclipse, best viewed at 10:08 p.m.

19-27 Fringe Theater Event, Edmonton. The last of many ridiculous-sounding Canadian events in August.

31 Buddy Hackett's birthday. ☛



Black can also mean good fortune.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

fully considered statement" that "because of his organized crime connections," Sciandra was able to direct "hundreds of thousands of dollars" of MCA/Universal's film-processing and film-editing work to one company, which was not named, in return for "ten percent in cash under the table."

• **Barry Minkow** of ZZZZ Best, a carpet-cleaning mogul whose estimated worth was \$100 million. His empire collapsed, and in March 1989 he was sentenced to 25 years in prison for fraud. In 1987, in a conversation with Robert Nichols, Giaquinto said that ZZZZ Best was part of a money-laundering operation involving restaurants owned by mobsters in New York and the record division of MCA.

• **Actors Larry Manetti and Erik Estrada.** In a conversation with an apparently young actor who had recently arrived in Los Angeles, "GIAQUINTO said he wanted to bring [the young actor] into the studio like he did Larry Manetti," the actor who played Rick the club manager on the MCA series *Magnum, P.I.* Later, "GIAQUINTO said Estrada (possibly actor Erik Estrada) hadn't been working too much lately. . . . GIAQUINTO said that Marguerite questioned why Estrada had bad luck and then he and [the actor] laughed."

Lew Wasserman, Sid Sheinberg and Tom Pollock hold the same jobs they held in 1987. As of mid-June, the price of MCA stock stood at 56½. Eugene Giaquinto was placed on a forced leave of absence from his position at MCA in December 1988, pending the outcome of an internal investigation of his activities. As of March he remained on the company's payroll, though he has been replaced as president of MCA's Home Entertainment division.

THE FINAL INDIGNITY

From a recent news release, entitled "Correction Advisory," sent by a PR firm in California: "In our news release entitled 'ROBERT K. YARNELL DEAD AT 61' . . . we inadvertently misspelled Mr. Yarnall's name. It is YARNELL not YARNELL. We regret any inconvenience." D

YES, BUT IS IT ART?

Geniuses Talking About Their Genius

When all is said and done, exactly *which* two-way longitudinal three-block stretch in New York City is most alive with truly original artistic genius and suffering and mystery? The grapevine said *West Broadway between Houston and Broome*, and all it took was a lunch-hour survey of the brochures and press releases issued by a few art galleries to prove the grapevine right.

When they suffer, we all suffer



"His father . . . was insistent that his children be educated in religion, therefore Agam received little regular schooling. . . . Unfamiliar with verbal and written forms of expression, he would draw."—from

the brochure for the Yaacov Agam show, Nathan Silberberg Galleries, 382 West Broadway

"He remembers being the only student who walked barefoot to school because his parents could not afford shoes. He believes that the experience humbled him."—from the brochure for the Seikichi Takara show, Martin Lawrence Galleries, 457 West Broadway

Too good for their own good



"He painted so Abstract Expressionistically he could hardly recognize one of his own canvases in a 1961 Whitney annual."—from the

flier for the Michael Loew show, Marilyn Pearl Gallery, 420 West Broadway



"It took me a few years to understand the implications of what I had done."—from Budd Hopkins's comments on his show, Marilyn Pearl Gallery

"The more I paint the more it flows, it surprises even me! . . . He never knows if it

will be a seascape or an abstract, or both."—from the brochure for the Seikichi Takara show, Martin Lawrence Galleries

The Different-Only-the-Same School of Genius Art

"Kim captures the dynamic sensibility of the Action painters—Gorky, De Kooning, Pollack and Kline; The Color Field painters . . . and the Post-Painterly Color Field painters. . . . However, Heungmo Kim remains his own artist."—from the

brochure for the Heungmo Kim show, Vorpall Gallery, 411 West Broadway

"The paintings of Gio Biondi are uniquely his own. . . . They are merely fairytales, albeit fairytales that have synthesized the miraculous light of Caravaggio, the stillness of Vermeer, the Neoclassical grace of Ingres. [His painting] recalls DeChirico's metaphysical paintings of 1913–17. . . . The great Surrealist's vacant piazzas . . . come to mind."—from the brochure for the Gio Biondi show, Vorpall Gallery

"Schwartz's [techniques] lend his work historical stature in recalling the explorations of cubism and American Modernism."—from the press release for the Ivan Schwartz show, Victoria Munroe Gallery, 415 West Broadway

Wine-critic art: we think you'll be amused by the fruitiness

"Canvases that project an ethereal elegance and reserve, yet are vividly alive with an underlying sense of hotness."—from the press release for the Douglass Freed show, Vorpall Gallery



"Lucid and mysterious at the same time."—from an advertisement for the Shimon Okshteyn show, Eduard Nakhamkin Limited, 402 West Broadway

"Forces each into a wider, more profound context, creating for me a strangely reassuring uncertainty."—from the brochure for the Budd Hopkins show, Marilyn Pearl Gallery

And outside, oblivious, the world marches by

"The premier virtuoso artist of the feminine mystique."—from an advertisement for the Shimon Okshteyn show, Eduard Nakhamkin Limited

"In the words of his friend and publisher Martin S. Blinder: 'The young boy who left Tokyo to study and paint in Paris is ready to take his place as the next great artist in his own lifetime.'"—from the brochure for the Hiromichi Yamagata show, Martin Lawrence Galleries



"I remain convinced of this artist's greatness; past, present and future."—from the brochure for the Heungmo Kim show, Vorpall Gallery

—Joe Mastrianni

EAT BURRITOS, DRINK MILK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMORROW WE DIE

What Some Death Row Inmates Chose as Their Final Meals

Though the very idea of the death penalty strikes many of us—okay, a few of us—as barbaric, it is comforting to know that in the states that impose eye-for-an-eye retribution, the Christian example of a Last Supper is followed scrupulously. It's not much of a consolation prize—*yes, we're going to kill you tomorrow, but tonight we'll cook whatever you like!* Still, this odd bargain does give the rest of us (who are unlikely to have the times of our deaths set in advance and who thus may not have the opportunity to choose our last meal) the chance to see just what people with schedules sufficiently clear to permit a well-considered choice have selected as their final eats. As it turns out, from a nutritional standpoint the meals that doomed men choose are problematic.

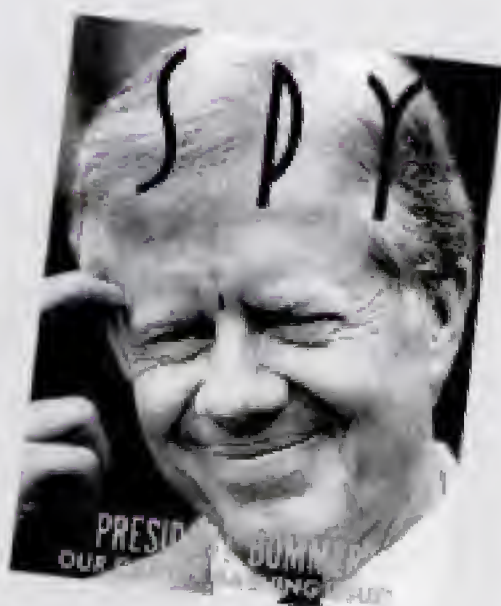
Inmate	Crime	Where and When Executed	Last Meal Requested	Eaten?
Robert Streeterman	Murdered a 44-year-old woman in 1982	Huntsville Unit, Texas, on January 7, 1988	Scrambled eggs, flour tortillas, french fries with catsup, and an iced tea	Yes
Wayne Felde	Murdered a police officer in 1978	Louisiana State Penitentiary, on March 15, 1988	Pizza and a dozen fried shrimp	Yes
Arthur Bishop	Murdered five boys between 1979 and 1983	Utah State Prison, on June 10, 1988	Orange juice	Yes
Edward Byrne Jr.	Murdered his girlfriend in 1984	Louisiana State Penitentiary, on June 14, 1988	T-bone steak, fried shrimp and coleslaw, washed down with a Kool-Aid	Yes
Donald Franklin	Murdered a nurse in 1975	Huntsville Unit, on November 3, 1988	Hamburger, french fries and catsup	Yes
Jeffery Daugherty	Murdered a hitchhiker in 1976	Florida State Prison, on November 7, 1988	Steak, potatoes, beans, corn and a glass of milk	When it came time, no appetite
Raymond Landry	Murdered a restaurateur in 1982	Huntsville Unit, on December 13, 1988	Chicken à la king, navy beans, carrots, English peas, cold beets, cheese sticks, cake with icing, bread and iced tea	No
George C. "Tiny" Mercer	Murdered a waitress in 1976	Missouri State Penitentiary, on January 6, 1989	Barbecued beefsteak, french fries, tacos, burritos, a salad tossed with vinegar and oil, and a large soft drink	Yes, bar one burrito, which he graciously offered to a warden
Ted Bundy	Responsible for up to 50 murders; sentenced for the murder of a 12-year-old girl in 1978	Florida State Prison, on January 24, 1989	Made no request, so warden offered him steak, eggs, hash browns, juice and coffee	No
Leon King	Murdered a 26-year-old nightclub patron in 1978	Huntsville Unit, on March 22, 1989	No request; drank tea all night	—
Aubrey Adams Jr.	Murdered a child in 1978	Florida State Prison, on May 4, 1989	Three pounds of shrimp (one each of fried popcorn, medium and jumbo), french fries, garlic bread and iced tea, followed by pecan pie and ice cream for dessert	Drank the iced tea
Henry Willis III	Murdered a city police chief in 1976	Georgia Diagnostic and Classification Center, on May 18, 1989	Eight shrimp, eight oysters, eight scallops, deviled crab, flounder, three hush puppies, coleslaw, Coke	Yes

—Kate McDowell

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Even so, Bitterstein's cat-to-dog ratio has been an eerily accurate predictor of China's modern political history. Changes in pet distribution in this century have forecast major political events *almost to the month*—and as far as a decade in advance. The index accurately presaged the revolution of 1911, the May 4 uprising of 1919, Mao's triumph in 1949 and the start of the Cultural Revolution in 1966. According to current statistics, Bitterstein says, China should undergo major domestic upheaval, conceivably involving mass demonstrations, in mid-1989."

—from "Why the Chinese Love Their Pets,"
by David Owen, SPY, August 1979



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

Barbara Bush	9
Clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards ...	7
Liz Smith	7
Barbara Walters	6
Don Johnson	5
Madonna	5
Warren Beatty	4
Donald Trump	4
Mike Wallace	4
Michael Caine	3
Bette Davis	3
Joseph Papp	3
The Rainbow Room ..	3
Elizabeth Taylor	3
Liz's "new addiction," Lewis Grossberger .	2
The Plaza	2
SPY	1

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

A SPY Public-
Service Countdown

"My pal **Donald Trump** ... said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond ... that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'"

—Liz Smith in the
Daily News,
September 29, 1988



CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Our regular look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

Subject: PRINCESS ANNE

Sign: Leo (b. 8/15/50)

Date: April 10, 1989

Notable Activity: Intimate correspondence between her and naval officer Timothy Laurence was revealed in British tabloid

Horoscope: "You get a second chance to snare the love of your life."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



Subject: JIM WRIGHT

Sign: Capricorn (b. 12/22/22)

Date: April 17, 1989

Notable Activity: Accused by House Standards of Official Conduct Committee of scheming to evade limits on outside income

Horoscope: "Career challenges become intense."—Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine

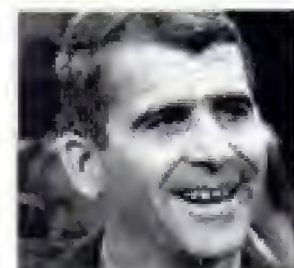


Subject: OLIVER NORTH

Sign: Libra (b. 10/7/43)

Date: May 4, 1989

Notable Activity: Found guilty on three counts related to Iran-contra affair; predicted he would be vindicated on appeal
Horoscope: "Maintain a positive attitude and everything will eventually slip into place."—Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

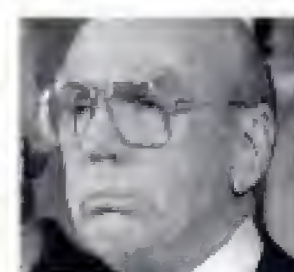


Subject: JIM WRIGHT

Sign: Capricorn (b. 12/22/22)

Date: May 31, 1989

Notable Activity: Resigns his post as speaker of the House
Horoscopes: "You may be at the end of your tether or sick and tired of having to explain your every move"—Patric Walker, *New York Post*; "There's no evasion of responsibilities now, as you put your house in order and complete longstanding projects"—Usha, *USA Today*
—George Mannes



SLUMLORD OF THE FLIES

What's So Odd About Us Changing Our Package? Other Companies Do It Every Year.



We've never been one to seek change just for the sake of change, but in our two centuries of brewing, we've had our share of classic packages.

Wooden casks fashioned from French oak. Long amber bottles with cork stoppers. Even a more luxurious model with a porcelain stopper.

And now we're pleased to introduce you to our latest. One that we believe reflects even more of the 214 years of our Stroh family heritage and brewing tradition.

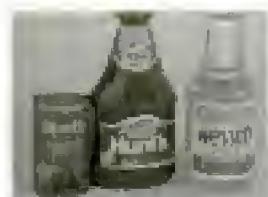
We hope you like it, since we don't plan on making another change for at least the next century.



No Go-Go

The Lonely Lives of America's Corporate Orphans

Everybody knows that these are happy times for just about anybody with a company to sell. At what other point in history could you have found generous people like Henry Kravis or generous entities like Philip Morris willing to pay billions of dollars for nothing more than a few brand names and some junk food? Why, even Pan Am World Services, the security company put up for sale last January three weeks after it failed to detect the bomb that blew Pan Am Flight 103 to bits, was able to find a buyer within a few months. Still, hard as it is to believe, even in the 1980s there are some corporate owners who cannot find a buyer. These companies sit on the block because of mismanagement, gross negligence, declines in whole industries or simple bad luck. But all belong to an exclusive group, America's Corporate Orphans — the companies nobody wants, sometimes even at fire-sale prices. Here's a current catalog:



Beatrice/Hunt-Wesson Foods and Swift-Eckrich.

These household names — manufacturers of Hunt's catsup and tomato paste, Wesson oil and Swift Premium sausage — were part of the giant Beatrice conglomerate that Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company bought in a then record-breaking orgy of leveraged debt back in 1986. At that point all of Beatrice's pieces were thought to be easily salable, leading Kravis to brag that after buying the company, dismembering it and selling off the pieces, he would walk away from the deal \$3.5 billion richer. Indeed, he unloaded Tropicana Products Inc., Coca-Cola Bottlers, Avis Rent A Car Inc., International Playtex, Samsonite Corp. and a few lesser-known companies for a total of \$6.9 billion. This left Kravis with Hunt-Wesson and Swift-Eckrich, which suffer under \$1.9 billion in liabilities that at the current rate will not be fully amortized until 2036 — burden enough to deter even the most heedless buyer. Two investment banks and dozens of presentations later, the companies haven't moved. Undaunted, Kravis broke his own LBO record last winter, when he bought RJR Nabisco.



Crazy Eddie Inc.

This well-known chain of retail electronics stores began quietly searching for buyers last fall, when it announced losses of \$73 million for the previous financial year. That deficit alone may have rendered Crazy Eddie difficult to sell, but the company also suffers the burden of having to defend itself against a class-action suit brought by its own shareholders. Crazy Eddie is also the subject of an insider-trading investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission, and an investigation by the Newark U.S. Attorney's office into schemes to falsify inventory and profit figures. With problems like these, anybody who'd want the company would have to be... well, you know what they'd have to be.



U.S. Shoe Corporation.

Most companies' stock rises when a sale of assets is announced. But last February, when the conglomerate that manufactures and sells Cobbie Cuddlers and Calvin Klein Shoes sold its footwear division after seven months of soliciting offers for any or all of its businesses, its stock price *dropped* 22.3 percent, or \$5.75 a share, in a single day. The problem was that U.S. Shoe had sold off its strongest performers and was left with its lagging retail division (including Casual Corner and Petite Sophisticate), whose earnings declined by 48 percent between September 1987 and September 1988. "The market was anticipating that the entire company would be sold, and only a portion of it was," said an analyst. "Now investors are asking what is left of U.S. Shoe and what it's worth."



United Press International.

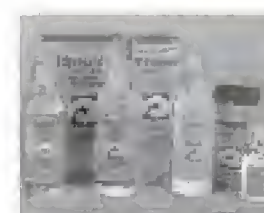
UPI, which found its third owner last winter, is not technically an orphan anymore — more like a foster child that has *perhaps* found a home. In 1982 E. W. Scripps Company *paid* two nobodies, Douglas F. Ruhe and William E. Geissler of Nashville, more than \$12 million in cash and forgiven debt to take the news service off its hands. Three years later UPI

went bankrupt and Ruhe and Geissler gave the company away to Vázquez Raña, a Mexican publisher, who got the company in return for agreeing to cover UPI's back wages, taxes, legal fees and \$4 million of its debts. When the wire service continued to lose money, Raña virtually handed UPI over to a group of investors led by Dr. Earl Brian, a neurosurgeon who also owns the Financial News Network. Few details of the deal were announced, perhaps because Raña may have been embarrassed by the terms.



Norden Systems.

For more than a year, United Technologies Corporation tried to peddle a subsidiary called Norden Systems, which earlier built the eponymous World War II bombsight. Eventually they gave up. Nobody seemed keen on buying a company that has been losing money on what were supposed to have been easy-profit contracts to manufacture radar systems for the Navy. "They have their tongue frozen to the pump," says one Wall Street analyst, "and nobody's interested in unsticking it."



The Cooper Companies Inc.

When Cooper, a health-care conglomerate, was forced to go on the block last year, the company was deemed by one observer "not even worth the amount of debt on the books" — \$644 million. Departed employees contend that the company's former CEO, Parker Montgomery, had been profligate with corporate funds, permitting his wife to borrow the company jet to ferry houseplants and curtains from one part of California to another. (Montgomery says that these were legitimate company errands.) Last year the Singer and Sturman brothers, young real estate tycoons, ousted Montgomery. Facing a debt crisis, they offered to pay executives (including themselves) bonuses as an incentive to sell company assets. About \$1-billion in assets went at bargain prices, but Cooper's contact-lens division languishes on the market.

— Eddie Stern and William Smith

SLOW DOWN AND KILL

Plans for Budget-Conscious Strategic Weapons

One of the less heralded features of the recently unveiled Stealth bomber is that it has a maximum velocity of about 500 miles per hour, a speed so relaxed that it can be comfortably bettered by most commercial jetliners. The decision to design and build this craft must have inspired a certain amount of discomfort among the historically speed-obsessed weapons procurers at the Pentagon—*I'm telling you, General, this baby can really, uh, creep.* Nevertheless, Defense Department planners have reconciled themselves to the Stealth's sloth and ordered 132 of the planes, at a cost of \$68 billion.

Now that the Pentagon has recognized the benefits of the leisurely delivery of nuclear warheads, it might wish to consider some other slow-moving systems that could protect our way of life:

System: STEALTH

Description: State-of-the-art bomber

Unit Cost: \$516,000,000

Crew Size: 2

Maximum

Speed: 500 mph

Likely Advan-

tages: Virtually undetectable by most early-warning radar systems; U.S. arms manufacturers will profit

Drawbacks: High unit cost; unproven airworthiness; not entirely undetectable by radar



System: PIPER CUB

Description: A single-engine propeller aircraft

Unit Cost: \$60,000

Crew Size: 2

Maximum Speed: 130 mph

Likely Advantages: Proven dependability in most weather conditions; many more qualified pilots available than for Stealth; can fly under radar; sheer number of aircraft—8,600 could be acquired for the cost of a single Stealth—would require enemy to be really lucky to shoot down the ones carrying the nuclear weapons

Drawbacks: Gets thrown around in turbulent conditions; short range means frequent refueling; maximum altitude of 21,300 feet means it could be easily spotted by the naked eye

System: BMW 750iL

Description: Hide-upholstered Bavarian luxury sedan

Unit Cost: \$70,000

Crew Size: 5

Maximum Speed: 155 mph

Likely Advantages: High resale value; outstanding BMW sound system; stylish; 17.6-cubic-foot trunk could theoretically accommodate one-megaton nuclear device; mobile telephone affords means for canceling mission in case of change of plans

Drawbacks: Speeding tickets; would stick out on Eastern European roads



System: YUGO GV

Description: Bare-bones Yugoslav subcompact car

Unit Cost: \$3,990

Crew Size: 4

Maximum Speed: 86 mph

Likely Advantages: Undetectable by radar, except hand-held devices; lots of time for mission cancellation; you're not out much cash if you're in a wreck

Drawbacks: Low residual value; roadside breakdowns; lower-back pain; buzzing in ears; not much storage space (six-cubic-foot trunk, cramped backseat) for nuclear devices

System: FEDERAL EXPRESS

Description: Fully integrated international package express service

Unit Cost: \$26 and up

Crew Size: 64,000

Maximum Speed: Overnight

Likely Advantages: Toll-free 800 number; money-back guarantee; all major credit cards accepted; special "dangerous goods" service will dispense helpful packaging hints

Drawbacks: Difficult to recall once launched; misrouting or mishandling at central Memphis depot could present unintended domestic catastrophe

—Jamie Kitman



PEOPLE WHO REALLY, REALLY NEED PEOPLE

Are Organizing Themselves Into Therapeutic Cabals at an Alarming Rate

We have a problem, and we'd like to share it with you: we think people with problems are doing too much sharing. Time was, you got cholera and kept your mouth shut. Today people who are prone to, say, "rejection sensitivity" get depressed and a support group is duly established to discuss their trauma. Modern man can't cope with *anything*, large or small, life-threatening or vaguely annoying, all by himself.

And especially for modern New Yorkers, it seems, coping is a collective endeavor. What follows is an extremely selective catalog of current bona fide local self-help groups. If you can't find the one you need, why, start it.

Counselors Anonymous (for "counselors in human services who are themselves recovering in one or more of the Anonymous 12-step programs"); Sexaholics Anonymous; Gay Men's Overeaters

Anonymous; Gay People in Christian Science; The Narcolepsy Project; Families Anonymous ("A fellowship of relatives and friends of people . . . exhibiting . . . behavioral problems such as runaways, delinquents, underachievers, etc."); Relationships Anonymous; As a Woman ("For males who have a strong need to function as a woman in attire and deportment. Also for family and friends"); National Association to Aid Fat Americans; Parents of Agoraphobic Teenagers; Women Who Love Too Much—Lesbian Chapter; Arts Anon (Artists Recovering in Twelve Steps; "To promote creative freedom for artists recovering in 12-step programs"); Mutilators Anonymous ("helping people cope with the urge to mutilate—picking at sores, wanting to dismember the body, etc." Etc.); National Committee for Preventing Psychotherapy Abuse.

—Mary Schafer

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM "MATTY THE HORSE"?

Our Urban Mob Bestiary

Mafioso skulduggery is a primary entertainment for tabloid readers, who each morning await the grisly headlines that signal the parole of old friends and the ambitious career moves of new ones.

But perhaps what endears members of La Cosa Nostra to their fans most are their nicknames. White slavery, extortion, narcotics distribution and contract murders wouldn't be quite the same if they were not perpetrated by espresso-drinking men whose names conjure up images of nature's wild creatures.

Alas, the traditionally hardy Mafia beasts, overhunted by relentless prosecutors and challenged by Asian crime packs, now crawl toward extinction. Let us take a moment to identify a few endangered species, some of them vanishing at this very moment.

FISH AND FOWL



◀ Anthony "Tony Ducks" Corallo

Phylum: Lucchese family

Origin of Nickname: Famed for

an ability to "duck" subpoenas

Natural Habitat: Oyster Bay Cove, Long Island

Normal Behavior: Extortion, bribery, distribution of narcotics, garbage disposal

Joe Fish, né Fischetti

Phylum: Chicago family, under Sam Giancana

Origin of Nickname: The brother of Rocco and Charles "Trigger Happy" Fischetti felt his ethnic-sounding name was too well known to the press and police

Natural Habitat: Chicago and Miami

Normal Behavior: Assaulting Sheeky Greene with a blackjack and formerly acting as Frank Sinatra's agent at the Fontainebleau Hotel

LIVESTOCK

Matthew "Matty the Horse" Ianniello

Phylum: Genovese family

Origin of Nickname: As a child, Matthew



knocked out a playmate, thus establishing his trademark method for settling personal disputes; word spread among neighborhood children that he had a punch "like a horse"

Natural Habitat: Mulberry Street and New Jersey

Normal Behavior: Skimming millions from his restaurants and topless discos as well as using the Reverend Al Sharpton and Andy Capasso as fronts for other transactions

Salvatore "Sam the Bull" Gravano

Phylum: Gambino family

Origin of Nickname: May have distinguished himself early in his career by compensating for a lack of finesse with taurine force

Natural Habitat: Gravesend and Bensonhurst sections of Brooklyn

Normal Behavior: Street-bossing for John Gotti, according to police reports

VERMIN

Michael "the Bat" DeBatt

Phylum: Gambino/Bonanno families

Origin of Nickname: 300-pound DeBatt's last name inspired admirers of his talents on and off the playing field to christen him "the Bat"

Natural Habitat: Bensonhurst

Normal Behavior: Serving drinks to John Gotti and getting shot dead in Tali's Restaurant & Lounge, a notorious ▶ Brooklyn watering hole



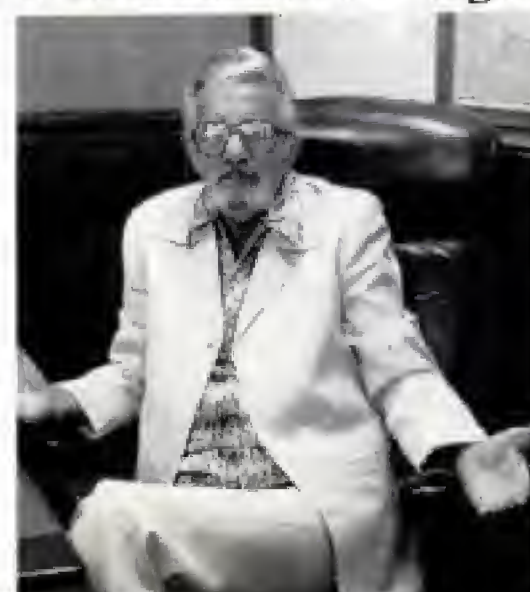
Aladena "Jimmy the Weasel" Fratianno

Phylum: Chicago family, under Johnny Roselli; then Los Angeles, under Tom Dragna

Origin of Nickname: His testimony was critical in the conviction of 30 of his fellow men of honor

Natural Habitat: Los Angeles

Normal Behavior: Murder (confessed to killing eleven people), formerly consorting



with Frank Sinatra and trying to avoid old friends after being removed from the Federal Witness Protection Program



Carmine "the Snake" Persico

Phylum: Colombo family

Origin of Nickname: Although he was blessed with his father's name at birth, "Junior" just didn't seem appropriate for a man who allegedly committed his first murder at 17, so mob watchers nicknamed him the Snake

Natural Habitat: Used to commute between his Brooklyn residence and his country home in Saugerties, New York, until he masterfully acted as his own legal counsel and was sentenced in 1986 to a 39-year prison term in the United States Penitentiary at Marion, Illinois

Normal Behavior: Racketeering, extortion and hijacking

INSECTS

▶ Anthony "Tony the Ant" Spilotro

Phylum: Chicago family

Origin of Nickname: Although he was known alternatively by his colleagues as the Little Guy or Tough Tony, law-enforcement officials decided that his size—Tony stood about five foot seven—was Spilotro's more salient attribute

Natural Habitat: Las Vegas

Normal Behavior: Gambling, extortion and murder (now extinct; investigations suggest that Spilotro and his brother were garroted and/or buried alive under an Indiana cornfield)

Anthony "Tony Roach" Rampino

Phylum: Gambino family

Origin of Nickname: As an errand-boy-of-terror for John Gotti and an exemplar of gangster survivorhood, Tony earned the moniker Roach

Natural Habitat: Ozone Park, Queens

Normal Behavior: Practicing scary faces in front of the mirror and displaying his genitalia to the press.

—John Brodie

ANYTHING ELSE IS FOOL'S GOLD.

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Sauza Conmemorativo is a naturally aged gold product. That means we don't add artificial caramel color.

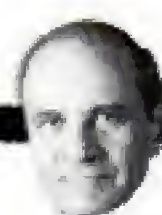
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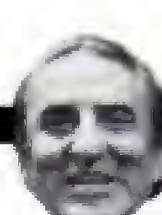


SAUZA

CONMEMORATIVO
NATURAL GOLD TEQUILA



Punch



Arthur



Abe



his is sad news: Brent Staples, the *Times's* assistant Metro editor, has woman problems. It seems that Staples, who

is black, cannot date a white woman without catching hell from his black female friends. But the trouble runs much deeper than that: Staples not only cannot date white women without catching hell from his black female friends—he cannot date white women without *writing* about the experience. And writing about it. And writing about it.

It all began innocently enough back in 1981, when Staples, a thoughtful, accomplished writer, reviewing *New People: Miscegenation and Mulattoes in the United States* for *The Chicago Reader*, first sounded the interracial-couples theme. A year and a half later, also for the *Reader*, Staples approached the same subject in a more personal way: he examined his black female friends' reaction to his dating white women; he talked about his "buxom young (very) blond" college girlfriend, Cardiff; and he described a profound experience he'd had involving a portrait of Marlene Dietrich.

"Consider Dietrich in her *Blue Angel* period," Staples wrote, very much in the tone of Bruce Weber, a colleague who works at the *Times Magazine* and a fellow adherent of the school of embarrassingly sex-obsessed, relentlessly autobiographical male writing (see [Review of Reviewers, page 92](#)). "Heavy-lidded bedroom eyes, high cheekbones falling to deep hollows, lips glistening, sexily ajar—a siren all the way. . . . I paused in front of [a Dietrich poster], trying to convince myself to buy it. I thought of Dietrich on my wall; I thought of the Sisters looking at Dietrich . . . and rolling their eyes back like death."

More recently, in an article he wrote for *New York Woman* about (guess what?) black men dating white women and catching hell for it from their black female friends, Staples, with charming understatement, said, "Still, I am drawn back to the white girl problem, again and again." The "statuesque blond" college girlfriend so immortalized in *The Chicago Reader* makes a repeat appearance, as does an angry black female friend. And, of course, Staples being Staples, there's Marlene:

"Dietrich was, as always, the vamp—with bedroom eyes, lips parted and a cigarette held in that languid hand. . . . She hung in the bookshop of the Art Institute of Chicago. . . . For weeks I came and gnashed and left, until, at last, someone else bought the portrait. Just as well. Dietrich would have begun that smoldering among the women of my tribe."

This recycling ethos seems to have overtaken other *Timesmen* as well. As both Ken Bresler and my esteemed colleague Joe Mastrianni point out, John Warde, the *Times's* Home Improvement columnist, whose fix-it tips run every week on page 4 of Thursday's Home section, is a master recycler after Staples's own heart, turning out read-alike articles with even greater regularity. It did, after all, take Staples fully eight years to make three passes at his pet topic. Warde can almost do it in one, and with greater verisimilitude.

No fewer than 14 of the weekly columns he has written since he took over the home-tinkering beat just two years ago have, with fastidious, sentence-by-sentence alterations, made second appearances (a personal favorite: "Window and door screens, in addition to permitting ventilation, keep insects from entering the house"). The illustrations are redrawn, but with exactly the same details and from ex-

actly the same perspective as the originals. Some quick arithmetic reveals good news for anyone who can't master the finer points of, say, lawn-furniture storage the first time around: in two years, during which there were 104 Thursday Home Improvement columns, Warde managed to produce retreads 13.5 percent of the time. (And a number of Warde's columns are reprised in the Sunday *Times* supplements that go out to Connecticut, New Jersey, Long Island and Westchester County, a year or so after they have run in the daily.)

Warde's recycling instinct extends well beyond his subject matter. He has found a snappy, versatile lead that works for him, and, professional that he is, he sticks with it. Here is Warde in November 1987 musing on the subject of chairs: "Wobbly chairs are more than annoying; a weakened chair can lead to accidents." A year and a half later: "Wobbly chairs are annoying and, if allowed to worsen, can lead to accidents." And from a different November 1987 column, a word on stairs: "Squeaky, wobbly stairs aren't just a nuisance. They can be hazardous if trouble spots are allowed to worsen." And in February of this year, a compelling update: "Squeaky, wobbly stairs are more than a nuisance; they can be hazardous if not repaired."


To be fair about it, there are only so many parts of a home that can be improved upon using the advice contained in a 900-word weekly column. Even so, Warde has managed to steer clear of certain basic home-improving chores. While he is sufficiently excited by wallboard to devote four columns to the subject, he has yet to write about how to hang a door.

See you next month, when we'll return to this space with an *entirely fresh column*—new sentences and everything.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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**BRIGHT LIGHTS,
BIG CITY**

JANOWITZ'S

**SLAVES OF
NEW YORK**

ELLIS'S

LESS THAN ZERO

... AND ALL THOSE OTHER HIP URBAN NOVELS OF THE 1980s

INCLUDES THE
SPY NOVEL-O-MATIC
FICTION-WRITING DEVICE!

A SATIRE

EVEN FUNNIER THAN THE ORIGINALS

**SPY
NOTES**

Dino DeLaurentiis bad it all. His own studio. His own back lot. His own starry-

THE LITTLE

eyed Wall Street backers. And \$240 million. Now, 19 horrible, money-losing movies

PRODUCED BY

later, it's all gone. Except, unfortunately, for the 19 horrible, money-losing movies

THAT COULDN'T

There are a number of ways to reckon the house-of-cards collapse of the DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group. It could, for instance,

be explained (correctly) in the bloodless, dreary lan-

guage of the business school classroom: higher-than-

anticipated distribution costs, excessive budgets,

research. It could also be explained (correct-

ly) in the language of common sense: no

business if it makes movies so

see them. But an often-told story about



capricious management practices, imperceptible market

translator may best explain the col-

lived and worked in America for

lapse of DEG. Although he has

lived and worked in America for

BY MARK FRANKEL

more than 20 of his 70 years, DeLaurentiis has never been at home with English. He can, of course, make himself understood—shifting seamlessly from his gruff Neapolitan Italian to curt Anglo-Saxon profanity (with a Neapolitan accent). But his grasp of the American idiom is problematic, and every movie script that crosses his desk must be rendered into his native tongue before he will read and evaluate it. DeLaurentiis employs young Italians to do this.

Back in the early 1970s, when DeLaurentiis's office was in the Gulf + Western Building in New York, he offered one of his directors the use of his beach house in the Hamptons. *Take the whole family*, DeLaurentiis insisted; the house would be empty except for his translator. The film director, together with his wife, his children and the family dogs, drove out to the Hamptons, arriving late one Friday night.

Early the next morning, the director ambled into the kitchen. As he brewed coffee and fed his pets he looked up to see a young Italian man standing in the doorway: the translator. After groggy introductions, they struggled to make polite chatter when suddenly the young Italian glanced at one of the hounds eating noisily by his feet.

"Ah," the translator said. "What a beautiful cat that is!"

The translator wasn't the only one who failed to recognize a dog. "Why did DEG fail?" asks a former DEG executive. "Bad movies." Even in the post-*Heaven's Gate*, post-*Ishtar*, post-*Howard the Duck* era, when cinematic catastrophe is routinely discussed in terms of tens of millions of dollars, DEG set new standards for squandering tens, even hundreds, of millions, in just a few years, making some of the most dreadful movies imaginable. In its two years as a solvent public company, DEG produced just two dozen or so movies—movies other companies wouldn't touch, with stars no one wanted to see: utter critical and commercial failures, *historic* bombs such as *Maximum Overdrive*, *Tai-Pan*, *King Kong Lives*, *Million Dollar Mystery*, *From the Hip* and *Date With an Angel*. DEG is gone now—forced into bankruptcy, its assets sold, the majority of its executives employed elsewhere. But its cinematic legacy will live with us for years, languishing on video store shelves, there to divert thousands of bored teenagers stuck at home on Saturday night without a date or a better video.

The tale of DEG's collapse is a story of Hollywood and Wall Street, of sharpies on both coasts who believed they had stumbled onto a miraculous, no-risk formula in a quasi-glamorous but volatile and unpredictable industry. But the saga centers on one man—DEG's mad, cartoonish charmer of a founder, chairman and CEO, Dino DeLaurentiis.



One easily imagines him playing a Mediterranean tycoon—cutting deals, scheming, manipulating—opposite, say, Joan Collins on Dynasty

to some inner voice that no one else heard—and that probably wouldn't have been understood anyway.

One executive recalls that whenever he or his colleagues decided not to buy a particular film, Dino would simply change the subject and ask again another day. "Dino would never really believe in market research," explains one confidante, "because it never told him what he wanted to hear."

DINO (AS WITH CHARO AND CANTINFLAS, A SINGLE name can suffice) looks like an international impresario delivered from Central Casting. One easily imagines him playing a Mediterranean tycoon—cutting deals, scheming, manipulating—opposite, say, Joan Collins on *Dynasty*. Barely more than five feet tall (see "I Am Standing Up!," page 52), barrel-chested, sporting a nimbus of gray hair like an olive-leaf laurel, always impeccably tailored, Dino radiates what Italians call *eleganza*. Imitating Dino's hoarse growl is part of the standard repertoire of Hollywood party tricks. (Dino himself has said that Dustin Hoffman does him best.)

As he approaches 70 Dino is, along with Sam Spiegel and Lord Grade, one of Hollywood's last Last Tycoons. He is, in many ways, a throwback to an earlier epoch in the film industry, when men were men (rather than agents) and movie studios had not yet become the glorified banks-cum-ad agencies they are today. In the DeLaurentiian universe, everything is first-class; everything is as big as the Ritz. *When I buy jewels, I don't go to Tiffany, I go to Bulgari*, DeLaurentiis is fond of boasting. *Only the best*. That meant, among other things, a brace of matching blue Rolls-Royces—one for himself and one for Martha Schumacher, the pretty, mid-30-ish blond with whom he shares a Beverly Hills house that once belonged to pulp novelist Harold Robbins. In his world Dino is king, with his own ways of wangling what he wants from writers, directors, financiers,

film executives and studio heads.

And from fish, as DEG president for marketing and distribution Laurence Gleason learned when he accompanied his boss of bosses on a working holiday to Bora Bora. Along on the trip was MCA president Sidney Sheinberg and his wife, Lorraine Gary. Dino hoped that a few days' exposure to the tropical sun would soften Sheinberg's resistance to selling him the rights to one of the *Conan* movies.

One morning during this balmy schmoozefest Dino invited his man Gleason to go fishing with him off a nearby reef. The wee mogul talked excitedly of meeting nature face-to-face. *We will catch the fish ourselves and cook them on the beach!* he said. With Hemingway-esque visions of marlin and albacore leaping over the waves, Gleason, to his surprise, later found himself cramped into a small motorboat with Dino and a native guide—the latter armed with a single spear gun.

As the skiff coasted to a stop over the reef, Gleason looked down through the clear water and saw an underwater corral constructed of chicken wire, teeming with hundreds of fish. The Bora Boran jumped overboard with the spear gun while DeLaurentiis stood in the bow, peering into the depths.

"Get that one!" he bellowed, pointing out a particular fish to the diver as if he were directing truculent extras around a movie set. "Now that one!"

Which is pretty much how Dino operates in Hollywood. Whenever he spots something new that he wants to own (a script, a star, an executive, a piece of real estate), he wells up with

monomaniacal passion, shouts at a flunky to get it for him and then, often enough, gets it. During almost 50 years in the film business, first in Italy and then in the U.S., he has been involved in the production of at least 500 motion pictures. Although he has produced two Best Foreign Film Oscar winners (*La Strada* in 1956 and *Nights of Cabiria* in 1957, both directed by Federico Fellini), the bulk of his producing credits fall into the swollen ranks

occupied by *Barbarella*, *Conan the Barbarian*, *Orca*, *Lipstick*, *Amityville II: The Possession* and *Halloween III: Season of the Witch*. Dino's vast roster of films commands the same kind of respect normally accorded the tanks of the Warsaw Pact: *They may be poorly designed, crudely built and unreliably manned, but there are so damned many of them!* "Even if he's

Left, Dino wags a digit; right, Dino wags two Oscars—for *La Strada*, a long, long, long time ago. Bora! Bora! Bora! At an island hideaway, below, Dino dreams up megabudget follow-ups to South Sea classics like *Hurricane*.



had 500 rotten movies made, he still deserves a statue made to him," says screenwriter Gary DeVore (*Running Scared*, *Raw Deal*), who briefly served as DEG's head of production.

Like St. Bernadette and Elwood P. Dowd, Dino has a way of seeing things that others don't. When he first thought of committing his own version of the Bible to film, he envisioned a \$30 million, 12-hour movie in three parts, realizing in a flash of insight, as he later said, "In a certain sense, the Bible is already a screenplay." So true upon reflection, but it took a man of Dino's special perception to see it.

He's a man who follows his dreams, sometimes literally. As he did late one night in 1975, when *Jaws* was passing the \$100 million mark. Dino woke from a dream and called one of his employees. "I have a vision," Dino told the man. "Dino's whale will eat Spielberg's shark." Two years later, Dino's *Orca* came to life and bit the big one at the box office.

By turns autocratic and generous, beguiling and profane, part grandfather and part despot, Dino possesses a grandiose, seductive charm. "He instills a sense of loyalty to the family, kind of an Italian family loyalty," says a woman who worked for DEG. "I knew I could never trust his judgment, but I always felt a certain loyalty to him. I don't know why," Gary DeVore says. "Huge personalities in small bodies can be very effective." Two words recur in insiders' descriptions of how they felt after dealing with Dino: *snake-charmed* and *steamrolled*.

Dino has never let a no stand in the way of something he wants. The first time he's rebuffed, he'll say, *I'll call you back*. The second time, it's *Okay, maybe next time*, followed by *Think it over some more*. On and on it goes, until Dino gets the answer he wants. "Dino is a bull," explains a producer who worked with him.

The early 1980s were a difficult time for Dino. Even though he enriched the cinema of the period with *Shark Boy of Bora Bora*, *Firestarter*, *The Bounty* and *Dune* (the last at a cost of more than \$40 million, perhaps the most DeLaurentiisian of all his films), the major studios refused to finance or distribute any further additions to the oeuvre. Dino's movies hadn't drawn substantial crowds to the box office since his 1976 remake of *King Kong*.

Further disenchanting Hollywood were the deals Dino usually struck with the studios. Typically, one of the major studios, desperate as always for films to keep its expensive distribution network primed and serviced, would pay for 60 percent of a DeLaurentiis film's production budget and all of the prints and advertising in return for the North American distri-

bution rights. Dino would cover the rest of the budget by preselling the foreign distribution rights. Then he would regularly demand (and receive) a \$1 million producer's fee from the studios. By keeping his own financial exposure low and producing a certain kind of film that generally finds greater acceptance in South America and Asia than in America, Dino would walk away with a profit regardless of a film's American box office reception.

But the studios didn't always make out so nicely. "Our record of joint involvement [with DeLaurentiis] is quite bad," Sidney Sheinberg finally confessed to *The Wall Street Journal* in 1986. "The bottom line is that it's just not profitable."

DINO DELAURENTIIS, HOLLYWOOD collectively said around 1985, *we don't have confidence in you anymore, we don't respect you, we don't want your movies*. Dino found a friendlier reception on Wall Street, however, where investment bankers were climbing over one another to take small entertainment companies public. Drexel Burnham Lambert was about to take Aaron Spelling Inc. public, and other Wall Street firms were looking for little independent companies to call their own. The frenzy was fueled by a newly discovered *financial* high concept: the explosive growth of home-video, pay-cable services and television syndication had sparked a ravenous demand for movies. "It was like a tulip craze," recalls one financial analyst.

In this hothouse climate, Dino—a man unlike other men, a man of vision who, seeing Ken Norton, beheld *Mandingo*—had a new dream, a dream that had eluded lesser men for decades. *He would build a new major Hollywood studio!*

In Wilmington, North Carolina, Dino had already built a 32-acre movie-making facility duplicating Hollywood on a small scale—a sort of studio version of an actual studio back lot. To become a genuine mogul, all Dino needed was a way to distribute his movies. So in late 1985 he purchased the Embassy Pictures distribution company from Coca-Cola for \$17 million and a stock warrant. With an actual studio, a distribution company, Embassy's library of 244 movies and a mogul of some standing as its head, DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group incorporated in Delaware in October 1985.

Dino was everywhere, on the *Today* show and in the papers, boasting with characteristic hyperbole that his new studio would soon occupy a place in Hollywood's upper echelon. When anyone called DEG a "mini-major" studio, he would quickly correct them. "We are a major studio," he declared.



When anyone called DEG a "mini-major" studio, he would quickly correct them. "We are a major studio," he declared. Only the best!

Only the best! Dino had big plans: the company would release as many as 18 movies annually (Columbia, for instance, released only 14 in 1988). A separate division would produce TV miniseries, and an Australian subsidiary, DeLaurentiis Entertainment Limited, would produce features and build a brand-new studio on Queensland's Gold Coast ("Australia's first major motion picture studio").

The privilege of underwriting DEG's initial public stock offering fell to PaineWebber. Under the

tutelage of the firm's premier entertainment analyst, Lee Isgur, who is still at PaineWebber, Dino underwent an apostasy from 1985 to 1986 as he visited investment bankers to pitch his new venture. The former Hollywood profligate now spoke like a comptroller—Dino DeLaurentiis Lite. DEG's prospectus embraced austerity and low budgets. No longer would Dino drop \$600,000 filming a single cavalry charge scene, as he had put into *The Tempest*; the new company would produce movies that could be brought before the camera at a cost of \$9 million or so, maximum. And by aggressively preselling a movie's valuable videocassette, cable and foreign rights before filming started, he could recoup—at least on paper—its entire production costs long before the first bored moviegoer wandered into the lobby for popcorn.

Not that preselling was an entirely new idea in Hollywood: other independent studios have regularly depended on aggressive presales to help finance their movies. But in the way DEG *boasted* of the presales concept in its business prospectus, the company made it sound to investors unfamiliar with Hollywood practices as if it were some newly discovered financial alchemy.

"It was the Look Mom No Hands school of making movies," explains Timothy Tunney, a former PaineWebber broker. "If you set a movie budget at \$10 million and presell \$11 million [in cassette, cable and foreign rights], you've made \$1 million and it doesn't matter if the movie's not very good. Trust me, that's how PaineWebber sold it."

Dino surrounded himself with a handpicked staff. The president and treasurer was Fredric Sidewater, Dino's longtime majordomo. Sidewater had



Alesia Lenae Jones, center, the only winner associated with *Million Dollar Mystery*

been Dino's right-hand man for decades, in recent years shaping his ethereal visions into financial realities (and annoying nonbilingual agents and executives by repeatedly interrupting business meetings to confer with his boss in Italian). Laurence Gleason, president of Mann Theaters, became DEG's president of marketing and distribution. For his board of directors Dino chose one of his favorite bankers, Frans Afman (the high-flying head of the Entertainment Business Division of Crédit Lyonnais Bank Nederland), and Marshall Manley, managing partner of Finley, Kumble, Wagner, Heine, Underberg, Manley, Myerson & Casey (a law firm that, in its own innovative, visionary approach to the law and to partners' compensation, may be cited as the legal profession's equivalent to DEG—it collapsed in late 1987). Dino bestowed executive titles as if he were doling out knightships in a fantasy kingdom: just about every executive was made a president of some branch of DEG. By all accounts, Dino was a generous boss, paying above-market salaries even by the inflated, grab-it-while-you-can standards of the industry. "To the mentality of a guy who makes a \$30 million movie, an extra \$100,000 was nothing," says one former well-paid employee.

When he was trying to set up the DEG television division, Dino called in a leading talent agent and offered him the extremely well-paying job of running it. It was, the agent says, the most Hollywood encounter of his career. Dino instantly embraced the man and guided him to the window. *See that building across the street?* he asked. *It is mine. You come to work for me, it is yours—full of your people.* Sorry, no, the agent told him, not interested. *Yes, you must come,* Dino insisted. Nope, sorry. *Yes, you must!* No, thanks.

Okay, Dino finally piped. His wooing finished, he briskly ushered the man out the door. The whole conversation, conducted entirely in the terse I'll-give-you-this-you-give-me-that Esperanto of Hollywood, lasted less than 90 seconds.

It was this Busby Berkeley-esque approach to business that made Dino the star attraction for investment bankers and financial analysts who couldn't wait to buy into the magic and glamour of Hollywood. Some, though, walked away unimpressed by DEG's surefire high concept. "What I remember most is [Dino's daughter] Raffaella's diamond ring," one recalls. "To these people this was make-believe, playing movie mogul." The hypothetical reliance on presales "couldn't survive much adversity. I didn't believe their numbers, that they had all their costs covered, because it was all leveraged."

The few skeptics had good reason: DEG's financial arrangements required a suspension of disbelief. Revenues from the sales of foreign, video and payable rights often wouldn't show up on DEG's books for a period of months. DEG would carry

BOMBATHON: LOSING \$160 MILLION (IN TWO YEARS OR LESS)

*A DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group
Cinematic Retrospective*

THE MOVIE	THE BUDGET (in millions)	ESTIMATED RENTALS* (in millions)	EXPLANATORY NOTES
<i>Raw Deal</i> (June 1986)	\$ 12	\$ 6	starred Arnold Schwarzenegger
<i>Maximum Overdrive</i> (July 1986)	\$ 9	\$ 2.4	directed by Stephen King
<i>Manhunter</i> (September 1986)	\$ 14	\$ 2.8	from the creator of <i>Miami Vice</i>
<i>Blue Velvet</i> (September 1986)	\$ 7	\$ 2.2	critical success
<i>Trick or Treat</i> (October 1986)	\$ 3.5	\$ 2.5	low-budget horror
<i>Tai-Pan</i> (October 1986)	\$ 25	\$ 1.5	tedious epic
<i>King Kong Lives</i> (December 1986)	\$ 21	\$ 1.7	sequel to the original remake
<i>Crimes of the Heart</i> (December 1986)	\$ 9	\$ 7.7	play adaptation
<i>The Bedroom Window</i> (January 1987)	\$ 8.3	\$ 3.5	starred Steve Guttenberg
<i>From the Hip</i> (February 1987)	\$ 7.5	\$ 2.8	starred Judd Nelson
<i>Evil Dead 2</i> (March 1987)	\$ 4	\$ 1.1	low-budget horror
<i>Million Dollar Mystery</i> (June 1987)	\$ 9.5	\$.2	both a movie and a game
<i>Weeds</i> (October 1987)	\$ 12	\$.6	actors in prison; earnest and socially relevant
<i>Hiding Out</i> (November 1987)	\$ 7	\$ 2.3	starred Jon Cryer
<i>Date With an Angel</i> (November 1987)	\$ 8	\$.6	starred Phoebe Cates
<i>Illegally Yours</i> (May 1988)	\$ 13	\$.05	directed by Peter Bogdanovich
<i>Traxx</i>	\$ 6.5	—	unreleased
<i>Rampage</i>	\$ 7.5	—	unreleased
<i>Collision Course</i>	\$ 13	—	unreleased
TOTALS:	\$ 196.8	\$37.95	

TOTAL LOSS: \$158.85 million

*receipts of DEG's distribution arm

mounds of short-term debt, because most of the money raised was in the form of bank credits and junk bonds that would require regular payments.

Such qualms harbored by a few fuddy-duddies did not stop the money pouring into DEG during the great Wall Street go-go year of 1986, in what Mallory Factor, whose company handled investor relations for the DEG stock offering, calls "the most brilliant structure I'd ever seen up until that time." Under the hand of DEG corporate division president Stephen Greenwald, a deceptively Milquetoasty former partner at Finley, Kumble, DEG seemed to take advantage of every financial resource then available on Wall Street. The public sale of 2.1 million shares of DEG at \$12 a share on the American Stock Exchange and a \$65 million junk bond issue raised \$88 million. A six-year revolving credit agreement with the Bank of America and several other banks yielded \$75 million more, and the creation of the Australian subsidiary raised another \$19 million. Using these and other instruments—a limited partnership here, another credit line there—during 1987 the company raised approximately \$240 million. And Dino, in return for simply being who he was, still retained 70 percent of the stock.

"The company was structured so that if it was swaddled in mediocrity, it would do fine," explains a DEG insider. "What no company can sustain is ten continual bombs."

DINO'S STUDIOS MAY HAVE BEEN IN NORTH Carolina, but his heart was in Beverly Hills. There, atop its new three-story headquarters, DEG's initials shone in brass above Wilshire Boulevard. Dino was not the sort of executive who roamed the halls. He acted more like a modern-day emperor, holding court in a top-floor suite of offices decorated in a shade of red so garish, it hurt the eyes. He greeted visitors from behind a massive wooden desk of Brobdingnagian proportions. "Big enough to lay a body across, width-wise," recalls one visitor. *Only the best!* Dino earned his corner office by virtue of his positions not only as chairman and CEO of DEG but also as landlord: in a typically DeLaurentiisian corporate arrangement, the producer bought the building in March 1986 and, as if it were a large trailer, subsequently leased it back to his own company for \$111,805 a month.

In the best Hollywood tradition, Dino selected an animal mascot for the new enterprise. But the statuary of the DEG lion scattered throughout the building would never be confused with MGM's. Dino's lion stood sharply at attention; more to the point, it had balls—big ones. When Dino felt he needed a little extra luck, he rubbed the stone testicles

of the nearest lion to give fortune a tiny nudge.

Starting a movie company from scratch is an awesome undertaking. Writers have to be found, scripts developed, agents frightened, directors and actors wooed; it can take a full year or two before films are in the can. But Dino—never one to wait for anything he wanted—jump-started DEG by buying back the rights to the movies he had in production at other studios around town, including *Tai-Pan* and *Maximum Overdrive*. "They were happy



He greeted visitors from behind a massive wooden desk of Brobdingnagian proportions. "Big enough to lay a body across, width-wise," recalls one visitor

to get rid of them, frankly," a former DEG executive says of the studios that sold Dino back the rights to his movies.

In the competitive frenzy to book movies into theaters, producers have a breathtakingly brief moment to establish their film at the box office. In general, unless a major film does good business in its opening weekend—at least \$4 million to \$5 million in ticket sales nationally for a wide release—it will quickly be yanked by theater owners. "You have to open big and be perceived as opening big," explains one marketing executive. These days, the cost of distributing and advertising a film can equal the cost of production.

Yet from the start, insiders say, Dino oddly refused to pump sufficient money into advertising DEG's releases. He once interrupted a board meeting to complain about a proposed marketing budget, exclaiming, *All you ever tell me is posters, television, radio, trailers! Is there no other way you can think of to sell our pictures?* Then the world's greatest producer told his subordinates how in Italy he had once hired a crier to walk through town shouting the title of his latest picture at the top of his lungs.

No one could make Dino see the light. Sometime before the June 1986 release of DEG's first movie, *Raw Deal*, the film's star, Arnold Schwarzenegger, asked for a meeting with Dino. *Raw Deal* (an ex-Fed-uses-superior-firepower-to-bust-crime-ring movie) looked like a sure summer hit; Schwarzenegger was on a box office streak that had started with *The Terminator* and continued with *Commando*. As Schwarzenegger crossed Dino's expansive office ("What a tiny man and what a giant desk!" the Austrian said) he was clearly dismayed by the paltry amount Dino had budgeted for advertising the movie. "They were several million dollars apart," recalls one executive present at the meeting. In the end, while *Raw Deal* did adequate business by DEG

standards, it fell far short of the mark established by Schwarzenegger's earlier and subsequent action-adventure vehicles.

But even a nine-figure ad budget would not have prevented most of DEG's first slate of releases from doing miserably at the box office. There was, for instance, the high concept behind *Maximum Overdrive*, the directorial debut of nouvelle-gothic novelist Stephen King: it was based on his own script, in which homicidal trucks terrorize an interstate truck stop. And during plans for the filming of *Tai-Pan*, DEG's \$25 million adaptation of James Clavell's nineteenth-century Hong Kong novel, Dino decided to drop Sean Connery for the title role because he was "too old" and went instead with Bryan Brown. *Tai-Pan* earned less than \$2 million at the box office on its opening weekend.

Adversity never discouraged Dino; rather, it seemed to redouble his capacity for steadfast self-delusion. On the Friday night after each new DEG movie opened, a curious ritual would replay itself. Dino would eagerly await his staff's late reports of the box office grosses for selected theaters in New York. The news was almost always disappointing. But Dino would not be discouraged, or persuaded to shift tactics. *Ah, I don't understand*, he would say. *Well, maybe tomorrow we'll do better. They'll like it better tomorrow. It's not for kids.* All weekend, Dino would rejoin like a Neapolitan touring company of *Annie Domani Domani!*

But *domani* never came, and by the end of the weekend Dino wouldn't care to discuss how the company could salvage the latest box office casualty. He would make his brisk, I-wash-my-hands-of-this gesture and address his ebullience to some happier subject. "By then in Dino's mind it was the next picture," explains one executive. "Dino never lasted beyond that [first] Monday."

As chief executive, Dino had a fondness for things old-world that extended to his management style. But old-world values made themselves known in a more personal way as well, as illustrated by the super-helpful domestic couple DEG retained on the company payroll. Though fully equipped with office space in the building, Dino's barber and his wife, the cook, were generally discouraged from servicing other DEG executives. Holding tight rein on his power and refusing to delegate authority, Dino governed like a corporate palatine. Leaving staff meetings, his executives were not always confident that ideas discussed with their boss would stick. "When

Hey—watch that clapper! Dino, Adam (Michael Parks) and director John Huston share a robust laugh on the set of *The Bible*; below, DEG's supercolossal parking lot in back of his studio



we walked out the door, we sucked out our opinions in our wake," says Gary DeVore. "He made his own decisions that were not consistent with the consensus."

To many in Hollywood, Dino will be eternally associated with one singular, remarkable movie: *King Kong Lives*. Dino carried a special fondness in his heart for the giant, tragic ape: *Everybody loves the monkey!* he liked to say. Indeed, *Dino identified with Kong*. After all, both preferred the company of slender, comely blonds, both arrived in America from a foreign land, both were of somewhat freakish stature and both had trouble making themselves understood.

Dino considered the making of *King Kong Lives* a special coup. His pre-DEG remake of *King Kong* had cost about \$23 million in 1976, but a full decade later, producing its sequel required only \$25-million. Dino believed *King Kong Lives* represented a tremendous cost-saving for DEG, betraying a subtle appreciation for finance that eluded others. In fact, the *King Kong Lives* deal was much better for Dino than it was for DEG: DEG bought the rights for the movie for \$21 million from none other than . . . Dino himself. (When the movie brought in just \$4.7 million at the box office, Dino reduced the price to \$10.2 million.)

DEG's marketing department did not share Dino's vision, believing the only way to sell *King Kong Lives* was as a piece of camp—as blatant, jokey schlock. They created an ad mock-up showing Kong embracing his lady Kong, à la *Gone With the Wind*. "America's second best-loved couple returns!" the ad read. Dino refused to allow the heretical poster out of his office. *He must be big, he must be brave, he must be powerful!* Dino cried. (His dismay was nothing compared with his anger upon glimpsing a gag photo that portrayed the two Kongs in simulated sodomy. BLUE VELVET II: THE ROMANCE CONTINUES, read the title).

The movie pulled in a pathetic \$1.1 million at the box office its first weekend. As

ever, Dino refused to despair. The next picture would vindicate them. *Domani!* "Dino had an inhuman resilience to bad news and could revive himself quicker than anybody I've ever seen," recalls an employee from the *King Kong Lives* era—an era in DeLaurentiis filmmaking rich in bad news. "It didn't knock him down five minutes."

NOT EVERYONE SHARED DINO'S SUNNY DISPOSITION. Around DEG's offices the mood was nearly always somber. In the last quarter of 1987 alone, the company lost more than \$15 million. Aside from the losses on pictures, DEG was locked into the high overhead of running a distribution company that demanded a constant supply of movies to amortize expenses. And DEG's \$240 million wasn't unfettered cash-on-hand; much of it was borrowed money, which required regular and substantial debt payments. Dino had already been warned, says one insider, that if the string of flops went unbroken, the studio would run out of cash within the year.

Even Dino's good pals at PaineWebber (the brokerage house made at least \$4 million in commissions from the DEG financing) grew skittish after the virtual flop of DeLaurentiis Film Partners, a limited partnership formed by DEG with PaineWebber to finance 1987 production and distribution costs in return for part ownership in selected DEG films. DEG and PaineWebber had formed the limited partnership to raise money for a slate of about six DEG pictures by pulling in investors who wanted some of the action. DeLaurentiis Film Partners raised less than half of its \$60 million target, and within a week of its sale, PaineWebber consumer-markets president Don Nicholson sent an in-house memo to his executives and vice presidents apologizing for the poor placement. "Paine quickly realized how fucked up it was," says a former broker.

Meanwhile, DEG executives had their hands full getting even their own slate of movies into production. Every month Dino held private luncheons in his red, red office with the heads of the major Hollywood agencies—Michael Ovitz of Creative Artists

Agency, Jeff Berg of International Creative Management, Lenny Hirshan of William Morris. Over plates of steaming pasta, Dino would make his pitch. *I want you to get me a Robert Redford picture. I want a Sydney Pollack film. Only the best! Only the best!* Yes, Dino, yes, the agents would reply. And within a few weeks each of them would send over a script that had been around the block many times already.

"You never got new products," explains a former DEG employee. "You got the rejects." The major



*When Dino felt he needed a little extra
luck, he rubbed the stone
testicles of the nearest lion to give
fortune a tiny nudge*

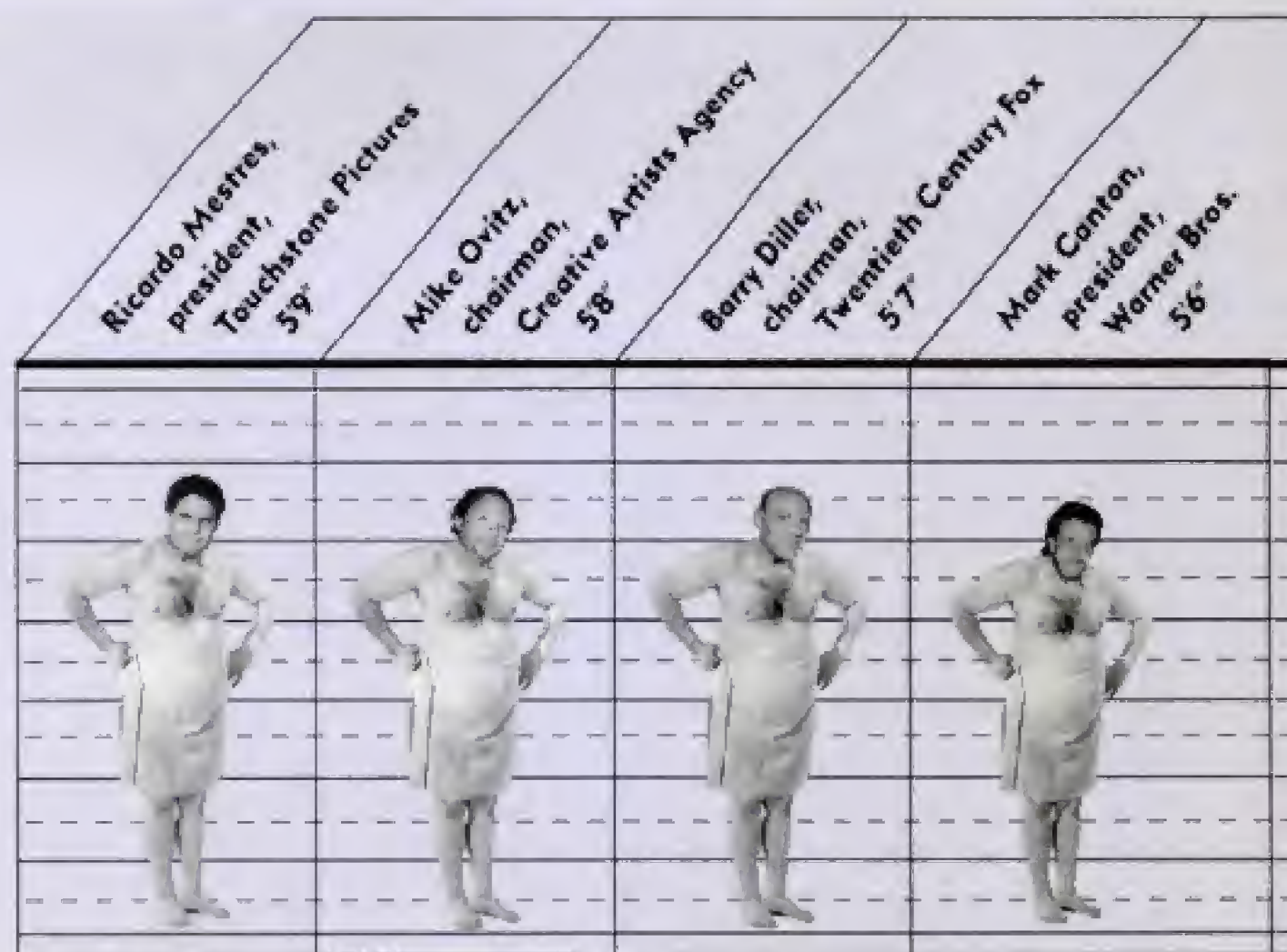
agencies reportedly wouldn't let Dino near their A-list talent and projects. And when a script did show promise, the film was inevitably miscast. Michael J. Fox showed interest in *Hiding Out*, an intermittently diverting comedy about a young stockbroker who escapes from the mob by attending high school, but he wouldn't have been available for a year. "In a normal major studio, you waited for Michael J. Fox. But DeLaurentiis never waited for anyone," the former employee explains. "You wound up making [a movie such as] *From the Hip* with Judd Nelson, who was fifth or sixth down the list, because you needed to start February 15."

Dino eventually discerned he wasn't getting a crack at Hollywood's biggest talents. Although usually careful about keeping his temper, Dino one day summoned Berg and another major ICM agent, Jim Wiatt, to his office for a showdown. *You're not giving me A-talent*, he railed. *You're always giving me shit!* I

I AM STANDING UP!

*The One Man Who Stands Head
and Shoulders Below Even
the Teeny-Tiny Elmer Fudds
Who Run Hollywood*

In the company that Dino DeLaurentiis keeps, moguls don't get their power just because they are short. No, they become Hollywood lords because they work harder at it than other, well . . . normal-size people. They thirst relentlessly for power—power to operate the American dream machine, power to make and lose millions, power to hire and fire and buy and sell more-normal-size people. But don't forget: power is one of those things they can't take with them. When Dino and Mike and Barry and Sparky finally pass away, they'll be former people just like you and me, only in a coffin with lots of extra leg room. (All heights estimated.)



want William Robinson! I want his next picture. You can't give him to anyone else!

The two agents were baffled. William *who*?

Another DEG executive in the room finally explained that Dino meant Robin Williams.

Berg and Wiatt wanted to laugh. *We're sorry*, they said, *but Robin is Mike Ovitz's client*.

Many chief executives brag that their organization is one big, happy family, but at DEG the cliché took on a new meaning. Dino never concealed his relationship with Martha Schumacher, who, despite the demands of her job as president of DEG Film Studios and as producer of no fewer than five DEG movies, still managed to find time to give birth to Dino's youngest daughter, Carolina. Dino's patriarchal largess extended to the entire clan. Son-in-law Alex DeBenedetti executive-produced *Evil Dead 2*; another son-in-law served as DEG's Spanish distributor. Dino's brother and nephew managed Filmauro, which distributed DEG movies in Italy.

The enterprise became even more of a family business in late 1986, when Dino's 33-year-old daughter, Raffaella, was appointed president of production (at a reported salary of \$400,000). Blond and square-jawed, "Raffy" was usually encountered padding around the office in her bare feet. Most who dealt with Raffaella describe her as a tough, talented executive (although one producer complains about a statue of Mussolini kept on her desk). Many hoped she would control her willful, high-strung father.

But not even she could block Dino from rushing into a new series of ruinously expensive deals in 1987, the fruits of which essentially bypassed theatrical re-

lease altogether. Remember *Rampage*, with Michael Biehn? Rob Lowe in *Illegally Yours*? *Traxx*, starring Shadove Stevens? No? Exactly. Dino, whose last big hit was by now a decade old, had a special weakness for films directed by aging wunderkinder who hadn't produced a major hit in years. And so Dino made William Friedkin's *Rampage* (an idealistic-D.A.-versus-serial-killer-in-the-courtroom movie) and Peter Bogdanovich's *Illegally Yours* (a guy-turns-detective-to-clear-his-grade-school-sweet-heart-from-murder-charges movie). *Illegally Yours* was a troubled screenplay put into "turnaround" (that is, abandoned) by Lorimar before Dino picked it up over his colleagues' strong objections. "Nobody wanted this picture," recalls a former executive. "Raffy didn't have her green card and had to leave the country every six months and reapply for admission. One weekend she went to Mexico, and

Dino bought *Illegally Yours*." Into a different (though no more successful) category falls *Traxx*, a \$6.5 million just-like-Rambo-except-funny comedy starring Shadove Stevens, one of the biggest movie stars ever created on the *New Hollywood Squares*—and, according to a DEG executive, with a two-picture deal from DEG to prove it, *Illegally Yours* received only token theatrical release. Of the other two—both unreleased—only *Traxx* made it to videocassette.

THE DELAURENTIIS ENTERTAINMENT Group managed to release theatrically only *one* movie between March and October 1987, rather than the half dozen its executives had promised. Nonetheless, that one film, *Million Dollar Mystery*,

Two of the many beautiful flowers in DeLaurentiis's DEG garden: left, Martha Schumacher pinning a megawanky corsage on her dress; right, DEG production executive Raffaella DeLaurentiis displays her unique, hobbitlike management style.



Alan Ladd Jr., chairman, MGM/United Artists 5'6"	Jeff "Sparky" Kottzenberg, chairman, Walt Disney Studios 5'6"	Ron Meyer, cofounder, Creative Artists Agency 5'6"	Bill Haber, cofounder, Creative Artists Agency 5'6"	Down Steel, chairman, Columbia Pictures 5'4"	Irring "Swifty" Lazar 5'4"	Dino DeLaurentiis 5'4"	Herre Villechoize 3'11"
							6'0"
							5'6"
							5'0"
							4'6"
							4'0"
							3'6"
							3'0"
							2'6"
							2'0"
							1'6"
							1'0"
							0'6"
							0'0"

will forever hold a singular position in the annals of cinema.

According to a former studio executive, the idea for *Million Dollar Mystery* first struck Dino when he passed a long queue of people waiting patiently on a Manhattan sidewalk. He assumed they were waiting to see a movie until a companion explained they were waiting to buy Lotto tickets, the jackpot having climbed to a record sum.

You mean people wait in line to win a million dollars? asked Dino. *There's got to be a movie in this!*

The plot, such as it was, concerned a frantic race to recover a buried cache of loot, and the movie starred an overwhelming cast of unknowns—Eddie Deezen, Penny Baker and Rick Overton. The biggest names were comedian Rich Hall and Glad Bag pitchman Tom Bosley. (Glad, not coincidentally, cosponsored the movie/contest and made sure the script was riddled with not-so-subtle plugs for the product.) Secreted in *Million Dollar Mystery's* plot were clues to the location of a \$1 million prize; anyone solving the puzzle would be entered into a drawing for a \$1 million cash award (thanks to DeLaurentiis, the \$1 million was not the miserly and much less expensive 20-year annuity usually awarded in state lotteries—which winds up costing the promoters substantially less—but \$1 million in cash, on the spot. *Only the best! Only the best!*). In the DeLaurentiisian universe, it was the greatest gimmick since Free Dish Night.

Few of his colleagues shared Dino's enthusiasm. "You can't go out with a \$10 million picture and not have a single name you've ever heard of. He should have known better," said one. But Dino could not be swayed. He would point out his office windows toward Westwood, L.A.'s movie theater neighborhood. *In one you've got this piece of shit playing, in another you've got that piece of shit playing. Except with this piece of shit, I'm giving away \$1 million. Which piece of shit you think they'll see?* he'd say.

Million Dollar Mystery proved a gargantuan, unqualified dud of *King Kong Lives* proportions. Despite a wide, wide release in 1,396 theaters, just over \$500,000 worth of tickets were sold its first weekend, quite possibly a record low for so broad a release. Within days the company publicly assessed its loss on *Mystery* at \$6.5 million. The limited partnership, which owned about half the movie, lost \$5 million.

In a 1987 roundup of new stock issues, *Forbes* listed DeLaurentiis Film Partners as the worst performer: in just eight months, its stock had dropped from \$16.25 per share to just \$2.13. Within a few months following the failure of *Million Dollar Mystery*, it was clear that DEG was in severe distress,

hemorrhaging millions of dollars every month. The other mini-majors—Cannon Group and New World Entertainment—were also sinking; like DEG, they'd discovered that extensive presales without at least one real hit can't keep a studio going forever. Less than two years earlier DEG had \$240 million. Now it was nearly gone, and Wall Street was no longer so taken by high-flying Dino DeLaurentiis. The banks worried about their loans and the company announced it was investigating



"Dino is the John DeLorean of motion pictures.

He regards bankruptcy as

taking a bath. He'll arise like the phoenix

when it's all over"

"possible recapitalization, restructuring or combination with a third party." Finally, one Saturday morning in August 1987, a palace revolt occurred. Led by Raffy, the senior executive staff returned to headquarters to confront Dino and plead that he relax his iron grip on the studio so they might salvage the business.

Dino refused to admit his role in the company's downward spiral. *It's not my fault*, he insisted. "It was so depressing," recalls an employee who watched the coup fail. "Everybody knew there was no future for anybody." People began leaving. Even



Raffaella, who'd begun her movie career as a production assistant on Dino's *Hurricane* in 1977, quit her father's studio. (She now has a production deal at Universal.)

An eleventh-hour management shake-up did lit-

tle to retard the company's disintegration. In the summer of 1987, Gordon Weaver, well known for his work as a marketing executive at Paramount and later with Walt Disney, was handed the job of rolling out DEG's roster of upcoming releases. Howard Koch Jr., president of Ray Stark's Rastar Productions (and thus a man accustomed to obeying tyrants), had been recruited as head of production. But all they could do was perform hasty triage.

The company's last three movies—*Weeds*, *Hiding Out* and *Date With an Angel*—adhered to the strict DEG tradition of dive-bombing at theaters, despite what some say were the best-executed marketing campaigns conducted by the studio. In January 1988 DEG announced it was temporarily halting all film releases and continuing to seek a buyer for its extensive film library and the North Carolina production facilities.

Finally, in February 1988, Dino resigned as DEG chairman. To the very end, Dino was true to himself; one of his last demands was that his name be removed from the company. "He knew his company wasn't going to make it, and he didn't want his name sullied," explains an old friend. For once, Dino was correct: DEG skulked into Chapter 11 bankruptcy last August. In its 28 months with Dino at the helm, DEG had distributed 26 movies—only one of which topped \$20 million in box office sales. Documents filed with the U.S. Bankruptcy Court listed assets of \$197 million and liabilities of \$243 million. Among DEG's largest unsecured creditors were Wells Fargo Bank

mere 37 cents.

Though its films will be with us forever, the DEG era in Hollywood is now a thing of the past. Carolco Pictures, the producers of the *Rambo* trilogy, recently agreed to pay \$25 million for DEG—or what was left of it: the North Carolina studio, \$20 million in trade receivables of questionable collectibility, about 100 projects in various stages of development and a library of 140 Italian-language film titles.

Meanwhile, the inevitable class-action suits—including one on behalf of DEG's public investors and another on behalf of all buyers of the limited partnership—are grinding through U.S. District Court in Los Angeles. The suits charge that the studio was never a viable enterprise and accuse the PaineWebber brokers and Ernst & Whinney, DEG's accountants, of failure to perform due diligence. Of course, the maligned plaintiffs are the same starry-eyed investors who, two years earlier, thought they'd bought into the winning side of a not-illegal-but-unbelievably-risk-free money-making system. And in fact, if DEG's movies had been no worse than mediocre, the system probably would have worked. At any time, one blockbuster—an *E.T.* or a *Star Wars*—might have bailed them out. But blockbusters weren't Dino's style; DEG could have made *Platoon*, *Bull Durham*, *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* and *Pet Sematary*—each one eventually a money-maker—but ended up passing over or selling each one.

"For the life of me, I can't figure out why [PaineWebber and Ernst & Whinney] got into this deal, because I think it smelled from the get-go," says Kevin Roddy of Greenfield & Chimicles, one of the law firms handling the DEG case for the plaintiffs. "Dino is the John DeLorean of motion pictures. He regards bankruptcy as taking a bath. He'll arise like the phoenix when it's all over."

In fact . . . look, there, it's Dino DeLaurentiis, back in business! DEG's ashes were still warm when he unveiled his new, private production entity, the Film & Television Co. He revealed at a press conference in September 1988 that it would produce *Over My Dead Body*, a \$20 million murder-and-mystery-in-Monte-Carlo comedy. As in the pre-DEG era, Paramount Pictures originally agreed to produce the film, which was scheduled to start production in March. Its current status is unclear. Dino didn't even have to change offices—although, as DEG's landlord, he said he expected his old, bankrupt company to vacate the premises soon. The neighborhood was "too expensive for companies in Chapter 11," he said.

No one needed fear that the world's most famous producer would be permanently or even momentarily hampered by the DEG disaster. Says an old friend of the studio's failure, "It's just another *Dune*. Maybe it's his most expensive failure, but it's just another bad picture he's made." ■

More third-rate supper-club stars than there are in the heavens? The DEG talent stable: front table, left to right, Steve Guttenberg, Rob Lowe, Judd Nelson, Dino, Raffaella DeLaurentiis, Shadoe Stevens; clockwise from top of star, a guy, a lady, William L. Petersen, a lady, a guy, Kathryn Harrold, Tom Noonan, a lady, a guy, a lady, a guy, a chair, a lady, a guy, a lady, a guy, a guy, a guy, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Dean Stockwell, Phoebe Cates, a guy, Darren McGavin, Joan Chen, a guy, a guy, Pat Hingle, Kim Greist, Jon Cryer, John Hurt, Sam Wanamaker, Hope Lange, Emilio Estevez, Bruce Campbell, Jurgen Prochnow, Marc Price, Brad Greenquist, Tony Fields, Elizabeth McGovern, Michael Knight, Linda Hamilton, a guy, a guy, a guy, a guy, Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, a guy, Dennis Farina, Joan Allen,



(\$18,400,000); First Bank National Association of Minneapolis (\$12,154,556); BBDO, Los Angeles (\$7,211,729); Paramount Pictures Corporation (\$2,050,318). The company's stock, which had once traded near \$20 per share, could be had for a

Bryan Brown, Elizabeth Perkins, Charles Martin Smith, Laura Dern, a guy, Emmanuelle Beart, a guy, Frances Bay, a guy, Priscilla Pointer







1989. That was the year when eight-fingered men — with huge veiny foreheads — men, in other words, from the 28th century — gave modern-day writers CHARLES C. MANN and EDWARD ZUCKERMAN the lowdown on time machines. . . . Actually, Mann and Zuckerman did all the research for this article by themselves, or so they claim. But what they found is that time travel could, theoretically, exist — and that that possibility is upsetting the very scientists who proved it. Now, we don't know about you, but us, we're all for it, because...

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WE'D KILL HITLER, 8½ AND SAVE THE DINOSAURS

Like all normal
and kill Hitler,
medicine. But time
high-concept movies
Thompson — sure —

people, we've always wanted to travel in time, for the obvious reasons — to go back
drop in on a soiree at Caligula's, steer the young John Irving into a career in
travel, as far as we knew, was utterly impossible, the exclusive domain of
in which the time traveler's mother turns out to be a sexually available Lea
and science-fiction novels with dialogue such as "*Gosh, Bill, it's a chronosyncretic
temporizer! Don't you see? I just reversed the polarity!*" Meager pickings for us would-be time voyagers, stuck
in the late 1980s like gum on the sidewalk. ⌚ Then last year two major developments on the time-travel front

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM JOYCE

erupted in rapid succession. First, an article by Gregg Easterbrook in *The Atlantic* (yes, *The Atlantic*—a respectable magazine) reported that "Soviet military researchers have dabbled with such subjects as . . . time travel, hoping for any kind of counter to the West's economic and technological advantages." (Astonishingly, this revelation has so far failed to incite urgent requests from the Pentagon for hundreds of billions of dollars to close the time-travel gap. [See "Back to the Brave New Soviet Future," page 66.])

Just weeks later, *Physical Review Letters*, a distinguished scientific journal, published an article entitled "Wormholes, Time Machines, and the Weak Energy Condition." Written by Kip Thorne, an eminent cosmologist at the California Institute of Technology, and two colleagues, the article sketched out a theoretically plausible method of constructing a working time machine.

Plausible. Working. *Time machine.*

We were excited by these reports and struck by the "coincidence" of their appearing so close together. (If time travel does exist, any "coincidence" can be arranged.) We wanted to believe, but our hopes were held in check by our awareness of that legendary time-travel spoilsport, the "grandfather paradox," which goes like this: You climb into a time machine and go back into the past, where you meet and kill your grandfather when he was a boy. Therefore, you were never born. Therefore, you could not have killed your grandfather. But if you didn't kill your grandfather, you *could* be born. And you could climb into a time machine and go back and kill your grandfather.

Therefore, you can kill your grandfather and you can't kill your grandfather. This doesn't make any sense. Therefore, time travel is impossible.

This irritating paradox seems to foil almost any worthwhile time-travel endeavor. If you went back to 1931 and killed Hitler before he committed his crimes, then how would you know he deserved to die? And how would you be aware of *The World According to Garp*, let alone the scene in the movie where Robin Williams watches his happy, doomed children through a window?

These are troubling questions, and we'll get back to them.

Happily, other objections to time travel are more easily dismissed. Consider the argument advanced in a 1986 issue of *The Journal of Portfolio Management*. The *JPM*, a gray journal for drone bankers that usually runs very few articles resolving impenetrable physical or metaphysical conundrums (some M.B.A. must have been in a perky mood that day), concluded that "time travel is pure fantasy—it never has existed and furthermore never will exist." The *JPM* argued that if time machines were ever invented, time travelers would inevitably take to nipping back a few centuries to deposit money in savings accounts and then returning to their own time to withdraw the proceeds. (Remember the impressive power of compound interest: \$1,000 invested at 8 percent will grow to \$4.8 billion in 200 years.) These time travelers, the journal notes, would in effect be conducting interest rate arbitrage over time, and any kind of arbitrage inevitably reduces price differences to zero, thanks to the laws of supply and demand; in this case, claims the *JPM*, it would reduce interest rates to 0 percent. Since, as anyone can plainly see, interest rates are not 0

SO YOU'RE THINKING

Fourth-Dimension-at-a-Glance: A

REGULAR BLACK HOLE

Inventor: Karl Schwarzschild, 1916

How it works: Jump in, fall into the

singularity and emerge elsewhere in space-time

Best feature: In theory, an extremely neat idea

Worst feature: Doesn't work. As you approach the singularity its gravity will pull on your feet harder than it pulls on your head, and your body will be ripped apart. Lying on your side won't help.

Bonus feature! How to build your own: Take a lump of clay and make it into a ball. Press on the ball to make it smaller.

Press on it again to make it even smaller. Make it smaller still. Make it smaller even than that (you may have to use pliers). Just before the ball becomes a black hole, remember to move your hands away *real fast* so that you do not get sucked in and ripped apart

Fun fact: Schwarzschild caught a rare skin disease at the front in World War I, and it killed him



panded on by Brandon Carter, 1966 and 1968, and Charles Boyer and Richard Lindquist, 1967

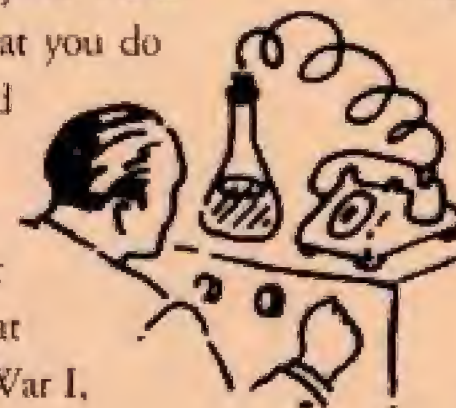
How it works: Fly into the black hole, dodge the singularity, pop into a worm-hole and emerge elsewhere in space-time

Best feature: May exist

Worst feature: Wormholes are stable only as long as no one tries to pass through them. As you fly in you start to approach the speed of

light. As you approach the speed of light your mass becomes infinite, and owing to $E=mc^2$, your energy becomes infinite, too, which will cause the wormhole to collapse. Once again, you will be ripped apart

Fun fact: Boyer was killed by Charles Whitman, the University of Texas tower sniper



TACHYONIC ANTITELEPHONE

Inventor: Gregory Benford, D. L. Book and W. A. Newcomb, 1970

How it works: Broadcast a beam of tachyons, modulated into some generally understandable code. Your message will be received

ROTATING BLACK HOLE

Inventor: Roy Kerr, 1963; ex-

percent, interest rate arbitrage is not being conducted over time. Therefore, time travel does not exist. The full complexity of the journal's argument may be hard to follow if you are not a portfolio manager, but it does make sense, granted the initial assumption that time travelers would be so venal as to devote themselves to making money. That may make sense to readers of *The Journal of Portfolio Management*, but not to those of us who prefer *Physical Review Letters*. Also, the journal's entire case is informed by the iffy proposition that the dollar will be deemed a sound investment by financiers of the future. After all, if *we* had a time machine, *we* wouldn't travel back and invest in Weimar Republic marks or Confederate savings bonds. (For advice on exactly this question, we consulted Robert M. Gardiner, former CEO at Dean Witter. He said he'd go back to the 1930s and buy Haloid, a predecessor of Xerox, at 10 cents a share. Unfortunately, a spokesman at the SEC said this sort of activity might violate insider-trading laws.)

OF KILLING HITLER...

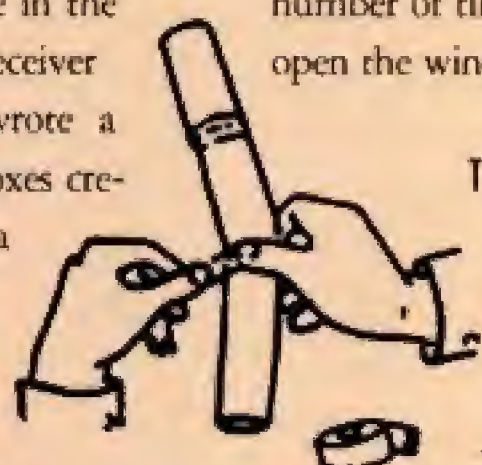
Consumer's Guide to Time Machines

in the past by anyone equipped with a tachyon-receiver

Best feature: You will not be ripped apart

Worst feature: No one in the past has a tachyon-receiver

Fun fact: Benford wrote a novel in which paradoxes created by sending a tachyon message from 1998 to 1963 cause the universe to split in two. In the new, parallel universe, liberal Republican William Scranton is elected president



THORNE BLACK HOLE SANDWICH

Inventor: Kip Thorne, Michael Morris and Ulvi Yurtsever, 1988

How it works: Find a tiny wormhole floating around amid elementary particles. Blow it up to a larger size. Pull one end of the wormhole away from the other at nearly the speed of light and then return it to its original position. Jump through the wormhole from the stationary end and go back in time

Best feature: Made the front page of *Science Times*

Worst feature: The wormhole remains stable only when

held between electrically charged plates, which may have to be placed closer together than the radius of an electron, thus limiting time travel to extremely small people

Fun fact: Thorne refused to be interviewed by *SPY* —C.C.M. and E.Z.

TIPLER CYLINDER

Inventor: Frank Tipler, 1974

How it works: The simplest time machine. Just hover along the surface of an infinitely long cylinder rotating at no less than half the speed of light

Best feature:

Nonlethal time machine capable of transporting user back to the

Eisenhower administration

Worst feature: Nonlethal time machine capable of transporting user back to the Eisenhower administration

Bonus feature! How to build your own: Take two toilet paper rolls and



So forget the *JPM*'s argument. Forget also another classic argument against time travel: If time travel exists in the future, there ought to be time travelers among us. So where are they?

All over the place, that's where. Just open your eyes. Where do you think Ted Koppel got that haircut? How do you think Willie Mays knew which way to break to catch Vic Wertz's long fly in the first game of the 1954 World Series? How do you imagine that Donald Trump, a man of obviously limited abilities, became fabulously wealthy buying real estate in just the right places at just the right times? (In his pathbreaking autobiography, Trump as much as admits he is a time traveler. "People think I'm a gambler," he writes ominously. "I've never gambled in my life." He adds: "I don't spend a lot of time worrying about . . . what's going to happen next." Of course he doesn't—not if he already *knows*. As he says of Warners chairman Steve Ross, "He . . . can see ten years into the future but buy at prices ten years in the past. He's a wonderful friend."

We admit these arguments are not airtight. Maybe Koppel got that haircut in Canada, not the 27th century. But an examination of leading physics journals discloses a stronger case for the existence of time travel—a scientific case, an *actual* case. We were surprised ourselves. It turns out that the Kip Thorne article is not a fluke. Time travel is an integral part of twentieth-century physics.

"Right now it seems that these closed, timelike loops [physics jargon for conditions under which time travel could happen] only arise in a region of space inaccessible to us mortals," says Richard Lindquist, a professor of physics at Wesleyan University and a time-travel pioneer. "Maybe someday someone will find one that's reachable."

Or, to put it another way:

"Good God, man! Giving the secret of Velcro to Thomas Alva Edison is like putting a loaded gun in the hands of a child!"

EVERYBODY—OR AT LEAST EVERYBODY AT MIT—KNOWS about the Twin Paradox. A consequence of Einstein's theory of special relativity, the paradox says that if one twin flies off in a spaceship at high speed, then turns around and flies back to Earth, he will have aged less than the twin who stayed behind. If the spaceship approaches the speed of light, the twin aboard will return, after what seems to him just a few years, to find to his amazement that centuries have passed on Earth (maybe even to find that orangutans are running New York, as happened to Charlton Heston in *Planet of the Apes*).

This sounds impossible, but it is actually true. Scientists have proved it by jetting around the world with superprecise clocks, which run fractions of seconds slower than clocks that are stationary.

Even so, the Twin Paradox is not really a time machine. It can take a twin into the future, but it can't take him to the Eisenhower administration. It does establish, however, that very strange things can happen to time under extreme physical conditions, such as travel near the speed of light.

Or in the vicinity of a black hole.

Black holes, as has been widely reported by the popular press and one episode of *Star Trek*, are bizarre regions in space that develop (if they exist, which astrophysicists are pretty sure they do) when stars die. Stars are so big that they do not fall apart into drifting, rusty fragments, like old Ford trucks. Instead, their own gravitation pulls all their bits and pieces inward. In the case of an incipient black hole, as the bits and pieces move toward the center they get jammed together in a very small area, which increases the gravitational attraction of that area, which pulls everything in even faster and tighter, which packs the star into an even smaller area, and so on and so on until the star becomes so dense and its gravitational field so concentrated that it even sucks in its own light—thus the name *black hole*, which technically refers to the permanently shrouded area around the collapsed, now teeny-tiny star. The star itself represents a very peculiar set of circumstances: it is called a "singularity," and it is a clear corollary of Einstein's theory of general relativity, as the German physicist Karl Schwarzschild showed in 1916, just weeks after Einstein announced his brainstorm.

Within this ultradense singularity, the laws of physics go totally kablooey, and it used to be suggested that anyone who

fell into a singularity might pop out in another place and/or time—perhaps in a universe where Maria Shriver is president and rivers run uphill. Unfortunately, it was established that this wouldn't work. Anyone who fell into a singularity would first be ripped apart by the effects of the ferocious gravitational forces, then shmushed into a tiny dot and trapped within like a speck of lint in a too-full vacuum cleaner bag.

Happily for would-be time travelers, physicists predicted more favorable conditions in *rotating* black holes, which promise to be far more plentiful than stationary black holes. (All known stars rotate, and the black holes created by their collapse would keep on rotating as well.) The immense gravitational force and angular momentum of rotating black holes, it is believed, twist the space-time around them. Ordinarily distant times and places are suddenly adjacent, like ordinarily distant points on a crumpled paper map. It is theoretically possible to travel instantaneously between such points by means of "wormholes" (also known as Einstein-Rosen bridges), little rents in the cosmos that are created as space-time bends. "It's like passing through the mirror in *Through the Looking Glass*," says Richard Lindquist. "The rim of the mirror is the singularity, but you can pass through the middle to somewhere else." Thus it might be possible after all to return to an Ann Arbor dormitory mixer in 1972, tap yourself on the shoulder and whisper, "See that sexy redhead over there? *Don't marry her!*"

Here's how Lindquist and Robert Boyer put it back in 1967 in the *Journal of Mathematical Physics*: "The [model] we have constructed [of a rotating black hole] has many curious properties. . . . [It] is violently acausal—a properly aimed signal will emerge, after crossing four horizons, in the past light cone of the source which emitted it—and this may be felt to be a bit unrealistic."

What's "violently acausal" here, in case that wasn't perfectly clear, is that in the vicinity of a rotating black hole, the light from a flashlight might appear *before the flashlight is switched on*.

Is that "a bit unrealistic"? Consult physicist Brandon Carter in a 1968 issue of *Physical Review*: rapidly rotating black holes, he says, lead to a "complete and unavoidable breakdown of the causality principle. . . . The central region has the properties of a time machine. It is possible, starting from any point in the outer regions of the space, to travel into the interior, move backwards in time . . . as far as desired . . . and then return to the original position."

Read his lips: *a time machine*.

Still other physicists—perfectly respectable academicians with no known connection to Shirley MacLaine—have jumped on the time-machine bandwagon.

In 1970 Gregory Benford, now at the University of California-Irvine, described with two colleagues a "tachyonic antitelephone" in *Physical Review*. Tachyons are hypothetical particles that travel faster than the speed of light. (You may recall from your studies of special relativity that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light, but it is more correct to

state that nothing traveling slower than the speed of light can ever *reach* the speed of light; objects like tachyons that are *already* traveling faster than light may exist.) One curious property of such particles is that they can fly into the past. Benford and his colleagues showed that a tachyon beam modulated into, say, Morse code could carry messages into the past. "For example," they wrote, "if Shakespeare types out *Hamlet* on his tachyon transmitter, Bacon receives the transmission at some earlier time."

Four years later, also in *Physical Review*, Frank Tipler demonstrated that a rapidly rotating cylinder of infinite length (which functions, more or less, as a long, skinny black hole) would make an especially user-friendly time machine. "A time-like line from any event in the universe could enter the region [of the rapidly rotating cylinder] . . . and return to any other event."

Nor was time travel merely a phenomenon of the Age of Aquarius, like mood rings and songs by Bread (perhaps the time-travel boomlet during those years marked a frantic attempt by physicists to escape to another era). The article last year by Kip Thorne and his colleagues built on recent work by Stephen Hawking, the British physicist and best-selling author, who has suggested that the universe may be filled with submicroscopic wormholes constantly popping in and out of existence—in normal places, like West 64th Street, for instance, or in the soles of your Thom McAns, not just off in some galaxy somewhere. An "arbitrarily advanced civilization," Thorne proposed, might be able to grab hold of one of these teeny wormholes, blow it up to person size and use it as a, well, chronosyncretic temporizer.

In practice, Thorne's time machine would work something like this:

- (1) Somehow you find a wormhole.
- (2) Somehow you prop it open, possibly using a peculiar kind of matter that some theoretical physicists think may exist in the farthest reaches of the universe.
- (3) Somehow you get the other end of the wormhole to whip through space at nearly the speed of light, perhaps with the help of a planet or asteroid with a large gravitational field.
- (4) All that accomplished, you dive into the stationery end and pop out just in time to tell JFK to duck (assuming, that is, you began Step 3 on the morning of November 22, 1963; with this kind of time machine, you can't travel back to a time before you found the wormhole and got one end of it to whip through space).

So there we have several different time machines, with varying standards of comfort and convenience (see chart). All come with impeccable credentials from the finest journals and universities. So why hasn't this been on the evening news? How come none of these buggies is flying?

So there we have several different time machines, with varying standards of comfort and convenience (see chart). All come with impeccable credentials from the finest journals and universities. So why hasn't this been on the evening news? How come none of these buggies is flying?

IT SEEMS, ODDLY ENOUGH, THAT THE VERY SCIENTISTS WHO have demonstrated the existence of time travel have been reluctant to acknowledge it. Having proved that the *(continued)*

INVITATION

Attention

*Anyone in the Future
With Time-Travel
Capability Who
Happens to Come Across
a Well-Preserved
Copy of this Issue:*

THE EDITORS REQUEST
YOUR PRESENCE FOR A
CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH

August 1, 1989
(A.D., in accordance
with the Gregorian
calendar)

Ten o'clock in the
morning

The SPY Building
(Lat.: 40° 44' 09"N;
Long.: 73° 59' 28"W)

REGRETS ONLY

(No one will be admitted
without this invitation and a
trade-paperback edition of
Brodkey's Party of Animals)



A GREAT WAY TO MEET CHICKS

A Highly Selective Guide to Popular Time-Travel Mythology



BOOK, MOVIE,
TV SHOW

MEANS OF TIME
TRAVEL

HOW TIME-TRAVEL
EXPERIENCE IS
DEPICTED

ADVENTURES IN/
IRRITATIONS WITH
THE PAST/FUTURE

GORGEOUS WOMEN
ENCOUNTERED IN
THE PAST/FUTURE

PSEUDOSCIENTIFIC
EXPLANATION

H. G. Wells's
The Time Machine
(1895)

The titular invention, the saddle of which is trimmed with ivory, brass, nickel and quartz



"The palpitation of night and day merged into one continuing greyness"

Hero travels too far forward and witnesses a time when giant crabs are the only life on a dying Earth

An "Eloi" woman named Weena who is eventually devoured by "Morlocks"

"So long as I travelled at a high velocity through time... I... was slipping like a vapour through the interstices of intervening substances!"

Numerous episodes of *The Twilight Zone* (1959-65) and *The Outer Limits* (1963-65)

An airplane flies through the clouds; a spaceship passes through a "time convulsion"; a man has a dizzy spell; a man wears a funny hat; a wagon train gets lost

Sometimes as instantaneous, sometimes with bells and whistles, negative film images, magnesium flares, dry ice, double exposures and slow motion

A stewardess is frightened by dinosaurs; Buster Keaton is disappointed by modern times; assorted loved ones are saved from various unpleasantnesses



Vera Miles

"You're traveling through another dimension.... That's the signpost up ahead—your next stop, the Twilight Zone!"

Every episode of *The Time Tunnel* (1966-67)

A striped cylinder deep below the Arizona desert



James Darren and Robert Colbert fall through space-time amid nuggets of white light

Heroes survive sinking of the *Titanic*; Darren meets himself as a boy at Pearl Harbor

Susan Hampshire



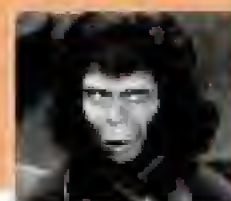
"He's in a radiation freeze. It's his first step in relocation"

Planet of the Apes (1968)

A deep-space probe leaves Earth in 1972, arrives back in 3978

Black background with stars passing by as opening credits roll

Charlton Heston discovers that apes rule the world, is caged



A buckskin-wearing mure named Nova

"Time bends. Space is boundless. It squashes a man's ego. I feel lonely"

Somewhere in Time (1980)

Christopher Reeve puts on antique clothes, whispers to himself that the date is June 27, 1912, sleeps for a day and wakes up in 1912

Everything goes black



Reeve discovers that a hotel room costs only \$3 a night

Jane Seymour, whom Reeve promises to marry, then unaccountably ditches; as a spinster, she tracks him down in 1980

"The location is all-important. The rest is in here [points to head]"

Back to the Future (1985)

A nuclear-powered, rewired DeLorean



Time machine leaves flaming skid marks, light-blue aura and a lightning flash

Hero Michael J. Fox teaches Chuck Berry's cousin how to duck-walk

Lea Thompson, as Fox's mom

"If we could somehow harness this lightning into the flux capacitor, it just might work"

Peggy Sue Got Married (1986)

Kathleen Turner passes out and wakes up during a high school blood drive 20 years earlier

Not unlike a dream sequence



Parents will not allow Turner to drink; she attends a lodge meeting with grandfather

Herself a gorgeous woman, Turner is doomed to remarry molarless goofball Nicholas Cage

"I think that time is like a burrito. . . . One part of itself will fold over, then . . . touch the other part"

Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure (1989)

A time machine that looks like a phone booth

Tron-like special effects allow heroes to speed through roller-coastery space-time phone lines

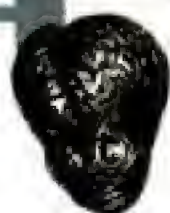
Bill and Ted kidnap Napoleon and Socrates, among others, in preparation for a history exam

A pair of teenage medieval beauties who turn up later as Valley girls



—John Brodie

LOW-TECH TIME TRAV



Who Was Reincarnated as Whom: Pre

The concept of afterlife is speculative at best, no one having actually received a postcard. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, however, *did* allegedly communicate with his son, who had died in World War I. Doyle the younger related that while there is no sex in Heaven, the food is light and tasty and you can play golf. ☹️ Christians have their harps and infernos. Jews decline to define Heaven. Muslims dispense with it altogether. And then there are New Agers. ☹️ The very currency of New Age metaphysics is reincarnation. This is a world in which disembodied souls grab coma victims like cabs. A 1982 Gallup poll indicated that 23 percent of Americans believe they will be reincarnated after they die. In the meantime they content themselves with dropping names from past lives: telling the

Albert Einstein / a resident of Theohim, beyond the Andromeda Galaxy

EGYPT

*Cher / an Ancient Egyptian princess

Gerald Ford / a "pacifier"

Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell / siblings in Moses's day

Goldie and Kurt's baby, Wyatt / the pharaoh

Shirley MacLaine's mother / an Egyptian queen

Anwar Sadat / the Egyptian god Horus and a high-ranking leader after the Ra-Ta period

*B. J. Thomas / a palace entertainer

Out on a Limb director Ralph Butler, producer Stan Margulies, writer Colin Higgins / subjects in Akhenaton's Egypt²

Other Residents:

Richard Burton, former Texas congresswoman Barbara Jordan, Paul Robeson, Elizabeth Taylor, Leonardo da Vinci

²According to actor-psychic Kevin Ryerson, who auditioned for these three men to play himself in the movie version of *Out on a Limb*.

GREECE

*Shirley MacLaine / an actor-oracle

Shirley MacLaine's mother / a male athlete

*Psychic Ruth Norman / Socrates

*Helen Shaver / a high priestess strangled by her adopted son after having sex with him in 579 B.C.

*B. J. Thomas / ancient Greek VIP



PREHISTORY

12,000 B.C.

10,000 B.C.

5000 B.C.

1500 B.C.

1000 B.C.

500 B.C.

0

ATLANTIS¹

Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor / Atlanteans interested in statecraft and gardening

Gerald Ford / a "pacifier"

Merv Griffin and Dinah Shore / husband and wife

Katharine Hepburn / a queen of Atlantis

*Ramtha channeler J. Z. Knight / child of Ramtha

*Shirley MacLaine / brother and sister of Ramtha

Richard Nixon / a savvy Atlantean statesman named Rabiosorto

Other Residents: Johnny Carson, Winston Churchill, Mike Douglas,

Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Martin Luther King Jr., Jacqueline Onassis, Eleanor Roosevelt, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Tom Snyder, Barbara Walters, George Washington, Woodrow Wilson, Mao Zedong

¹According to history-illiterate New York channeler Mark Venaglia, everyone who was alive in Atlantis 2,000 years ago (sic) is in Manhattan now.

ROME

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope / an Ancient Roman vaudeville duo

*Shirley MacLaine / a Roman soldier

*Psychic Ruth Norman / Mary Magdalene
Ruth Norman's husband, Ernest / Jesus Christ

*General George Patton / a soldier in Roman legion

*Julian Schnabel / a Roman emperor

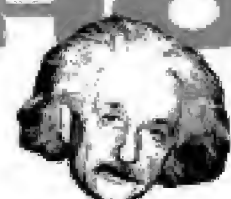
INDIA


*Psychic Ruth Norman / Buddha

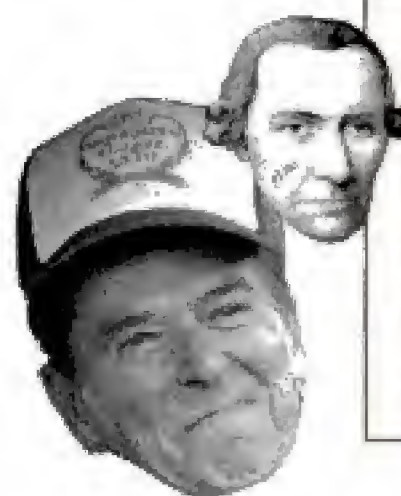


EL ON A SHOESTRING

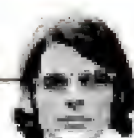
vious Life-styles of the Rich and Famous



world who they used to be or, alternatively, who other people used to be. They are also fond of identifying the people they call Walk-ins—that is, people whose soul has been evicted by someone else's late in the game. (Former special counsel to President Nixon Chuck Colson's spirit, for example, was ousted and replaced by that of a British social worker, according to channeler Ruth Montgomery.)  All sorts of people aren't quite themselves these days. Which explains a lot of things: what other British monarch would wig-wearing City Council president Andrew Stein have been in a former life, for example, than wig-wearing Queen Elizabeth I? What follows is a historical Who Was Who, according, variously, to the individuals themselves and to highly credible past-life regression professionals.



- *Shirley MacLaine/ a Colonial settler present at signing of the U.S. Constitution
- *General George Patton/ a soldier in Scottish Highlands
- Ronald Reagan/ Patrick Henry
- *B. J. Thomas/ an aristocratic Frenchman named Cerril
- *B. J. Thomas/ a Swiss bank accountant



- Barbara Hershey/ a seagull
- *k. d. lang (1961-)/ Patsy Cline (1932-1963)
- Swedish scientist Björn Örtenheim/ Albert Einstein
- *Catherine Oxenberg/ a Nazi concentration camp prisoner used for medical experiments—thus, she says, her chronic stomach pain in this life

- Hypnotist Dick Sutphen/ Alberto Giacometti

- Hypnotist Dick Sutphen/ a French Foreign Legion captain

- *Jerry Van Dyke's car/ Jerry Van Dyke's mother

- *Mary Sue Whipp, L. Ron Hubbard's third wife/ D. H. Lawrence



- *Psychic Ruth Norman/ King Arthur

- Paul Robeson/ a follower of John Calvin
- *Andrew Stein/ Queen Elizabeth I



A.D. 500

A.D. 1000

A.D. 1500

A.D. 1600

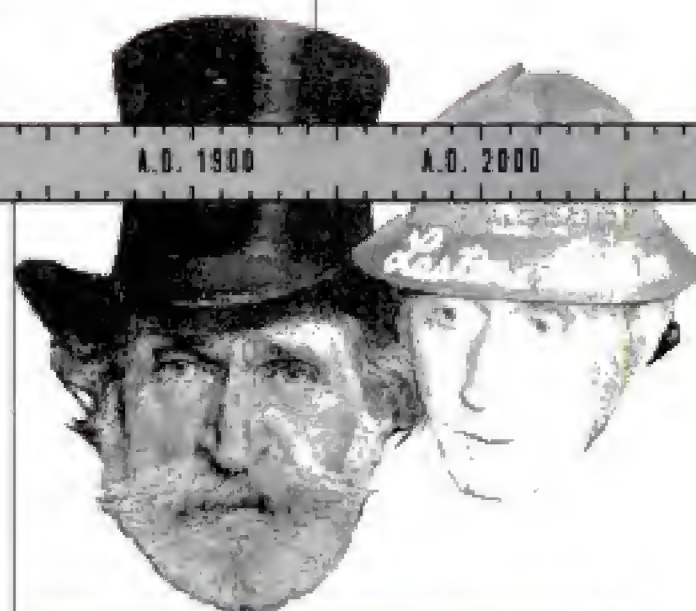
A.D. 1700

A.D. 1800

A.D. 1900

A.D. 2000

- Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor/ lovers in France
- *Psychic Ruth Norman/ Peter the Great



- *Psychic Ruth Norman/ Charlemagne

- *Rae Dawn Chong/ an Australian settler stoned to death for befriending aborigines
- Chuck Colson/ a famous English social worker
- Henry Ford/ a Civil War soldier killed at Gettysburg
- Indira Gandhi/ a British bum
- Former Texas congresswoman Barbara Jordan/ a Colonial planter in the American South

- *Shirley MacLaine/ courtier to the czar
- *Shirley MacLaine/ a peg-leg pirate
- Henry Mancini/ Giuseppe Verdi
- *Willie Nelson/ a gunfighter executed in the electric chair
- *General George Patton/ a soldier under Napoleon

- *Martin Sheen/ a cruel Civil War cavalry soldier trampled to death by a horse (thus his irrational fear of horses in this life)
- *B. J. Thomas/ a famous fat opera singer



*Reported believer in own reincarnation

—Sydney Schuster

Will the Time-Travel Gap Put the U.S.A. Out of Business?

In the 1950s America heard about the "bomber gap," a supposedly dangerous Soviet advantage in long-range bombers. In the 1960s John Kennedy ran for president with dire warnings about the nuclear "missile gap." Now, in the twilight of the 1980s, America is confronted by the possibility of a "time-travel gap," by the specter of Gorbachev lulling Americans into a false sense of happy-face *glasnost* security while the Soviet Union sneaks ahead—or, more ominously, *behind*—on the time-travel front. A chilling possibility. Yet there has been only an eerie silence on the subject from Washington.

News of time-travel experiments by Soviet scientists was first broken as an aside in an *Atlantic* article on extraterrestrial life by Gregg Easterbrook. As concerned citizens, we called Easterbrook, who told us he'd read somewhere that Stalin and his colleagues, worried about American nuclear weapons, had come up with the idea of developing a time-travel

ray that they would shine on the weapons as they approached; the bombs would then land somewhere else in time. "I'm not sure where you can look it up," Easterbrook added. Curiously, the *Atlantic's* fact checkers were not sure, either.

Stymied, we consulted a number of Sovietologists. "I am quite certain that I never heard anything of this kind," said Aleksey Levin, a Soviet émigré historian of science, summing up the general consensus. "Stalin was a very strange man, but the idea is too fantastic."

We found no evidence anywhere that the Soviets had even joked about time-travel weapons, much less looked into their construction. But so what? *Just because the time-travel gap may not exist is no reason not to spend hundreds of billions of dollars in a futile attempt to close it.* The bomber and missile gaps didn't exist, either (the former grew, in part, out of a Moscow air show at which an American military attaché counted bombers flying

overhead, unaware that some of the planes were circling back and flying over twice), but we spent billions to close those two. What's the matter this time? Are they asleep down in Washington?

When we called the Pentagon to inquire about the American response to Soviet time-travel research, spokeswoman Jan Bodanyi was shockingly blasé. "I have checked around," she said, "and we're not aware of any work the Defense Department is doing with time travel."

The Committee on The Present Danger, a research and lobbying group that takes the Soviet threat very, very seriously, was uncharacteristically unalarmist. "Right now [Soviet time travel] is not considered to be a big issue," said a spokesman.

We decided to go right to the horse's mouth. We dialed the Soviet embassy. A woman answered. We told her we were interested in information on the Soviet time-travel program. "That'll be in military," she said crisply.

Aha! *Military.* A man came on the line. We told him what we wanted.

"Time travel?" he said. "No comment." He hung up.

We called again. A woman answered. We told her we wanted information on Soviet chrononauts, and that we wanted it as soon as possible. Last week would be fine. But please don't send it to us before we started on this assignment, because then we wouldn't know what it was about.

"I don't understand," she said and hung up.

A clever act? Or a wily deception? Will we soon pick up a history book to discover that George Washington was converted to Marxism by a Soviet time traveler from the twenty-first century? Of course, this would only have happened in a parallel universe, but can we bear to think of Bob Hope entertaining the troops in Afghanistan in *any* universe?

Scoop Jackson was unavailable for comment.

—C.C.M. and E.Z.

(continued) principles of general relativity lead inexorably to time travel, Brandon Carter, for one, proceeded to turn his argument around: the conclusion that time travel is possible, he said, means that the theory of general relativity must be flawed.

It's not that these scientists don't want to be thought of as kooks (although *kook* is a noun of which no scientist is particularly fond; just ask Galileo). It's that Carter—and other rationality-obsessed physicists—simply cannot accept what he calls "nontrivial causality violations," an uptown term for the grandfather paradox. "Carter would rather kill general relativity than accept a paradox," says Gregory Benford, who, in philosophical agreement with Carter, transformed his own proof that tachyons can carry messages into the past into a proof that the current view of tachyons must therefore be wrong. It's as if a faithful, trusting husband, upon discovering his wife having sex with the telephone repairman, came to the conclusion that Alexander Graham Bell never existed.

What's bothering these usually unflappable thinkers is their very own assaults on causality—the basic logical link between cause and effect, which is the bedrock of all science and, for that matter, all human thought. These are men who can accept black holes and twisted space-time but draw the line at any

conclusion that you can kill your own grandfather or, worse yet, inadvertently marry your grandmother and become him.

So how do we cope with these paradoxes and get time travel off the ground? One solution would be simply to travel in time but avoid creating paradoxes. "I call this the Hialeah escape hatch," Benford explains. "If I send myself a message [into the past] to bet \$500 on Pretty Boy at Hialeah, and he wins the race, and I collect the bet, there's no violation of causality as long as I don't then *not* send the message."

Similarly, as about 5,000 bad short stories have pointed out, a scientist could invent a time machine one day, travel in it to the previous evening and leave himself instructions on how to invent a time machine.

Even if a sloppy or lazy time traveler does create a paradox (in the above examples, by neglecting to send back instructions necessary to achieve results that have already occurred, or—oops!—sending the *wrong* instructions), there may still be an easier, cleaner way to avoid violating causality, as every reader of science fiction knows. The universe just *splits*, with no effort required on anyone's part. It works like this:

You go back in time and kill your grandfather. In that instant, a new, parallel universe—Universe B—is created, in which you are never born (like in *It's a Wonderful Life*, when



Prelude to passion
la grande passion. A sensual coupling of passion fruit and french armagnac,

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sweet Bedford Falls becomes garish Pottersville). You still exist, however, because you come from Universe A, where you did not kill your grandfather and the old gent, in fact, is doing just fine. (You may have a hard time getting back to Universe A, however. The science-fiction literature is filled with stories of people who go back and change the past—they have a fiery car crash with a mail truck carrying a demo tape, say—and end up doomed to a universe where Bon Jovi is still a bar band.)

That may seem a tad farfetched, but there is, amazingly, some scientific support for universe splitting. According to one interpretation of quantum mechanics, the universe is splitting all the time. Quantum mechanics, which regulates the behavior of itty-bitty little things like quarks and electrons, deals exclusively in probabilities. If you have one atom of a radioactive element in a box, for example, quantum mechanics can tell you the probability that it will have decayed (split apart) by any given moment. There is something extremely unsettling about quantum mechanics, however. At the moment when there is a 50 percent chance that the atom will have decayed, quantum mechanics does not say it might have decayed or might not have decayed; quantum mechanics says that the atom is simultaneously decayed and not decayed. This describes a physically impossible situation. If you open the box, you will observe either a decayed atom or an undecayed one. *Look*, you will say, *the atom did* (or *did not*) *decay*. But quantum mechanics will not take that kind of intuitive thinking sitting down. Quantum mechanics says that in measuring the atom (by observing it), you caused its "probability wave function" to "collapse" into one state or the other. But both states were equally present until you looked inside the box. Where did the other one go?

This almost certainly will not make sense to you. (If it does, drop a line to Stockholm and let them know when you can come by to pick up your prize.) *Nobody* understands quantum mechanics. Physicists only put up with it because it works. "Will you *understand* what I'm going to tell you?" Richard Feynman, the late physicist, once asked during a lecture on quantum mechanics. "No, you're not going to be able to understand it. That is because I don't understand it. Nobody does. . . . I hope you can accept Nature as She is—absurd."

But anyway: what happened to the state of the atom you did not observe? Where *did* it go?

One answer—an answer that is as consistent with the data from particle experiments as any other—is that it went into another universe, that every time an observer causes a teeny-tiny particle to "choose" one of its possible states of being by looking at it, the universe splits into as many universes as there are possible behaviors for that particle. In the case of a radioactive atom, the universe splits into two.

That sounds implausible, but then so does every other explanation of the universe. (Have you heard the one in which one minute the universe doesn't exist and the next minute it does? Have you heard the one about God?)

Nevertheless, we're going to *show* you how this one works.

In a box next to the computer on which this is being written, we've got a single atom of a radioactive element. There's a 50-50 probability that it will decay by the time we reach the end of this paragraph. We've set up a Geiger counter and rigged it to our keyboard so that if the Geiger counter detects the atom decaying, the last keystroke in this paragraph will be a period. If the Geiger counter detects no decay, the last keystroke will be an exclamation point. *We* have nothing to do with this. Everything is in the hands of the laws of physics. The Geiger counter will observe the atom decayed or not decayed, a period or exclamation point will be typed and the universe will split in two. Every one of you reading this will be instantaneously cloned. In a parallel universe, your doubles will go on reading this article, unaware of all the fun they are missing back here in this universe. Of course, you will be equally unaware of what is going on in their universe. You wouldn't even be aware that the universe had split if we hadn't warned you; the process is seamless. But get ready now. The end of the paragraph is near. Will it be a period or an exclamation point? Hold on to your hats. You're about to split into another universe. Ready?

OKAY, SO WE WERE KIDDING. WE'RE STILL HERE, and so are *all* of you, if you catch our meaning. We like keeping our readers in a single universe. Call us sentimental.


But don't call us dreamers. Now that we've removed the last conceivable objections to the existence of time travel, we are expecting the first chronosyncretic temporizers from Mitsubishi any day now. (Speaking of Japan, do you suppose a whole *economy* could be imported from the future?) Let your mind wander and think of the wonders practical time travel will bring. There's Hitler-killing, of course, and interest rate arbitrage, but there's also more, much more. Did you forget to move your car before alternate-side parking kicked in at 11:00 a.m. today? Hop back to 10:30 and drive across the street. Did you neglect to buy a brownstone on West 88th Street for \$75,000 in 1971? (We know you did; you've been whining about it for years.) Well, do it.

And have you ever done anything—*any little thing*—that you wish you hadn't, that you've been ashamed of ever since, that just when you've finally forgotten about it you suddenly wake up in a sick sweat at three in the morning hating yourself for (thinking, as the wasted, sleepless minutes tick by, *I am vile. . . . I am vile. . . . I am vile. . .*)?

Go ahead. Take it back.

Of course, all these happy, revisionist events will probably occur in parallel universes, but you'll be in those universes, too, and with a little skillful planning, they'll be nice places to live, better New Yorks all around, where the Dodgers still play in Brooklyn, cable TV came to Queens in 1973 and the phrase *How'm I doin'?* has no special resonance.

Or, to put it another way:

"*Damn those time travelers!*" the mayor exclaimed. "*With Henry David Thoreau on the Board of Estimate, we'll never be able to auction the air rights to Central Park!*" 

ARE VISITORS FROM THE FUTURE WALKING AMONG US?



*lifelike
dress designer*



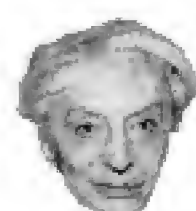
*bizarre
singer-actress*



*humanoid
broadcaster*



*brainy presidential
candidate*



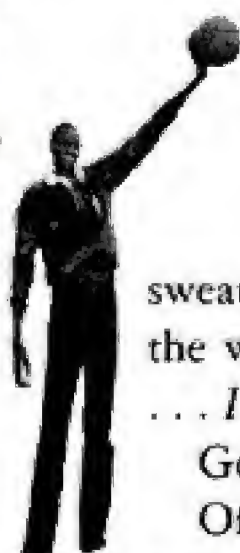
*eccentric
storyteller*



*self-absorbed
filmmaker*



*high-strung
superwife*



*freakish
athlete*



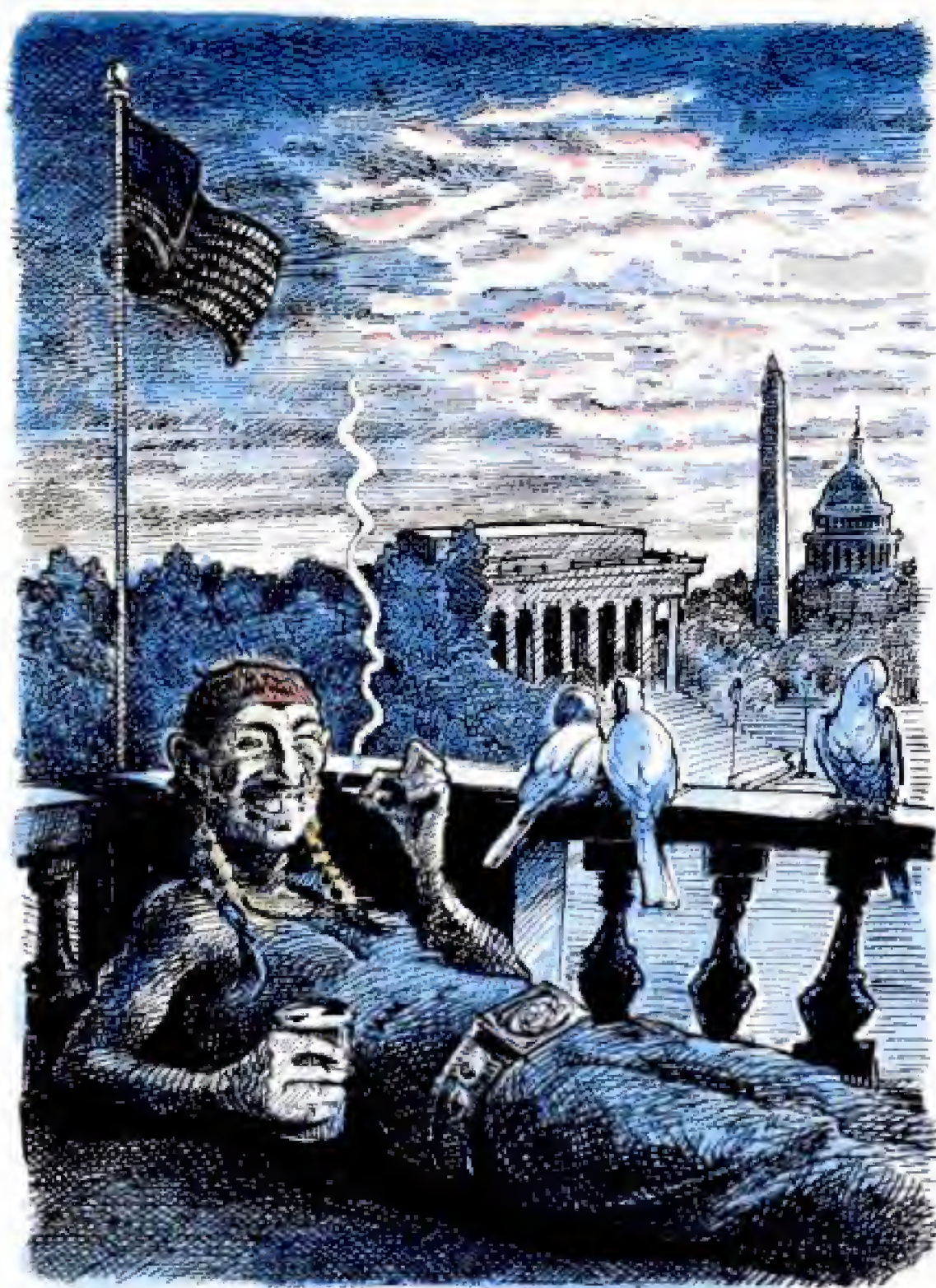
LUNCHEON
NOON TO 3PM
WEEKDAYS

SUPPER
7PM TO 2AM
SUNDAY - THURSDAY
AND
7PM TO 3AM
FRIDAY & SATURDAY

DINNER
7PM TO MIDNIGHT

SUNDAY BRUNCH
NOON TO 3:30PM

145 WEST BROADWAY • TRIBECA, NEW YORK • 233-0507



Sitting on the roof of the White House, beer in one hand, joint in the other, Willie Nelson drifted into a reflective mood



"Talk to thy father," said the ghost of Agnes Moorehead to Debbie Reynolds

Wherein the greatest of this year's self-glorifying prose works of the famous and the notorious, written with-
personal humil-
listic finesse,
to their es-
to provide
more enjoyable comprehension of them
by the common reader ▲ by Jamie Malanowski

SPY'S LAWS OF THE
CELEBRITY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

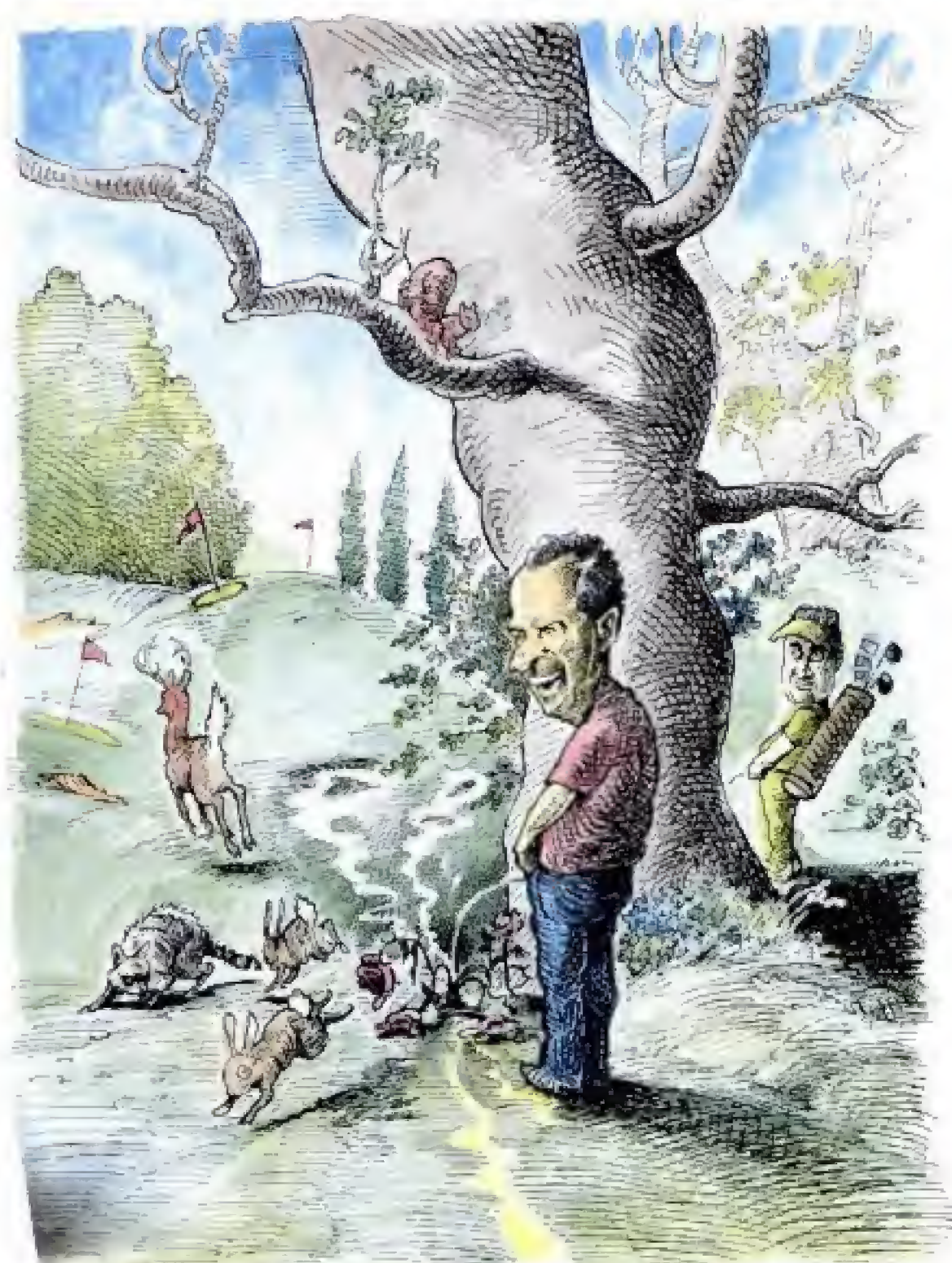
(1) THERE IS AN INVERSE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOUR HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE OR CURRENT POP STARDOM AND THE AMOUNT YOU ARE REQUIRED TO TELL. (FOR EXAMPLE, MIKHAIL GORBACHEV OR DJ. JAZZY JEFF COULD BE FAIRLY CIRCUMSPECT IN HIS MEMOIRS; ERNEST BORGNINE OR SALLY STRUTHERS WOULD HAVE TO BE SPECTACULARLY INDISCREET.)

(2) ALL LIVES CAN BE REDUCED TO 22 ESSENTIAL CATEGORIES.

(3) UNLESS YOU ARE CONFIDENT THAT A PUBLIC SCHOOL WILL BE NAMED IN YOUR HONOR—AND WE'RE GIVING FAIRLY WIDE BERTH HERE, AS SOME NEW YORK STUDENTS NOW ATTEND JOSÉ FELICIANO SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS—DON'T BOTHER TO PUT PEN TO PAPER.

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iation and sty-
are reduced
sences, in order
simpler and

MOIRS OF CERTAIN



After watching Vice President Nixon urinate into the bushes, teenage caddie Pat Buchanan promptly did the same



Her advances rebuffed, Ultra Violet stared in horror and shock as Andy reattached his wig to the metal snap embedded in his skull

"By 1990, every man, woman and child in America will have his or her own talk show and will have written an autobiography." So said Mort Sahl to one of our 1989 autobiographers, Mel Tormé. Sahl, it would appear, is wrong. Talk show proliferation has leveled off, and the autobiographical impulse, even though it is rattling along at full throttle, seems unlikely to capture hundreds of millions of us over the next five months. But clearly Sahl is onto something: the trend appears fixed—he just got a little optimistic about the date.

How else can one explain some of the lives whose details have been recorded, printed and publicized this year? Lives so tepid and unexamined that even the distillation of them into SPY's 22 essential celebrity-life-and-love categories would not make them compelling? Consider: *Just in Time*, by Phyllis Newman, a woman known principally for her appearances on Goodson-Todman game shows ("Being

Judy Holliday's standby was thrilling, frustrating, glamorous and tedious," we are told on page 64). Or *Reflections on Things Past*, by former British foreign secretary Peter Lord Carrington, whose relevance to life in the twentieth century seems to glimmer more faintly with each passing hour. Or *Holy Cow!*, the memoirs of Harry Caray, an amiable enough baseball announcer but no one you'd want to spend several hours with—unless there was a fair chance he might start drinking and share the juicy stories that he seemed unwilling to commit to print. "I try to create an atmosphere of fun," writes Caray, by way of defining his literary style. "Like my expression, 'You just can't beat fun at the old ballpark.'"

Still, given the glut, this was a strangely unbalanced year in high-profile self-obsession. There was a scarcity of sexually relentless old actors, Kirk Douglas's memoirs having been thoroughly chewed over already (to re-

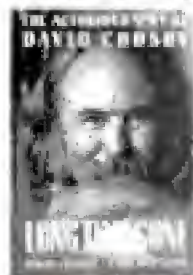
cap: Gene Tierney, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Pier Angeli). Though the surely very stirring reminiscences of porn star Jerry Butler were unavailable at press time, we are confident that fans of this genre will find that Klaus Kinski upholds Butler's standards heroically. Meanwhile, there was a superabundance of volumes by *Women of a Certain Age* (we chose Debbie Reynolds, leaving out Peggy Lee, Kitty Carlisle Hart and Fay Wray), and by *Reagan Apologists* (we selected Pat Buchanan and Maureen Reagan, and passed on Barry Goldwater, Helene Van Damm and John Lehman).

Curiously, the most newsworthy autobiography of 1989, Jim Wright's *Reflections of a Public Man*, was actually published in 1984. It was a poor effort—mawkish, stingy, dull. But things are looking up. Next year, which holds the possibility of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan and Russ Meyer, virtually guarantees that the best is yet to be.

CELEBRATED PERSONS

I N D I G E S T F O R M

LONG TIME GONE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAVID CROSBY



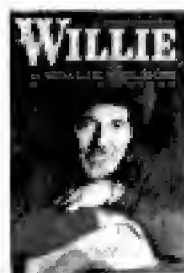
by David Crosby
and Carl Gottlieb;
Doubleday Books.
\$18.95; 489 pages

IT WASN'T ALL VELVET: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



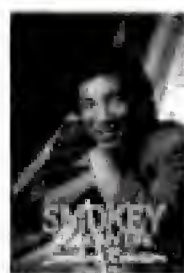
by Mel Tormé;
Viking.
\$18.95; 358 pages

WILLIE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



by Willie Nelson
with Bud Shrake;
Simon and Schuster.
\$19.95; 323 pages

SMOKEY: INSIDE MY LIFE



by Smokey Robinson
with David Ritz;
McGraw-Hill.
\$18.95; 304 pages

Born David Van Cortlandt Crosby, a descendant of the family for whom Van Cortlandt Park is named. When the Byrds got started, he was identified as Li'l David.

Dad was an Oscar-winning cinematographer who ended up filming such epics as *Reform School Girl* and *Beach Blanket Bingo*.

One, Jan Dance, his longtime companion.

One daughter, Donavan Anne Crosby, whose mother is Debbie Donovan. For a couple of years, when David was doing a lot of drugs, Graham Nash paid Donovan's grade school tuition.

For a man whose enthusiasm for sex earned him the nickname Old Tripod, and whose live-in companion gave herself the title "ecstasy coordinator," he is surprisingly discreet: "We were outrageous.... It's no good asking about details about the largest pile of bodies and who did what and with which and to whom. That's irrelevant; that's not fair. I've never been into orgies or large-quantity high-volume group sex. I was always too selfish for that. I wanted to be the center of attention and I was—because the girls loved me.... I don't want to get too technical about what we did, but I'm a very inventive guy and used a lot of imagination. Nobody was idle. Waste not, want not.... I was a complete and utter pleasure-seeking sybarite."

Melvin Howard Tormé. Called the Kid With Gauze in His Jaws, Mr. Butterscotch and, of course, the Velvet Fog. Pals call him Trome, after a misspelling that appeared on a poster at an early gig. Ricardo Montalban calls him Melito.

Family name, Torma, was misread by immigration authorities. Dad ran a dry-goods store. "My mother played the piano passably, and my dad had a real passion for singing."

Four: (1) Candy Toxtan, an actress; (2) Arlene Miles, who cheated on him with "her hairdresser, a guy she had characterized to me as a 'flaming faggot' but who was... one of the prime studs in town"; (3) Janette Scott, an English actress, to whom he proposed without even taking her on a date (she gave him her studio publicity package); (4) Ali Severson, a tax attorney.

Seven: Steven and Melissa (with Candy), Tracy (with Arlene), Daisy and James (with Jan); stepchildren Kurt and Carrie (with Ali).

His first experience occurred in Pittsburgh while touring with Chico Marx's band, courtesy of a waitress who had been "recruited" by bandmates. "I came in just under forty-five seconds." Mentions romances with Ava Gardner and starlet Raven McBride ("impressive breastworks"). Attended an orgy in New York in 1947. "If there is anything better than sex (well, maybe music), I doubt God has invented it yet; but I'm a square where group scenes are concerned." After his third divorce, "I went on a binge of mindless dating... squiring Jane Seymour or Donna Mills or Stella Stevens."

Born Willie Hugh Nelson. His childhood nickname was Booger Red.

His parents, Ira and Myrle, divorced and left Willie and his sister, Bobbie Lee, to be raised by his grandparents, Mama and Daddy Nelson.

Three: Martha ("Right from the beginning Martha suspected that I was running around on her. She was wrong in the beginning, but she wasn't wrong long"); Shirley, a singer with whom he recorded two Top Ten duets ("It's true she told me she had a terminal disease called lupus. If she did, she got over it"); and Connie.

Five: Lana, Susie and Billy with Martha; Paula Carlene and Amy with Connie.

"I don't like to admit it, but if a girl baited her trap with sex, she'd catch me every time—and it's unlikely this will ever cease to work." But while Willie appreciates the sex act ("If I don't do it every day, I get a headache"), he doesn't let it dominate him ("Every now and then... you hit a golf shot that is so beautiful and so graceful that you wouldn't trade it for an orgasm").

William Robinson Jr. An uncle nicknamed him Smokey Joe, a way of reminding his light-skinned nephew that he was black.

His father, Five, an alcoholic, was his mother Flossie's third husband; her first was shot to death by a co-worker named Nailface. Mom died when Smokey was ten. Slave owners used Smokey's grandfather as a breeding stud ("Many a time they'd order him to mate with their prettiest lady slaves").

One, Claudette Rogers. She was in the Marine Corps Reserves, and Smokey thought her uniform made her look sexy. She was a member of the Miracles for many years. He called her Boo Boo. She called him Doo. They are now divorced.

After many miscarriages, Smokey and Claudette had a son, Berry (named after Motown founder Berry Gordy), using a surrogate mother. Later Claudette gave birth to a daughter, Tamla (named after a Motown subsidiary). The mother of Smokey's third child, Trey (no Motown connection), was Kandi, a mistress.

Smokey and Claudette had an "unspoken understanding": "If... she flew out to see me perform, she'd always call first. When she arrived at the hotel, she'd ring my room from the lobby. 'Hi, honey,' she'd say, 'I'll be up in a few minutes.'" Kandi, a fashion model and *Playboy* bunny, was "the only black chick I ever met who talks like the product of a white finishing school." She later had an affair with Huey Newton. Smokey also discusses his affair with a 21-year-old fan, Meta ("her body... top to bottom, was shaped like a sculpture, a work of art").

**MY YEARS WITH
ANDY WARHOL**



by *Ultra Violet*
Harcourt Brace
Jovanovich,
\$18.95; 274 pages

**THEO AND ME:
GROWING UP OKAY**



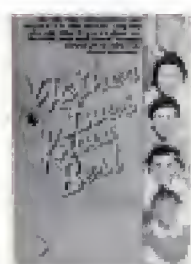
by *Malcolm-Jamal Warner*
with *Daniel Paisner*;
E. P. Dutton,
\$14.95; 208 pages

**ALL I NEED
IS LOVE:
A MEMOIR**



by *Klaus Kinski*;
Random House,
\$19.95; 265 pages

**FATHER DOES
KNOW BEST**



by *Lauren Chapin*
with *Andrew Collins*;
Thomas Nelson,
\$15.95; 221 pages

...wanted to name her Poly Ester or Notre Dame, but she saw the words *ultra violet* in an article in *Time* and adopted it.

Malcolm-Jamal Warner.

Parents are divorced. Speaks warmly of his mother: "I remember... every time I made a mistake my mom would hit me with this cloth slipper she had."

None.

None.

"There is nothing wrong with masturbat

Born Niklaus Nakszynski.

On Dad: "[My father] is called Bull because of his big genitals." On Mom: "My mother takes everything off in front of me. Her panties too. Then she goes to bed. 'Come to me' is all she says." On Sis: "I work my fingers through the rough pubic hair as she parts her legs slightly."

Three: Gislinde, a dancer; Biggi, a 17-year-old salesgirl in a glove store; and Minhoi, a Vietnamese beauty.

Three: daughter Pola (by Gislinde); daughter Nastassja (by Biggi); son Nanhoi (by Minhoi).

Describes 162 encounters. Had sex with have consumption, but I think her problem was American occupation forces ("She knew before"); with a schoolgirl ("[A] boring teacher ('I feel her peak like an electric the lover of a Russian smuggler ('She so director ('Even after I have fucked her to ("Even though she's fifty, she's never had [who] tore down her panties backstage a crouch in front of each other, bite each other's wife of a photographer from New York ("up against a tree"); with a nurse while he only fuck them without a rubber, I eat the with Erika ("We fuck... heftily and with lionaire ("Her animal screams never breathe the light anymore and I don't see their covered with sweat and Sonja kicks her colonel ("She has little black hairs on her has the erotic body of a boy"); with a yo see her ass... if she raises her hand to p mother first before I'm allowed to fuck h

Lauren Ann Chapin; called Kitten on *Father Knows Best*.

Not a happy childhood. Her father would often interrupt meals to whip Lauren or her brothers. Her mother, an alcoholic, was "consumed" with being a stage mother to her three children; much of Lauren's upbringing was handled by Sterling, the maid. Her parents divorced when she was five.

Three. (1) Jerry Jones, to whom she lost her virginity at 16 ("Deep down, I knew Jerry was nothing more than an escape from my own miserable home life"). (2) A building contractor and drug dealer, also named Jerry ("I was particularly intrigued by his goatee"); they did acid at their wedding. He was a bigamist, and the marriage was annulled. (3) Drug dealer Danny Amado ("always calling me 'Cozy Fox'").

Two. Her son, Matt, was fathered by Rudy, a fellow patient she met while undergoing drug rehabilitation. Her daughter, Summer Ryann Elizabeth Healy-Chapin, was fathered by a telephone installer named Bill ("A physical attraction just hung in the air, and we both eagerly breathed it in").

After her first marriage ended, she fell in love with Eddie Valentine, but it might as well be So had awakened things in me that I had re and emotions, he led me to my first climax. I was his! Soon she was turning brothel. Eventually she tried to kill him b



dances like an angel. I tell him, "You Russian gives you the strength? Is it the borscht? 'sperm'"). Commemorated man's landing enters me... Armstrong steps out of the to seduce Andy Warhol, whom she imagines out of my embrace. When I move close back of his neck... It takes me a few minutes warm, the sole part of his anatomy at bottom I am unable to pull my eyes away when he snaps his hair into place. This lover boy

end all we can do is try to see it as it is."

solitary for his own protection, until he asked, "Please take me out of solitary, will you? Put me in population. I'm [a] real gregarious person. I need people to talk to and I'm lonely in here."

rine Man" because the members of the Byrds didn't know how to play their instruments well enough.

free from drugs."

a member of the Les Baxter Balladeers. The group was booked to play *The Tonight Show* but was canceled because of JFK's assassination.

formed for me, which is not real nice, although I made it as nice as I could."

most killed me, and to face a future that I think I understand. For that, I can only offer thanks."

"I have always firmly believed in a balance in the universe. For every negative, there is a positive; for every downer, an upper."

Mel had several fan clubs, including Mel's Belles, Mel's Angels and the Fogettes.

Judy Garland. She told Mel, "I hate impressionists. They make me f_____." She purposely used the vulgarism for breaking wind that I find the most detestable word in the English language."

"Hindsight is easy, and I can see now that I was something of a pain in the ass."

Just before traveling to Australia, Mel promised to give James Dean some music lessons. "When I got off the plane...I spotted a newspaper headline and my stomach turned....James Dean would never get those bongo lessons from me now."

"I realize that it is titillating to the reader to imagine this actor...in bed with the likes of Marilyn Monroe. I am also told it sells books. But the last time I looked in the mirror, I bore little resemblance to Shelley Winters and this is not going to be another 'tell-all' autobiography."

"Early on, it certainly wasn't *all* velvet. Now the fog has lifted."

"Some will say I have loved too many people at the same time. They get confused and don't understand that love is what I live on."

Willie won't let his entourage escort him through crowds. According to his bus driver, if Willie senses that a fan is too nervous to request an autograph, Willie will say, "Hey, why don't you pose for a photograph with me?"

Dennis Hopper. Willie taught him how to play golf.

"Women have always loved me and I've always loved them and gotten along real well with them—until I married them."

"I got so drunk and discouraged that I laid down in the street in the snow...and waited for a car to come along and run over me. Luckily, no cars came, or else they missed me, and eventually I began to feel stupid and got up and went and bought another round of drinks."

"I think marijuana should be recognized for what it is, as a medicine, an herb that grows in the ground.... I have a tremendous amount of natural energy, and I need to take the edge off. Friends have told me I don't smoke weed to get high, I smoke it to get on a more level keel and not be a turkey."

"I am drawing a picture in my mind of something that is coming. I can hear Mark and Jim and Joel yelling, 'Oh, my God—send for more bandages! Willie is dreaming again!' The fact is, my dreams are still dreaming me."

"I'm a stone romantic. I love love; I love dreaming about love, thinking about love, writing about love, singing about love. I love being in love."

"I drive my own car and wash out my own socks after a gig. If I meet fans on the street, I'm glad they recognize me....I've got all the time in the world for them. I don't forget that they got me here."

Ed Sullivan. He introduced the group on his show, incorrectly, as Smokey and the Little Smokeys.

"I'm not a big believer in 'could of' or 'should of.' Still, at the end of my marriage, it was hard to resist the regrets.... We'd reached that fork. I was going one way, Claudette another."

Because of his light skin and blue eyes, was classified as white at birth.

Smokey says Motown's decision not to put photos of its groups on album covers had nothing to do with a supposed correlation between race and sales. "There was nothing to hide."

"My dream is over; my new life has begun."

Approved. David appeared nude in a hot tub in the 1971 concert film *A Celebration at Big Sur*; one visitor to his home encountered a nude woman frying bacon.

Being convicted of drug possession in Texas in 1983. "The only thing that saved my life was being physically, forcibly separated from my stash."

"I was raised on Woody Guthrie and the Weavers and there's no question that they affected my values."



He avoided being raped in prison. "Fortunately I was fat and not real appealing... [A] guy like me—over forty, overweight—nobody's going to want me for a shower toy."

"Never once, until I got out of prison, did I ever record, perform, or do anything any way except stoned. I did it all stoned"; set himself on fire while freebasing; persuaded record mogul David Geffen to carry marijuana for him, for which Geffen was arrested.

Was arrested four separate times for weapons and narcotics violations. Served more than a year in a Texas prison.

In 1985, was spending \$7,000 a week on drugs.

Embraces some New Age-ish Eastern tenets. One night, an armed burglar was chased away by an equally well-armed David: "A guy pointed a gun at me and told me to roll over.... I tried my level best to blow his brains out. Fortunately for my karma, I didn't kill him."

While at Tommy Dorsey's home discussing joining Dorsey's band, Mel meets Pat, Dorsey's wife. "'Greatest tits in town. Show 'em, hon,' ordered Tommy. Pat stopped. With a slightly exasperated shrug of the shoulders, she... [let] the halter fall, revealing, indeed, a gloriously formed pair of breasts.... I stammered, 'Very nice.'"

Mel seemed to be losing his battle with Arlene for custody of their child when he alleged that Arlene had dated a mobster, Manny Skar. Her lawyer objected to that characterization. Fortunately for Mel, Manny had been gunned down gangland-style the night before, and Mel won custody.

"Ella Fitzgerald [has] been my paramount influence in the jazz genre." Also, Alberta, the family maid, taught him a lot about jazz.

Paying attention to the beat. "If I have learned anything at all in the years I have plied my various musical trades, it is simply that we all march to an endless parade of 'different drummers.'"

One day, "coming out of drum-and-bugle corps practice, I was grabbed from behind... pinned to the ground... and forced to eat a tin of Mail Pouch tobacco."

Drew a gun on an antagonistic fan in Akron who had taken unkindly to Mel's criticism of his heckling.

Mel's dad invented a type of children's toy called the Waddle Book—a cardboard figure that moves—but the relative who negotiated the deal with the publisher stole all the proceeds. Today the Mickey Mouse Waddle Book is worth \$15,000.

After Phil Donahue refused to return a favor and book Mel on his program, "I looked heavenward and shouted to an amused God, 'Show biz is my life!'"

"If some host asked Jerry Jeff [Walker] to play 'Mr. Bojangles' or anything else at the wrong moment in the wrong tone of voice, he was liable to whip out his dick and piss in the potted ficus plant, and the fight would start."

When Faron Young cut Willie's song "Hello Walls" in 1961, Willie knew that he could be a successful songwriter.

Father A. A. Taliaferro of St. Alcuin's Church in Dallas. Also Kris Kristofferson. "He shows more soul when he blows his nose than the ordinary person does at his honeymoon dance."

"What I am saying to all you songwriters is to get yourself a good Jewish lawyer before you sign anything, no matter how much the company says they love you."

Willie smokes considerable amounts of marijuana daily, and apparently without regard to local conventions ("Sitting on the roof of the White House in Washington, D.C., late at night with a beer in one hand and a fat Austin Torpedo in the other, I drifted into a reflective mood").

Bigamy. He married Connie without divorcing Shirley. "I think the paperwork in marriage means more to women than it does to men."

Riding in Willie's Learjet, Roger Miller said, "Willie, I got to piss.... I want to piss on the ground." Willie had his pilot make a special landing, which cost about \$2,000. "But," asks Willie, "how can you put a price on a good piss?" One month the beer bill for Willie's band was \$85,000.

"If you really seriously in all faith get quiet and pray and ask Jesus, He will answer you. This is the truth. He won't necessarily set fire to a bush or send a bolt of lightning." Willie also believes in reincarnation.

Marvin Gaye once told him, "I've got this problem, Smoke. I can just look at the pussy and come."

Berry Gordy, then a songwriter, heard Smokey's group, the Matadors, audition as an opening act for Jackie Wilson. Though Smokey didn't get the job, Gordy admired the songs and offered to help the group.

Sarah Vaughan. "I adored her. I idolized her.... But I wondered: Should a cat like me be singing like a chick?"

"Early on I saw that my own singing voice, so naturally high, might have some guys calling me girl-ish, but who cared when the girls ate it up like candy?"

Recently overcame an addiction to cocaine.



None.

"Because I made more money than the other guys, I always picked out and paid for the group's clothes. I kept us clean, kept us sharp, did a lot of extra shit I didn't have to do."

Ivory Stone, a backup singer, turned Smokey on to Jesus during his struggle with cocaine addiction. "The Lord washed me clean," Smokey says.

father's at age 13. Had affairs with painter John Graham ("He is all I know, he may be"); Milos Forman; Salvador Dalí, who never Nureyev ("Rudy... rehearses like a man, fucks like a beast, and a peasant, how can you make love before a performance? What the yogurt? The vodka?" "No, darling — my well-shaped balls, full of on the moon by having sex with a rock star in Central Park ("As he module, arousing a worldwide climax, including my own"). Failed had "liquid mercury for sperm" ("I reach for him, but he wriggles... he stiffens and resists.... Andy turns icy cold, except for the minutes to realize that it is Andy's hairpiece that keeps his neckline dy temperature.... I don't mean to stare as he adjusts [his wig], but see... a metallic snap, embedded in the front part of his skull. He is not made for love."

Posed nude for Dalí, who then seduced her, caressing her with the real lobster that appears in his painting *Venus Awaiting a Phone Call*. "I adore your papyri," Dalí says.... I don't know what part of my body he is referring to."

When Dalí introduced her to Warhol, whom she calls "the shy, near-blind, bald, gay albino from an ethnic Pittsburgh ghetto."

Warhol. "What is Andy up to? Does he want to show an aspect of life usually camouflaged? Is he promoting homosexuality? Is he only out to shock? Is it just a slice of any day's life? Why do I expect an answer?" Claims that Andy appeared to her in a dream a half hour before he died. Mentoring went both ways: she says she suggested to Warhol that he paint a soup can.

"Immediately after you make love you are resplendent, oozing eroticism from every pore. The trick is to make love on the way to a party so that the semen in you is still fresh."

ion. It's perfectly right and normal and healthy."

No mention, not even of Lisa Bonet.

Joining a children's theater company when he was nine led to his discovery by a talent agency.

His acting teacher and manager Gary Veney, "a cool guy."

"Nothing is ever easy, or at least it sometimes seems that way, but you can work at most things and overcome whatever it is about them that's difficult."

a neighbor who has a funny walk ("I've heard that she claims to come from a lot of fucking"); with a girl who was servicing the all the positions and teaches them to me. I've never lived like this stringbean. I fuck her only once"); with the daughter of an acting al surge, and I delve deeper and deeper into her like a root"); with squeezes my balls dry like a lemon press"); with the wife of a theater exhaustion... I can find no peace"); with the actress Edith Evans a man.... She tells me of her relationship with Marlene Dietrich... and made her come with her tongue"); with a journalist ("Naked, we ther. Hit each other. Our bodies. Our faces. Our genitals"); with the she... curses at me loudly because I don't want to fuck her standing is hospitalized for jaundice; with the whores of Marseilles ("I not hem out"); with Ursula ("so ugly that I fuck her only in the dark"); out breaks"); with Anushka, the wife of an Austrian hosiery mil-lak off"); with many women of slim acquaintance ("I don't turn on faces"); with Sonja, an actress, in a car ("We are tangled up and legs in orgasm, pressing the horn... with her foot"); with an Israeli upper lip, which excite me"); with actress Yonetta McGee ("[She] lung Englishwoman who "wears such short miniskirts that you can pick her nose"; with a young film extra ("I always have to fuck her er").

Frequently enjoyed sex outdoors: with a secretary in a park ("She screams loudly with each thrust"); with a director's assistant ("We fuck in the forest... where we root up the moist humus like boars"); with Wanda, a Bulgarian, while they are each walking their babies ("Her mouth. Her breasts. Her lips. Her ass. Her genitals").

Puberty.

Not, apparently. Werner Herzog, the man who directed him in *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, *Nosferatu the Vampyre* and *Fitzcarraldo*. "I despise... Herzog.... He should be thrown to the crocodiles alive! An anaconda should throttle him slowly! The sting of a deadly spider should paralyze him! His brain should burst from the bite of the most poisonous of all snakes!... Big red ants should piss in his eyes, eat his balls, penetrate his asshole, and eat his guts! He should get the plague! Syphilis! Malaria! Yellow fever! Leprosy!"

Revealed in his account of his relationship with Elsa, whose uncle is an aide to the pope: "We... swallow raw eggs so as to be strong to keep fucking."

into a destructive relationship. As her mother put it, "His name is Eddie." Eddie "just exuded sex." Quickly they became lovers: "Eddie never known existed, much less practiced.... Guided by my needs sex. It was so powerful, I passed out.... He had given me... fulfillment for him, having group sex, shooting heroin and running a y driving their car into the side of a cliff, without success.

At one time she roomed with a porn star named Barbara. "What she did for a living didn't concern me. I knew a lot of people on the fringe of show business."

Lauren's grandmother was a tutor to such child actors as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Elizabeth Taylor, and through them she developed connections that enabled her to get her granddaughter on *Father Knows Best*.

"I almost idolized Robert Young."

The invention of television. "Television audiences seemed to crave family shows.... Child stars were needed in larger numbers than ever before."

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Negative. Handed a *Playboy* centerfold by a high school classmate, he crumpled it up, fearing that he'd be apprehended with it and expelled.

Eight weeks out of journalism school, he talked his way into a job on the editorial page of a St. Louis newspaper. He quickly wrote an anti-union editorial that caught the publisher's attention.

"Pop was right. Sometimes you have to fight, even if all you want is to be left alone." Also admired columnist Westbrook Pegler, with his "venomous wit and acid pen."

"We had a hierarchy of values; we knew where we were going and how to get there; even in childhood, we were not confused. We had certitude."

Many. Jailed for speeding in high school; arrested in college for resisting arrest after brawling with police issuing him a traffic citation. Arrested as a teenager outside the Soviet embassy in Washington, heading a trio bent on lynching the Soviet ambassador. Talked his way out of it, leaving his two compatriots to get punished.

Was an accomplished liar in his youth, frequently damaging property and then lying or blaming others to escape punishment.

Earned \$15,000 working for Nixon in 1967.

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Positive. "[Jane] stood behind me, naked, and whispered, 'I want to have a child with you.'"

LBJ's decision to escalate the war in Vietnam.

Different models at different times: Holden Caulfield, James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, Jack Kerouac, Martin Luther King Jr., Albert Camus, C. Wright Mills, Alfred E. Newman, Che Guevara, and Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, advised Tom never to build life plans around a woman.

A gift for dramatic rhetoric. "'We may be the last generation in the experiment with living,' declared a draft of the Port Huron Statement."

He was thrown out of a commune for crimes of male chauvinism and manipulation. "Driving toward Newark under a full moon, I ran straight into two deer and killed them instantly."

He was a stick-in-the-mud. "I went to few concerts, owned hardly any albums, rarely danced, and was privately frightened by the loss of control that drug advocates celebrated. On the few occasions when I tried marijuana, I found myself on the floor laughing hysterically during a supposedly serious meeting."

His divorce from Sandra Cason cost him \$63.

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After a period when she and Karl weren't having sex, they went to Acapulco to get reacquainted. At the hotel, he went out onto the balcony. Debbie disrobed and went out and sat on his lap. Karl only put his arm around her waist.

She won the Miss Burbank Contest in 1948, an event she entered because the sponsors promised a free scarf and blouse to all entrants. Her performance led to a Warner Bros. screen test. There she languished until the studio lent her to MGM.

Agnes Moorehead. Debbie acknowledges that they were close, disparages as "innuendo" (but does not deny) the rumor that they were lovers and contends that Moorehead's ghost often appears before her. The first time the ghost advised her to "talk to thy father." Debbie took this as a sign to pray more.

The studio glued her ears to her head to keep them from sticking out.

Debbie let Elizabeth Taylor copy her answers to math tests when they were in the MGM schoolhouse together as child stars. She was arrested for illegal possession of a handgun when her son shot himself with one of the several guns he owned.

"I was, and still am, a fussybritches, worrying about everything being perfect."

Fleeced by her business manager, Debbie ended up with just \$300,000 out of the more than \$10 million she'd earned during the 1960s.

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Selective approval: though it was okay for her father to step out of the shower to take Jimmy Carter's concession call on election night in 1980, she chided her brother Ron for writing for *Playboy*, which she calls "a crappy magazine."

Became interested in politics by watching the political conventions of 1952 at Sonny Werblin's house. "For two weeks I sat mesmerized in front of the television set....I was swept away by it all. Never before had I felt like such a part of history."

She learned a valuable lesson from legendary California Democrat Jesse Unruh: "Political favors are the currency in which we deal.... The more you do to help people, the more they will do for you in return."

Absorb no more facts than are necessary. "A briefing book with too many pages tends to overload the brain cells."

Stole matchbooks from the White House. "I rounded up as many matchbooks as I could reasonably get my hands on."

In a very sentimental mood, her father gave her the briefcase he used as governor and during his first term as president; in keeping with the spirit of the gift, she stores it in her closet and keeps her dog's snowsuit and bathing suit and Frisbee in it.

Her father told Maureen that if she wanted a baby brother, she'd have to save up her money to buy one. When brother Michael was brought home, her father actually made Maureen fork over 97 cents.

Claims not to have used drugs much. Describes a bad trip on LSD, innocently ingested when she drank drug-laced wine at a party. Ended up in Lenox Hill Hospital.

Stole a bicycle at age 13.

"[The] conflict between bravura and reticence persists all my life. I feel a duality in my nature."

Warhol sold her two 6-by-12-foot silk-screen paintings of violets for \$2,000; she turned down offers for them of \$40,000 in 1970 and \$125,000 in 1975.

Her family had her exorcised as a teenager. "For no reason that I can explain, it turns out that we [at the Factory] are almost all, with very few exceptions, lapsed Catholics."

"I read and reread the writings of Alice Bailey, Gurdjieff, P. D. Ouspensky....I follow in the footsteps of Yogi Paramhansa Yogananda and then Sathya Sai Baba. I endorse the 'I am'....I flirt with Christian Science. I sit in the lotus position for days. I study the Scriptures, I read the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita, the Urantia....I create, produce, direct, and star in my own cable TV talk show on consciousness expansion."

"I don't smoke. I don't get drunk. I don't take drugs. Never have, never will.... Mostly it's because I'm scared...about what drugs would do to my chromosomes, and to my chromosomes' chromosomes."

Admits to nothing, but calls an episode of *The Cosby Show* in which Cliff and Clair find a joint in one of Theo's books that a classmate slipped in (making Theo guilty of possession) "a little unrealistic."

None.

"Most kids don't do nearly enough to prepare themselves for the real world....I think something means more to you if you have to work for it."

"You have to remember, Bill Cosby wasn't this entertainment giant to me....He wasn't intimidating or anything, and I still don't think of him that way."

"I guess the grass does always look greener on the other side, but there are things to be said for weeds."

He seduced a 17-year-old French girl. "Time and again she comes. Sometime around morning, when she starts to talk about Communism...I can't get a hard-on anymore."

Attempted to seduce a 13-year-old; he sat her on his lap, fondled her, whispered, "Giddyap, giddyap...."

An acute olfactory sense: "A fishy smell exudes... from under her skirt"; "The blanket...smells like farts and sweat"; "The place stinks of semen, piss, sweat, farts and fish." Mentions occasions when he urinates on his sister, when a man urinates on him and when a cow defecates on him.

"I can't just fuck, I have to earn money too."

In Karachi he had sex with a woman who was seven feet tall: "Her butt cheeks...are those of a young mare....Her vagina must be as big as my head."

Egalitarianism. "I'm indifferent to whether [women] are young or old, big or small, thin or buxom, light or dark."

"One day when [my mother] had really gotten angry at me, I ran out of the house....I picked [a cat] up...grabbed his back legs, twirled him over my head, and tossed him into a pole. Grabbing the cat again, I repeated my actions. Finally, after I had picked the animal up and thrown it down several times, it got away....I was left with a strange, unsatisfied need to do it again."

Many. Convicted of smuggling in heroin from Mexico, was sentenced to probation; when she was spied shoplifting a coat, she was fired from her job as a stewardess; also arrested for vagrancy and for trying to pass bad checks. The latter crime earned her a seven-year sentence, of which she served 17 months.

Once ran a brothel.

After she discovered her mother was pocketing all her earnings from the series to support the family, Lauren began stealing change from the pocketbooks of teachers and crew members. She ended up with only \$18,970 from eight years on television.

"When I finally looked up, wiping the tears away, I no longer saw the young pastor—only Jesus. And I heard him say to me, 'Welcome home, Lauren. I have waited thirty-three years for you.'"

"My Father really does know best."

"When I step into a taxi at... Park Avenue... the driver says, 'Hi, Ultra.' I feel as if I own the earth."

Richard Nixon. After dining one night at '21' with George Jessel, she met the then vice president, who squeezed her hand and winked at her. Also Bernhard Goetz, who used to fix her radios. "He struck me as high-strung."

Many. She had told Warhol on the morning he was shot, "You know, Andy, that Valerie Solanis is a dangerous cookie." As a member of the cast of Norman Mailer's film *Maidstone*, she was called upon to have intercourse with an actor, which she fully intended to do, but the film ran out; Mailer never reshoot the scene. She once flirted with a somewhat interested Frank Sinatra, who said, "'You look like a violet flag.' 'I am.' 'What country?' 'Ultraland.' He decides not to ask me any more questions."

"I feel wonderfully liberated among the iconoclasts around [Warhol].... We are free to be our worst selves or our best selves. And if that weren't joy enough, we are in the movies!"

"If need be, I'll be crazier than the others, bolder, more daring, to keep eyes and cameras focused on me, me, me."

"Who would have guessed that the little Pittsburgh waif, drawing his delicate, disconnected lines would become the first man to fuse into one the opposite roles of artist and Maecenas, thereby earning double immortality far beyond his self-allotted fifteen minutes."

"Some of the [fan] letters are funny, some of them are sad, but the point is that a whole lot of kids have got something important to say and for whatever reason they've chosen to say it to me. Believe me, it's an honor."

Anthony Quinn. The book includes a photo of Malcolm presenting Quinn with a lifetime achievement award from the Hispanic Academy of Media Arts and Sciences.

"If *The Cosby Show* never happened for me, I'd probably still be out in Los Angeles... maybe working as a bag boy in a grocery store or something." He cried when he missed out on a part on the show *Benson*.

When a magazine said that Michael J. Fox and Kirk Cameron would be getting competition from Malcolm, he says, "I can understand... Michael J. Fox... But Kirk Cameron?... That's got to be a racial thing."

"I've got an image to worry about.... Fortunately, I'm not a drug addict or axe murderer or anything unseemly, so I don't have to change my life-style to be consistent with Theo's."

"We'll have to do it again sometime."

On fan reaction to one of his performances: "Everywhere, excitement, clapping, fighting, hysterical screaming, clamoring, crying girls loving me in numbers. Yes! They love me because I shamelessly expose their feelings to them like no one else, scorching them and burning into their souls."

The Indian actor Sabu. Klaus dubbed his voice in German. Also, Jean-Paul Sartre: "He eats and drinks like a pig and smokes like a chimney."

While a member of the German army during World War II, Klaus deserted to avoid going on patrol. The patrol was slaughtered. The Germans caught Klaus and sentenced him to death. He escaped and was captured by the British. Also, he passed up a part in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* ("the screenplay is the same tired old shit").

"I need love! Love! Always! And I want to give love, because I have so much of it to give. No one understands that I want nothing from my whoring around but to love."

"I actually get venereal disease more often than most people catch colds."

"I feel sick."

Shot up with a young addict she met in a bar. "When I came to, my new friend looked peculiar.... Puzzled, I touched him. He looked strangely cold.... I thought, *This guy is dead!*" She called the police, who arrested her for murder.

Marcel Marceau. He gave Lauren lessons in mime. Also, Elvis Presley: the studio arranged a meeting for her twelfth birthday.

She several times proved inept at killing herself. "There is something very humiliating about not even being able to commit suicide."

On her experience as a prostitute: "I saw myself as a kind of psychologist. I believed I was helping keep marriages together by letting husbands be happy in their fantasies."

"Because of my drug habit, I was real crabby."

"Through [Jesus], I am learning to love myself, even as he loves me—unconditionally."

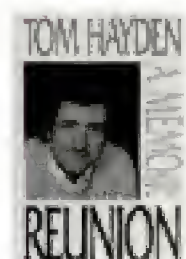


RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING



by Patrick J. Buchanan;
Little, Brown & Company,
\$18.95; 384 pages

REUNION: A MEMOIR



by Tom Hayden;
Random House,
\$22.50; 507 pages

DEBBIE: MY LIFE



by Debbie Reynolds
and David Patrick
Columbia;
William Morrow and
Company,
\$18.95; 436 pages

FIRST FATHER, FIRST DAUGHTER: A MEMOIR



by Maureen Reagan;
Little, Brown &
Company,
\$19.95; 404 pages

NAME(S)

FAMILY BACKGROUND/
SCANDAL

SPOUSE(S)

KIDS

SEX

Patrick Joseph Buchanan. Nicknamed Blade in high school, from a friend's mother's description of him as a "gay blade."

One of nine children. Father was an accountant. "Rarely did my father use an open hand to discipline his older boys. The 'strap' was the preferred instrument." Pat's conservatism is hereditary: his dad was a devout supporter of both Francisco Franco and Senator Joseph McCarthy.

One, Shelley, a receptionist at the White House during the Nixon administration.

None.

Though Pat frequently mentions going on dates with the opposite sex with none of the details showing up in his accounts of his adolescent dreams and brawling adventures. One mention: "[A girl] walked us through the 'facts of life,' and then she walked us back again, enumerating in rich graphic detail the 'proximate occasions of sin' we must avoid, and all the conceivable sins we must commit." Admits to having thrown an apple at a prostitute in high school.

Thomas Emmett Hayden.

His parents were "loyal and patriotic Americans" who "seemed content with their place." They divorced after the war. His father, a proto-left-winger, believed the little guy was always being cheated by larger forces.

Two. The first was Sandra "Casey" Cason, a civil-rights worker. When they divorced, friends called him an asshole. The second marriage was to Jane Fonda ("Jane was a woman who could not be eclipsed or diminished in my shadow, and I was a man who was not threatened by her greater fame and power"). They are now separated.

One son, Troy ("I made a pledge: I would build my life around this little boy until he became a man. He would not go through the family separation I went through, and Jane and Vanessa [her daughter from a previous marriage] went through, no matter what").

While organizing poor people in Newark: "There was not a lot of monogamy in this self-sacrificing community. It was a time of questioning for all traditional relationships, placing collective needs over personal ones and exploring new ways to relate in an open atmosphere." Tom later questioned traditional relationships with Norman Cousins's daughter, Andrea, "a sensitive, brown-eyed, olive-skinned Sarah Lawrence student"; Connie Brown, whom he met after Malcolm X's assassination ("As the bus sank in, Connie and I leaned against each other on the backseat of the bus, filled with fifty blacks and a few whites. . . . Discovering intimacy stayed together long after that"); a Czech student, Anna Sevcikova, whom he met in Prague in 1968; "she was lonely; she was beautiful"; Anne Weills, a "tall, striking and intensely serious actress, former Weather Underground fugitive Bernice Dohrn ("bright, stunning, aggressive").

Born Mary Frances Reynolds, but most people called her Sis; she resisted Jack Warner's decision to change her name to Debbie Morgan. They compromised on Debbie Reynolds.

Born in El Paso during the Depression. Dad was a mechanic, Mom took in washing. "Just about everyone was broke, and people did anything to get food on the table. . . . Things could have been worse, and eventually they were."

Three: (1) Eddie Fisher proposed after knowing Debbie two weeks. He called her his bunny, his shiksa. He got into a fight with her when she said Jesus was Jewish. (2) Harry Karl, a rich shoe manufacturer. (3) Current husband is real estate developer Richard Hamlett, who proposed on their first date.

Two, Carrie and Todd.

Had a sheltered upbringing. "Anything that frightened me." Her first sexual experience was with Eddie, a week before their wedding day. "I was quick and mechanical. . . . Eddie seemed disappointed." They never got in sync. "One night he asked him if he wanted to make love. 'Yes,' he said. 'I'll be in in a little while, so get started without me.' Elizabeth Taylor once said, 'Debbie, you're round, you're so square, it's impossible.' Meeting Harry Karl didn't improve matters. "He was a man who had quick arousal, so there was a great deal of time spent on foreplay on his behalf. . . . mine." For the last several years of their marriage, they didn't have sex. "I finally learned about making love . . . when I was forty," when she took up with a developer named Bob Fallon, "who taught me what it was like to feel the true climax of love. I had never had that."

Maureen Reagan. Her mother wanted to name her Ronald, after her dad. Her father and others call her Mermie, a nickname from a childhood friend; when traveling, used the pseudonym Ramona Mandrake.

Mother was an actress, father an amiable but out-to-lunch president of the United States. Her step-grandmother "had the longest list of dirty jokes of any human being on this earth." Also, Patric Davis was seven years old before she was told that Maureen was her sister.

Three: a police officer ten years her senior who beat her; a Marine ("We shared all of the same interests as when we first got married, save one: we no longer found each other interesting"); and Dennis Revell, a political organizer who is six foot seven and 12 years her junior.

None.

Her father used to entertain his kids by telling them he had been a cold germ in a previous life, who had been killed by penicillin. "Every story he ever told about his past lives had a moral. (I guess the moral of the penicillin story was 'Don't sleep around')."

"In national politics, it is no longer enough that one's adversaries be defeated; now they must be disgraced, humiliated, impeached, imprisoned."

Richard Nixon. At age 15, as a caddie at Burning Tree Country Club, Pat saw the vice president urinate in the bushes and promptly did the same.

"Had I to do it over again, the activity I would have taken up [in high school] would have been dramatics."

The militaristic Buchanan was classified a 4F and never served in the armed forces. Also, "Never have I gone into a cave."

On brawling: "We wanted to enjoy youth, and postpone adulthood. Our occasional breaches of the peace were no more a manifestation of contempt for the rule of law than our occasional breaches of the Ten Commandments were a manifestation of contempt for traditional morality."

"If the President didn't notice, when he handed me those bronze running shoes, my eyes were glistening."

"Country, family, and faith, these are the things worth dying for; these are the things worth fighting for; these are the things worth living for."

"We were determined to study all philosophies through the lens of our own experience, accepting the relevant and pruning the irrelevant, searching for a language and vision all our own."

Groucho Marx and Red Burtons. They both campaigned for Tom in his unsuccessful race for the U.S. Senate in 1976.

"I was very wrong in certain of my judgments. Time has proved me overly romantic about the Vietnamese revolution."

"Not all the Panthers were as responsible as Bobby [Seale]. I remember one meeting at the Oakland Panthers headquarters where a minor political disagreement led to a Panther security guard strangling me until Bobby stopped him."

"Whether to the crimes of communism described in Orwell or Kafka, or to Camus's injunction that heinous acts could be rationalized by cultivated individuals, or to the repeated warnings that revolutionary leaders became ruling Frankenstein's monsters, I reacted with one feeling: Those horrors won't happen to us; we are too good."

At a reunion of the Chicago Seven defendants: "I was getting a headache from the day's experience."

"Whatever the future holds, and as satisfying as my life is today, I miss the sixties and I always will."

"I have tremendous energy, tremendous stamina, and the ability to work very, very hard; that's how I see myself. Do as you're told and compete to win. That's me."

Richard Nixon. Under the darkening cloud of Watergate, he nonetheless made time in 1973 to see Debbie onstage in *Irene*. He liked it.

Her marriage to Harry Karl. His gambling losses meant that when they divorced, she was responsible for half his multimillion-dollar debt.

Robert Wagner. "I felt he was the one boy I would love to marry and whose children I would like to have." They went steady until he made a movie with Barbara Stanwyck. He broke up with Debbie after a costume party; they were both wearing clown costumes and make-up.

What's the Matter With Helen?, starring Debbie and Shelley Winters, didn't do much box office. Debbie's explanation for the poor performance of a film set in the Depression featuring two fading actresses portraying two spinsterish teachers, one of whom is a psychopath? "United Artists... never got behind it."

"Mario Lanza [would]... just go off into the corner of the set and pee. Finally [the studio] got him a bucket."

"I want to go on as long as people want me. That is my life."

Pretty much shares her father's thinking on national affairs. "I'm not sure what's happening in this country," he said, "but I don't think I like it. I didn't like it either."

Former *Laugh-In* star Jo Anne Worley. Maureen appeared with her in *Mame* in Sacramento.

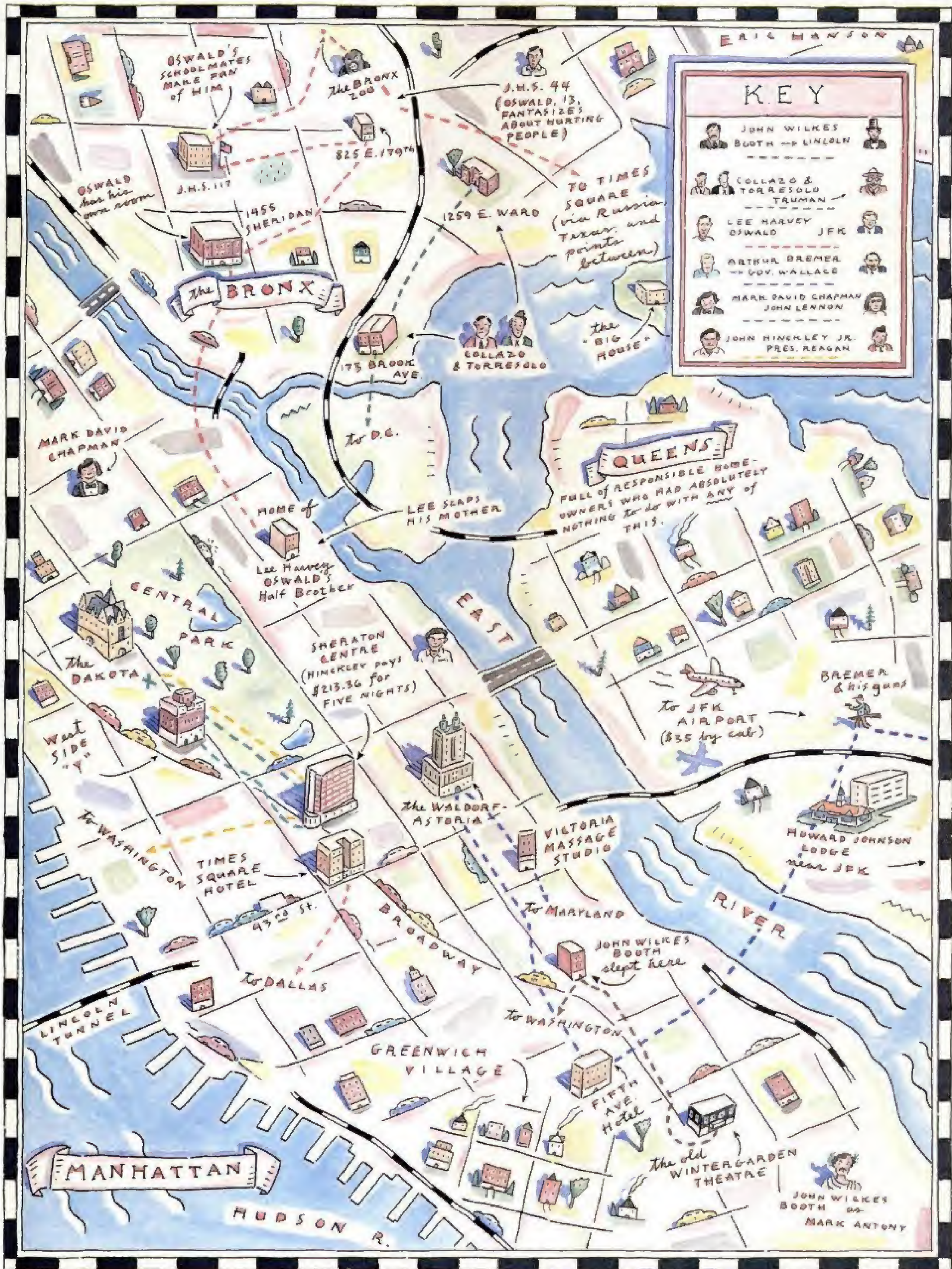
"Bonzo's death was a tough concept for me to get a grip on."

A washout in several careers. Failed as an actress (had small parts in films [*Hootenanny Hoot* and *Kissin' Cousins*] and on *The Partridge Family*) and appeared in a Vegas lounge act called *The Name's the Same* with Meredith MacRae and Gary Lewis. Also failed in her run for the Senate.

White House staffers called her "the six-hundred pound gorilla." She says it is a friendly reference to an old joke.

On Christmas 1980: "The most talked-about gift was this hand-painted toilet seat with the presidential seal."

"This is the Ronald Reagan America will remember... serious and persuasive one moment, playful and energetic the next, proud enough of himself and his country that he can stand before a national convention and play with balloons. That's my father."



KEY

JOHN WILKES BOOTH → LINCOLN	
COLLAZO & TORRESOL	TRUMAN
LEE HARVEY OSWALD	JFK
ARTHUR BREMER	GOV. WALLACE
MARK DAVID CHAPMAN	JOHN LENNON
JOHN HINCKLEY JR.	PRES. REAGAN

**THE OLD WINTER
GARDEN THEATRE,
677 BROADWAY, AT
BOND STREET,
MANHATTAN**

John Wilkes Booth plays Mark Antony in *Julius Caesar*, on November 25, 1864, alongside his brothers Junius and Edwin.

**28 EAST 19TH
STREET, MANHATTAN**

This is the home of Edwin Booth, with whom Wilkes stays when in New York. Edwin later moves to 16 Gramercy Park South, the building that becomes The Players club.

**173 BROOK AVENUE
AND 1259 WARD
AVENUE, THE BRONX**

These are the respective residences of Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresolo, two Puerto Rican nationalists who attempt to assassinate President Truman on November 1, 1950. Collazo is wounded in the attack; Torresolo is slain. The men want to kill Truman for, in their opinion, reneging on a campaign promise of freedom for Puerto Rico.

**325 EAST 92ND
STREET, MANHATTAN**

In August 1952 Lee Harvey Oswald, age 12, and his mother come to New York from Fort Worth, Texas. They move in with Oswald's half brother, John Pic, and his 18-year-old wife. On his first day in New York, Lee slaps his mother when she asks him to check the car. Later, after Lee threatens his sister-in-law with a knife, he and his mother move to 1455 Sheridan Avenue, in the Bronx, and then to 825 East 179th Street (the Bronx), where they remain until January 1954.

**JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
117, 1865 MORRIS
AVENUE, THE BRONX**

Oswald is a student here from September 30, 1952, to January 16, 1953. His classmates make fun of his

blue jeans and Texas drawl. Oswald, a dyslexic, fails six of nine courses. He spends many of his days as a truant hanging out in Times Square and at the Bronx Zoo, which he loves.

**JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
44, 1825 PROSPECT
AVENUE, THE BRONX**

At age 13, Oswald undergoes psychiatric observation. According to the FBI, the psychiatrist's report discloses that Oswald acknowledges "fantasies about being powerful and

wald's brother wires him \$200 and the couple flies to Texas, departing from what is then called Idlewild Airport.

**KENNEDY AIRPORT,
QUEENS**

On April 4, 1972, Arthur Bremer, the would-be assassin of Governor George Wallace of Alabama, arrives, presumably from his home in Milwaukee. He notes in his journal, "The funniest [*sic*] thing happened to me when I arrived in N.Y. just after I got off

**FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
FIFTH AVENUE AT
9TH STREET,
MANHATTAN**

Bremer moves to the Village and spends the night of April 6 here, again in Room 931.

**THE WALDORF-ASTORIA,
301 PARK AVENUE,
MANHATTAN**

Bremer moves uptown and spends April 7-9 in Room 1539. "I thought the Waldorf was the best N.Y.C. had to offer," he writes in his diary. "I was wrong. . . .

sex. (Alga assures the FBI that she refused.) He also asks her for whom she intends to vote. Alga is not a U.S. citizen.

**WEST SIDE YMCA,
5 WEST 63RD STREET,
MANHATTAN**

Mark David Chapman spends the night of December 6, 1980, here after arriving from Honolulu.

**SHERATON CENTRE
HOTEL & TOWERS,
811 SEVENTH AVENUE,
MANHATTAN**

On December 7, 1980, Chapman, in the customary assassin's fashion, upgrades accommodations and checks into Room 2730. That night he hires a prostitute and pays her twice her normal rate just to talk.

**THE DAKOTA, CENTRAL
PARK WEST AT
72ND STREET,
MANHATTAN**

On December 8, 1980, at approximately 5:00 p.m., John Lennon autographs a copy of the *Double Fantasy* album for Chapman outside the Dakota. Not six hours later, Chapman kills him here. John Hinckley, a troubled drifter, takes the train up from Washington, D.C., on or about December 9, 1980, to stand vigil.

**SHERATON CENTRE
HOTEL & TOWERS,
811 SEVENTH AVENUE
MANHATTAN**

Hinckley visits New York in February and March 1981 and stays at the Sheraton, the early 1980s assassin's home away from home. He pays \$213.36 for five nights.

**THE DAKOTA, CENTRAL
PARK WEST AT
72ND STREET
MANHATTAN**

On February 14, 1981, Hinckley, armed with a .38 Charter Arms revolver, goes to the Dakota intending to kill himself. He cannot bring himself to do it. **D**

SICK TRANSIT NEW YORK

THE SPY MAP OF WHERE ASSASSINS  SPENT TIME IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS

In New York anything is possible. People come here from all over, hoping for fame and glory, willing, as E. B. White put it, to be lucky. Some stick in the memory—many people recall having seen Bob Dylan at Folk City or Meryl Streep at the Public—but who recalls those moments when we shared urban space with nearly invisible nobodies who were about to become famous assassins? ANDREA RIDER refreshes our memory, reminding us where and when these killers and would-be killers walked among us.

sometimes hurting or killing people." During his time here (March 23, 1953, to January 12, 1954) his attendance record improves and he passes six of eight subjects.

**TIMES SQUARE HOTEL,
EIGHTH AVENUE
AT 43RD STREET,
MANHATTAN**

On June 13, 1962, Oswald returns to New York as an apostate Soviet defector with his Russian wife, Marina, and their child. Marina finds their \$10 hotel room dingy and overpriced but likes Times Square. The next day Os-

the plane. I forgot my guns! I was in a washroom when I heard my name over the loud speaker. WOW! The captain of the plane smiled & nodded as he gave me them. . . . Irony abounds." The journal is later published as a book—a copy of which is found among John Hinckley Jr.'s possessions.

**HOWARD JOHNSON
LODGE, 140TH STREET
BY THE VAN WYCK
EXPRESSWAY, NEAR
KENNEDY AIRPORT,
QUEENS**

Arthur Bremer stays April 4-6, 1972, in Room 931.

I took a lot of their stationary [*sic*]. *That's* what I paid for. . . . Park Av. traffic was SHITTY. Horns hoked [*sic*] Friday night till 2:30 a.m."

**VICTORIA MASSAGE
STUDIO INC., 463
LEXINGTON AVENUE,
MANHATTAN**

On April 9, 1972, at approximately 9:30 p.m., Bremer arrives here. According to Alga, his masseuse, he pays \$18 for a half-hour massage and tips her \$30. He then offers her "a \$100 money order if she would 'fuck' him," as the FBI says, or to perform oral



GETTING RICH QUICK

The Inside Story of America's Newest, Most Synergistic Import-Export/Money-Funneling/Artificial-Flower Conglomerate

by Andy Aaron and Steve Radlauer



\$200 A DAY

CONDUCTING BUSINESS

There's a big boom going on right now thanks to computerization. And you can cash in on it—up to \$900,000 or more the very first year—if you're as successful as a handful of industry pioneers."
—*Entrepreneur* magazine's *Catalog of New Opportunities*

Just because the 1980s are almost over doesn't mean they can't still get to you.

Yes, it's late in the game, but greed is starting to seem pretty attractive to us. We want to fully experience the pleasures of the go-go decade. We want to become can-do, go-get-'em, self-made

men. We want to buy low, sell high, build an empire, learn the art of the deal.

After an especially fatiguing session at the word processor, however, we bitterly concluded that, as writing partners, no matter how fast we typed there was simply no way, short of becoming a

threesome with Aaron Latham, that we would ever make \$900,000 or more in one year writing articles. And yet we had families to support. Styles to which we aspired to become accustomed. Things we wanted to buy but couldn't even afford to ask the price of. The fact was, we were in the wrong line of work for two people whose new, single-minded goal was

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\$100,000
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lover." In the gung-ho spirit of entrepreneurship, and to enhance our credibility, we decided to refer to this compact piece of leased real estate as our penthouse.

We then headed for the nearest newsstand, spent \$15 on entrepreneur-oriented magazines, stopped in at a local boîte, ordered a pair of three-martini lunches and read the classified ads in the pages of *Inc.*, *Popular Science*, *Income Opportunities*, *Spare Time*, the *National Enquirer* and other distinguished publications.

The claims were breathtaking: "THERE'S A FORTUNE WAITING IN 'JUNKED' CAR BATTERIES. TAKE IT!" "SPARE TIME FORTUNE IN VINYL REPAIR." "\$1,000/MONTHLY STUFFING ENVELOPES." "YOU CAN MAKE MONEY WITH THE ARABS." "THEY ALL LAUGHED WHEN I SAID I WAS GOING TO START MY OWN BUSINESS." "THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SHOWED THEM MY 'LIL' ORBITS[®] MACHINE." "PROFIT FROM BEADS." "MONEY IN DONUTS." Most

of the ads were invitations to send for free information. We finished our martinis, staggered back to our computer, dispatched 30 inquiries and called it a day.

Our penthouse was soon crammed full of envelopes from all over the country. Big envelopes, small, thick, thin, containing kits, literature, catalogs and testimonials for everything from a complete vinyl-repair business (\$269) to a Ziggy the Talking Clown vending machine (\$1,295); from Clipping for Profit

(whose sponsors teach you how to start your own newspaper-clipping service for \$22) to the Foley-Belsaw Institute of Small Engine Repair (\$599 for a complete course and a brand-new 4-HP Tecumseh engine); from Magic Systems (a manufacturer of bumper-sticker printers) to USA Pharmaceutical Inc. (a manufacturer of condom-dispensing equipment). We even received a floppy 45 RPM recording of the voice of the chairman of the Von Schrader Company, the rug-cleaning franchisor.

Unlike mainstream corporate junk mail, which often strives to create the illusion that a company officer has written and even signed a beseeching missive, the mail we got genuinely seemed to have been written (as well as typed and photocopied) by the founder-owner-sole employee. Most of the material was distinguished by unconventional grammar, lavish use of attention-getting typos and a refreshing, hand-hewn, English-as-a-second-language feel that undercut the authors' attempt to impute legitimacy to the enterprise.

Tom Selleck or Ronald Reagan. We also rejected businesses whose initial investment was beyond our means, such as the offers by Von Schrader (\$2,595 for a complete professional carpet-cleaning business) and USA Pharmaceutical Inc. (minimum order: ten condom-vending machines at \$289 per unit). Similarly, we dismissed all businesses whose literature implied that if we followed the instructions exactly, we'd someday be wearing ties to work. We also decided not to order any general texts, even the alluring *Reading Books For Pay*, whose publisher, Pase Publications, claimed, "If you order now, soon you can be off to a flying start—reading steamy romances, formal [*sic*] gothics, fast-paced westerns—and being paid to do it. Not to mention, think of what you'll learn. . . ."

The businesses that did attract us were the low-cost turnkey operations—the ones where you send in a check for under \$200 and get everything you need to start earning thousands the day the package arrives.



Trump Tower blitz: schmoozing shopkeepers on the virtues of ersatz-charitable money funneling

As part of our selection process we avoided businesses that had already saturated the New York market, such as locksmithing, sign manufacture, tanning salons and the photographing of tourists with their arm around a life-size picture of

Windshield repair, for example.

It looked great at first. Low-cost materials, high profits, easy to learn and, in the New York market, an infinite supply of broken car windows. However, a close reading of the literature from

to get rich quick. Then it came to us, a way to continue writing and get rich quick: convince a magazine to sponsor several months of research culminating in an article on the lucrative world of E-Z capitalism. Thus our revived partnership—the Aaron-Radlauer Business Company.

Our years of toil in the boiler rooms of journalism had finally paid off: given the green light (and SPY's contractual commitment to cover expenses up to \$500), we went looking for office space in Manhattan. Unfortunately, our budgetary limitations forced us to settle on a mailbox in a storefront postal depot that bills itself as an excellent place to "hide mail from your spouse or

The Glass Mechanix Inc. of Sunrise, Florida, and their competitor, Glas-Weld Systems Inc. of Bend, Oregon, revealed rather astonishing similarities between their testimonials. "What an afternoon!" H.A. of Portland, Oregon, told Glas-Weld. "Between 12:30 and 5:30 I was able to do \$409.00 in windshield repairs." S.T. of New York City, meanwhile, told Glass Mechanix, "What an afternoon! Between 12:30 and 5:30 I was able to do \$489.00 in windshield repairs." Although the extra \$80 earned by the New Yorker was encouraging, we felt that any occupation that made people in different parts of the country think and write in exactly the same way was not for us.

We were intrigued right from the start by the dozens of ads we saw for careers in envelope stuffing—"How would you like to make about \$15,000 each month right from your own home... working about 6-8 hours a week?" said one. Multiplying by 100 million or so the amount of mail the two of us received every day, we could see that, nationwide, stuffing envelopes was a huge business.

Unfortunately, not a single envelope-stuffing firm responded to our inquiries. We contacted the Council of Better Business Bureaus Inc. to see if they could help us achieve a foothold in this industry. From the B.B.B. we received a pamphlet entitled "Tips on Work-at-Home Schemes," which explains that envelope stuffing is a scheme in which would-be envelope stuffers, in exchange for between \$8 and \$25, receive nothing but a sheet of instructions explaining how to do to others what's just been done to

them—that is, an explanation of how to place an envelope-stuffing ad, how to rent a post-office box, how to photocopy that very instruction sheet, how to stuff the copies into envelopes, how to mail the envelopes and so on.

It seemed like a business with excellent up-side potential, but since we couldn't find anyone who had an official instruction sheet to sell us, we decided, reluctantly,

eleven-piece Visualizer Kit.

The material, weighing in at over six pounds, arrived in two cartons. There were six Mellinger books and eight Mellinger pamphlets, as well as a small assortment of merchandise of the sort we would one day be importing and selling: a Japanese hunting knife with custom vinyl scabbard; a lint remover from South Korea; a ladies' leather wallet from

TRADE AGREEMENT CATALOGS SHIPPED BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15, 1989." Since we got the book before September 1989, we assumed it had somehow outdated itself, which we took as license to ignore the warning that it contained "RESTRICTED CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION... available only to members of International Traders. Do not allow it to fall into unauthorized hands."

So, you're not supposed to know this, but the book is a collection of catalogs and product sheets for items such as "Zodiac Signs" watches, hats with built-in radios, Indian shesham wood boxes and beads, German crystal pendants, Bavarian butterflies, and coats made from the detritus of small fur-bearing creatures—ranch-mink rumps, nutria sections, lamb paws and Norwegian blue fox bellies. We were amazed to find that while our Japanese hunting knife carries a suggested retail price of \$40, we could get it wholesale through Mellinger for as little as \$3.99, or a 900 percent profit!

We reviewed the *Mellinger World Trade Plan Book 1*, written in no-nonsense prose by Brainerd L. Mellinger himself: "If you are after a dozen units to sell off a blanket at some flea market," he warns, "STOP RIGHT

**THE WONDERS OF WINDSHIELD REPAIR:
A NATION SPEAKS WITH ONE VOICE**

The Glass Mechanix Inc. of Sunrise, Florida

Glas-Weld Systems Inc. of Bend, Oregon

"Recently, I took the scratches out of the windshields of two nice cars. It earned me \$80 in about 40 minutes." Richard M., L.A.

"In our first day we contacted 4 auto dealers and did \$275 worth of work. We feel you have headed us in the right direction. I recently did \$150 at one car dealer, it took 1-1/2 hours." Lee W. Tampa, Florida

"What an afternoon! Between 12:30 and 5:30 I was able to do \$489.00 in windshield repairs." S.T., New York, New York

"Recently, I took the scratches out of the windshields of two nice cars. It earned me \$80 in about 40 minutes." A.L., Portland, Oregon

"In our first day we contacted 4 auto dealers and did \$225 worth of work. We feel you have headed us in the right direction. I recently did \$120 at one car dealer, it took 1-1/2 hours." J.W., Seattle, Washington

"What an afternoon! Between 12:30 and 5:30 I was able to do \$409.00 in windshield repairs." H.A., Portland, Oregon

to put envelope stuffing on the back burner.

We finally settled on the idea of starting a synergistic conglomerate that would encompass businesses in three distinct industries:

INTERNATIONAL IMPORT-EXPORT

The Mellinger Company of Woodland Hills, California, advertises widely with promises to set up applicants as members of an organization called International Traders and show them how to prosper in the lucrative mail-order import-export business. We sent \$178 for some sample merchandise and their five-volume World Trade Plan, including their

Mexico; a hand-carved giraffe sculpture from Kenya; an eyeglasses case from Hong Kong; a cigarette-lighting device, the "Permanent Match," from Hong Kong; a box of Parfums de France; and an official International Traders membership pin, provenance unknown.

After admiring the merchandise, we turned to the most interesting-looking book, the *Trade Agreement Catalogs*. A statement on the cover advised, "THIS BOOK OUTDATES ALL



Abercrombie & Fitch policy: no fun little counter-

HERE! . . . But if you have dreams of becoming rich . . . this International Traders system can help you. . . ."

Mellinger cautions members of International Traders—in other words, us—to "FOLLOW THIS ADVICE EXACTLY or please give up any idea of ever enjoying a big money making business of your own." Following his advice *exactly* meant reading every word of his oeuvre. Being busy entrepreneurs, we didn't have time to do *exactly* that, but we did learn one thing: apparently it's very important for an importer-exporter to have personalized stationery, and not just any kind—Mellinger's own, no-doubt-results-tested personalized-stationery package is available for \$214.95. We were also instructed to write clear, polite direct-marketing letters on that stationery. "If you can't write letters," Mellinger admonishes, "get our World Trade Letter Book. If you can't type, get a high school girl typist to help you. . . . I've told you exactly how to do it. You can make big money following my advice. Do it like I say."

Despite this daunting, tough-love approach, we decided to give the import-export business a shot. We then turned to our next industry of choice.

MONEY FUNNELS

Divnick International Inc. of

Spring Valley, Ohio, manufactures a line of plastic funnels. A Divnick funnel has many, many uses. It becomes an "amazing amplifier" when held to the ear. ("You can even hear people whisper from the next room!") It becomes a "powerful megaphone" when held to the mouth. It becomes the bell of a "bugle" when used in conjunction with an optional Divnick accessory. Its snap-off base can double as a Frisbee-like flying disk.

Most important, the Divnick funnel is a "high-tech money bank." A coin tossed into a Divnick funnel spirals down its tightening radius, gaining velocity until it drops into the base. This is moderately entertaining to watch. But why would anyone buy a funnel to throw coins into? The trick, obviously, is to get *other people* to throw the coins.

Here's how it works: you place signs on them suggesting that they are "wishing wells" and implying the proceeds go to charity. Then you visit local merchants and persuade them to allow you to install "wishing wells" in their places of business. Shoppers and bystanders,



International import-export prospectus

International Inc., says all you have to do is come around every week or so and collect the cash, turning over as little as 20 percent to a charity of your choice. (After all, Divnick implies, you're the one who's doing all the work; you *deserve* 80 percent.) "It's like planting money trees all over town," Divnick says. "All you have to do is go by and 'pluck' the fruit periodically!"

It sounded perfect, but we were concerned that merchants might not willingly give up precious Manhattan counter space to a large plastic funnel with suspicious charitable credentials. Divnick had already thought of this. "Many of our Reps," he says, "are hiring young children. . . . Others are paying \$1 each to their local Boy Scout Troop. An adult drives the car . . . while the children go into the stores. Interestingly, the children have a better success rate."

Interesting indeed, but we thought it might not play in this town: what self-respecting New York Scout would place a funnel for less than \$10? Instead we adopted Divnick's alternative suggestion—to make and wear ID badges. "If you are wearing

an identification badge . . . they will more than likely give you the appropriate respect. You can make identification badges from address labels or some other item with a logo from the charity . . ."

For those lacking the ingenuity to concoct a badge or persuade a local charitable organization to lend its name, Divnick has engineered an alliance with something called the Just Say No Committee For A Drug-Free America. He boasts, "We have been nurturing this organization and its leadership for over two years. . . . Suffice it to say that we are now able to offer you a 'turn-key' program. You don't need to spend any time to develop or maintain a local charitable relationship, you get 50% of the gross income, and we offer many additional 'perks.'"

Happily, the alliance with the Just Say No Committee is not technically a charitable fundraising relationship: the other 50 percent of your gross goes directly to . . . *Divnick International!* What do the Just Say No folks get out of it? First, a "substantial," albeit undisclosed, licensing fee that Divnick pays for the use of their name. Second, publicity: each Divnick-made plastic funnel in the program has a JUST SAY NO sign on it, so everyone stoned enough to toss in a coin will get the message and quit taking drugs.

Despite its humanitarian sheen, money-funneling definitely appeared to be our kind of business, and we sent \$29.90 for two funnels.

With footholds now in the import-export and financial-services industries, we were ready to include the manufacturing sector in our plans for full synergistic expansion.

Photographs by Sam Borrett



top "banks" . . . leaving top Fifth Avenue shopping mall after instructive day of no sales

ARTIFICIAL-FLOWER MANUFACTURING

The ad placed by Miniwork, a Winkelman, Arizona, concern, claimed it would sell us artificial-flower kits, teach us how to make artificial flowers and then buy the finished products back from us, leaving us with a healthy profit. (To be precise, Miniwork promised to buy the flowers back at 39½ cents each; ours being a profit-making enterprise, the cost of making them would presumably be much less.) We liked it. There was something warm and reassuring about the idea of sitting around the dining-room table, making a few flowers after a hard day of importing ranch-mink-rump coats and harvesting funnel change. There was also the benefit of having a guaranteed market for our products. A genuine turnkey business! We eagerly invested in the \$29.95 kit.

A No. 5 Jiffy bag arrived at our penthouse within two weeks. It contained a roll of green cloth tape, a sandwich-

Then we noticed the admonition, in threatening, *New York Post*-headline-size type, on the cover of the accompanying instructional flier: "DO NOT SEND . . . REPEAT!

DO NOT SEND US YOUR KIT FLOWERS TO INSPECT! IF YOU SEND US THE 12 FLOWERS FROM THE KIT WE WILL REFUSE THE PACKAGE AT THE POST OFFICE AND THEY WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU." In the fine print we learned that our kit was for practice only. Miniwork claimed it was interested in buying flowers from us, but not these flowers. We could do what we wished with the practice flowers—send them abroad, perhaps; after all, we did own an import-export



Money funnel prospectus

Miniwork instructions. "They are in the business for just exactly that (why they would put you off I do not know). These are flower components and there is nothing more

common than a flower. . . . People in everystate [*sic*] in the union are making these flowers and seem to have no problem finding supplies."

For a moment we considered returning the kit for a full refund. Then we spotted the following passage, down at the bottom of page 2: "Because of bad publicity that fraudulent mail order companies have created, the legitimate [*sic*] companies often take unnecessary abuse and insult. We have been advised and a judge has ruled that we are not obligated to send kit refunds just because

you changed your mind. . . ." If a judge said we were stuck with the kit, well then, we were stuck with the kit.

And so we spread the flower parts on the dining-room table. Forty-five minutes later the first fake flower from the

39½ cents, we came up with a revenue projection of \$1.97 an hour—out of which we would have to cover not only labor but materials. (For a minimum shipment of 24 dozen, or 288, flowers, Miniwork pays \$113.28, less \$4 postage.)

Being a successful entrepreneur doesn't just mean taking in large sums of money. It also means knowing how to deal with temporary setbacks and deciding when to cut your losses. The artificial-flower industry, so appealing on paper, looked a lot less so when spread out on the dining-room table. We decided that despite the capital investment, we should terminate our manufacturing operation and take the \$29.95 as a fiscal year 1989 write-down. From here on we would focus our management resources exclusively on the core businesses of our postindustrial conglomerate: import-export and money funnels.

THE ART OF THE DEAL

Over the course of several power breakfasts, we discussed merchandising strategies. Our conclusion: to maximize profits we needed to find a location with a high concentration of stores and pedestrian traffic. We needed a shopping mall.

We considered the malls of Manhattan: The South Street Seaport. The World Trade Center. Rockefeller Center. SoHo. While they all offered the requisite high-density retail traffic, they lacked a certain something—call it class—that would make us feel we were giving it our best shot. Then it came to us: the ne plus ultra of classy shopping malls, the top shopping mall in the world!

The Trump Tower mall is a glistening world of chrome



Downtown, deli executives declined to solicit spare change from customers . . .

size bag of green plastic-flower parts, heavy-gauge green wire, light-gauge lavender wire, a sheaf of ersatz stramens, a few square feet of strawberry-patterned pink polyester cloth and one completed flower to serve as a prototype for the 12 flowers we were to manufacture. The throb and hum of American enterprise, and us part of it!

business—as long as we didn't ship them back to Winkelman, Arizona.

To add to our disappointment, we learned we'd have to get the materials for our future flowers ourselves—Miniwork does not sell supplies beyond those included in the sample kit. "Any craft store can order what you need," snarled the

Aaron-Radlauer Business Company rolled off the assembly line!

Then we did what any shrewd entrepreneur would do: calculated whether we could make money. We assumed with practice we'd be able to improve our productivity, increasing output to four or even five flowers an hour. Multiplying five by

and glass, of pink marble and expensive boutiques, of fantasy-seeking tourists and high-profile security personnel—in short, the perfect place to set up money funnels and offer big discounts on Parfums de France and Mexican wallets.

Our first stop was The Boehm Porcelain Gallery, a realm of precious porcelain figurines presided over by a stern woman sitting stiffly at her desk. Her eyes fixed on our yellow plastic funnel the moment we entered. But before we had a chance to excite her about the fundraising potential of the funnel, she told us that her store displays only merchandise distributed by Edward Marshall Boehm Inc.—none of it plastic—and that only the executives at Boehm headquarters in Trenton, New Jersey, had the authority to permit us to place a money funnel in her store. Hoping to salvage something from our visit—and seeking to take advantage of our conglomerate's disparate lines of business—we asked if she was interested in buying a Japanese hunting knife. Regrettably, she was not.

As we regrouped in the public area of the Trump Tower mall we were approached by a woman who identified herself as Miriam from Galeria Cano, a boutique on the fourth floor. Miriam had seen us through her window and wanted to know what we were up to. Heartened by the sudden turnaround—prospects were now coming to *us*!—we began to explain how a money funnel on her counter would draw in customers. However, Miriam's rigid preconceptions about the nature of her business made it impossible to consummate the deal: "In my shop? Plastic?"

Undaunted, we entered the Addison on Madison shirt shop and offered the gentleman behind the counter (who identified himself as Tom) a funnel on a one-week trial basis. He turned down the offer, ticking off his objections—it was too big, too yellow and made of plastic. We then asked if he'd consider a one-month trial period instead, assuring him that we would come by punctually each week to collect the revenues. He said he would not but launched a Certs mint down the coin chute of the funnel. Its trajectory was precisely that of a coin. This so distracted us that we neglected to ask if he was interested in purchasing a lint remover.

Gathering our wits, we rode the escalator up to Abercrombie & Fitch on the fifth floor, where we gave a sales presentation to a man named Neal Irving. Mr. Irving listened politely until we got to the part about how we'd keep half the money and send the other half to Steve Divnick in Spring Valley, Ohio. At this point he interrupted to say that as a matter of company policy, Abercrombie & Fitch will not display anything for anyone. Nor was he interested in a hand-carved Kenyan giraffe for himself. As we left he said that the money funnel would make a "pretty neat bank"—as if to say, *If it were up to me, we'd be funneling strangers' coins like crazy.*

We left Trump Tower with our faith in the American entrepreneurial dream shaken—*maybe*, we felt, *the streets really aren't paved with gold.* But before giving

up on posh Fifth Avenue and heading back to headquarters, we tried one more big score: Bijan, the super-swanky transplanted Rodeo Drive haberdashery.

A brass plaque next to Bijan's locked door proclaims that shoppers are admitted by appointment only. This proved an overstatement—the guard promptly and unctuously unlocked the door and ushered us in. The boutique was occupied only by two pleasant, if tense,

targeted a more appropriate neighborhood for some slick door-to-door salesmanship.

Marching confidently into Giorgio's Gourmet Deli Market on Third Avenue and 21st Street, we set the funnel down beside the cash register and launched into our by now finely honed presentation on the funnel's ability to attract customers. We were met with benign but uncomprehending stares from Greg and Matthew, the men behind the counter.



... and Precision Body Works Inc. just says no

saleswomen, and we lost no time in describing our fundraising mission. They lost no time in rebuffing us, refusing even to allow us to open the box containing our funnel. Recalling that Bijan deals in precious-metal handguns as well as clothing, we invited the saleswomen to test-market our Japanese hunting knife. As they moved us toward the door we made a spirited effort to take an order on a lamb-paw coat or a South Korean lint remover. We were unsuccessful.

THE END—OR A NEW BEGINNING?

On the way home we convinced ourselves it would take more than a unanimous snubbing by swanky shops to keep us from generating cash flow. Between 59th and 42nd Streets we picked apart our business plan and concluded that our expectations were unrealistic. We revised our marketing strategy and

When we were finally able to communicate our purpose, they flatly turned us down, citing the lack of counter space. Again, thanks to the synergy of our conglomerate we could move smoothly into a pitch for Parfums de France and the Permanent Match, but Giorgio's had already determined that the only transaction it was willing to discuss involved our ordering sandwiches.

Heading next door to a clothing shop called Precision Body Works Inc., we decided to begin with our Mellinger merchandise this time, saving the Divnick money funnel for last. It didn't help. In fact, so adamant was Precision's Deborah Harvey about not placing an order for any of our imported products—or displaying our funnel—that she left four customers unattended to spell it out for us. As we began to explain our

volume-discount policy she whispered, "Just say no," and showed us to the door.

Our next stop was Sal's Hair Salon on Park Avenue South. Sal was happy to see us—he has been giving one of us haircuts for close to a decade. Feeling we'd finally arrived in friendly territory, we dispensed with the formal sales presentation, choosing instead to dump our products on a barber's chair and implore Sal to place an order. He was sympathetic, but he wasn't buying. We demonstrated the money funnel. Sal tried it himself and found it intriguing. We asked for permission to install it on his counter for a month. He said that we could leave it for a day; we torqued up the deal to a two-day trial installation.

The surge of hopefulness faded as we reviewed our day's work. Was it possible that we weren't cut out for the entrepreneurial fast lane? We realized that Sal's customers held the fate of our company in their hands. We calculated that if Sal cut ten heads each day, and if every customer tossed in, say,

We waited till the end of the second day to go back. Sal greeted us with a hang-dog look, then shook the funnel. We turned it upside down. Two nickels fell out.

Being an entrepreneur in America in the 1980s doesn't just mean knowing how to deal with temporary setbacks and deciding when to cut one's losses. It also means having the guts to admit defeat, fold up one's tent and slink home, chastised but wiser. It might be said—by a Brainerd L. Mellinger, for example, or a Steve Divnick—that we didn't try hard enough, that we didn't do all we could do, that we didn't order the special \$214.95 stationery. Maybe. But we were through.

The time had come to consider the interests of our creditors and our employees, and to liquidate assets.

THE REVENUES START ROLLING IN
While some might have cho-

DO NOT SEND

Artificial-flower-manufacturing prospectus

value. And so we put on our suits, ties and badges for the last time, made a sign and transported our goods to the last great free-trade arena in New York: the ad hoc flea market that is the sidewalks of St. Marks Place.

We announced our presence by demonstrating funnels while simultaneously merchandising our line of imported products and sales-boosting literature. In no time a crowd had gathered.

Our first serious negotiation, with an older man, involved a funnel. Shrewd, savvy businessmen to the end, we invited him to make an offer. "If you put \$15 in there," he said, "I'll give you five for it." He then proceeded to offer 50 cents for the box of Parfums de France. We replied that if we let it go for 50 cents we'd be "cutting the heart out of the deal." He set down the box and backed away. Being closers, we told him that, on

Next a young man offered us \$2 for a money funnel ("For my father," he claimed). This was clearly a lowball bid, but we were eager to close another sale: we knew that nothing is more important to a small business than establishing a clear presence in the marketplace and creating cash flow. After some haggling we settled on a price of \$2.01.

Just then a tall, eccentrically dressed man stepped up, identified himself as Lexico McQueen, street peddler, and warned us that the police could imprison us for three days on the charge of peddling without a license. He also asked how much we wanted for the Japanese hunting knife. We considered demanding a Mellingerian \$40, but, feeling it prudent to speed the transaction along, we asked \$15. After a brief negotiation we settled for 50 cents, but only—again, the breadth of our business lines proved an advantage—if he took Mellinger

books 2-4 and the Visualizer Kit for an additional 10 cents. He agreed to the package deal.

Business was unexpectedly brisk, and the crowd was growing. The man who had bought the perfume gave us

26 cents for the Permanent Match, then another 60 cents for the South Korean lint remover and the ladies' genuine-leather wallet from Mexico. A group of young men gathered around the second money funnel and, as young men will, be-



The final



Setting up off-price retail outlet on St. Marks Place

four quarters, then our two-day total would be \$20. To be conservative, and to prepare ourselves for disappointment, we reduced our projections by 50 percent, telling ourselves that a two-day gross income of \$10 would at least be a start.

sen to dump their assets down the incinerator chute, we still felt a fiduciary responsibility. There was the imported merchandise, the artificial-flower parts, the money funnels and the corporate library from which to squeeze the last ounce of

second thought, 50 cents sounded fine. He smiled, handed us two quarters and took possession of the perfume. It wasn't the sort of transaction that leads to an income of \$900,000 a year (or more), but we were selling products—for money.

gan a bidding war. The winner walked away with the funnel for \$2, less a rebate of two demonstration pennies.

Finally, Lexico McQueen bought the hand-carved Kenyan giraffe for 15 cents—then, realizing we were reliable subcontractors, paid 10 cents for the Hong Kong eyeglasses case and

we'd come extremely close to entering the artificial-flower business as well. We'd tasted of the instant success that is at the heart of the American Dream. We were entrepreneurs.

But then the facts brought us back to earth.

Fact: Our conglomerate could be construed as a fail-



Disposition of inventory; professional-to-professional consultation with fellow merchandiser

presented it to an associate.

With the exception of the Miniwork artificial-flower matériel, we had disposed of our entire inventory. In less than an hour we'd turned the assets of the Aaron-Radlauer Business Company into cash! Liquidity was ours.

THE BOTTOM LINE

When Donald Trump buys a failed casino or failing air shuttle at a bargain price, is he feeling any higher than we did as we left St. Marks Place? Can Henry Kravis be any more sanguine about the future of his supermarket and packaged goods conglomerate than we were about the future of our conglomerate? Had we not earned the right to be as smug as, say, Lee Iacocca? For one brief, shining moment we'd wheeled and dealed; we'd been our own boss; we'd worked as much or as little as we liked; we'd converted members of the general public into satisfied customers; we'd entered the import-export and money-funneling businesses, and

ure. We never came close to taking a wholesale order for our imported items. We grossed a total of 10 cents in the pseudocharitable money-funneling business. And our artificial-flower business was a complete write-down.

Fact: Despite our having experienced the thrill of *actual commerce*, revenues didn't come close to covering expenses.

Fact: True entrepreneurs don't throw in the towel after enduring the frustration of seven consecutive no-sales. True entrepreneurs probably don't throw in the towel even after enduring a day in Trump Tower.

If we'd been real entrepreneurs, these facts would have dispirited us. But of course, we reminded ourselves, we weren't real entrepreneurs. We were just a couple of writers posing as entrepreneurs to gather information on the vastly lucrative world of . . . no, make that *writers posing as entrepreneurs to expose the seamy, ill-paid underbelly of low-rent capitalism*. Mission accomplished. **D**

AARON-RADLAUER BUSINESS COMPANY

FINAL BALANCE SHEET FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1989

Assets

Current Assets

Cash	\$(484.78)
Due from investor ¹	500.00
Inventory ²	2.50

Total Current Assets 17.72

Total Assets \$ 17.72

Liabilities

Current Liabilities

Accounts payable	0
Total Current Liabilities	0

Total Liabilities 0

Paid-in Capital \$ 500.00

Cumulative Income (Loss) to Date \$(482.28)

Total Liabilities and Equity \$ 17.72

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES

FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1989

Income

Sales of imported merchandise ³	\$ 2.21
Money funnel contributions10
Sales of money funnels	3.99

Total Income \$ 6.30

Expenses

Cost of imported goods and import-export training	\$ 178.00
Cost of money funnels and money-funneling training	29.90
Write-down of raw materials and training for artificial-flower manufacture	27.45
General and administrative	253.23

Total Expenses \$ 488.58

Net Loss \$(482.28)

NOTES

¹Capital due from SPV

²Estimated market value of artificial-flower components, portion of company library

³Parfums de France, Japanese hunting knife, Mellinger texts, Permanent Match, South Korean lint remover, Kenyan hand-carved giraffe, Hong Kong eyeglasses case

STORY OF THEIR LIVES

*The rapidly fading line between critical observation
and 1,200-word personal ads inexorably disappears*

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

The jolt was such that it made me a few minutes late for my appointment with Mrs. Chalk (I read detective fiction aloud to her each day). Because for one giddy moment the *New York Post* seemed to have pulled off a remarkable coup, remarkable even by the *Post*'s brief Renaissance-era standards. There it was, right in front of me: an Off-B'way review clearly, undeniably bylined "George Bernard Shaw." Well. First they lure

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

David Edelstein away from *The Village Voice*, and now this. True, the review's headline was a little inappropriate (OH, PSHAW! NOT STUFF OF LEGEND), and certainly the odd decision to have the dead Nobel laureate cover *Legends in Concert*, the tacky-impersonators show, gave me pause. And yet the style ("shivering in the keen Parnassian winds"; "the fierce strain put by my critical work on my powers of attention") was definitely more Shaw than *Post*.

I should have known better. After seven paragraphs of serviceable Shawspeak, this happens:

"I prefer not to be an accomplice in the exploitation of either the quick or the dead—so I . . . but it is no use. This is not George Bernard Shaw—it's me, or rather it is I . . . Clive Barnes."

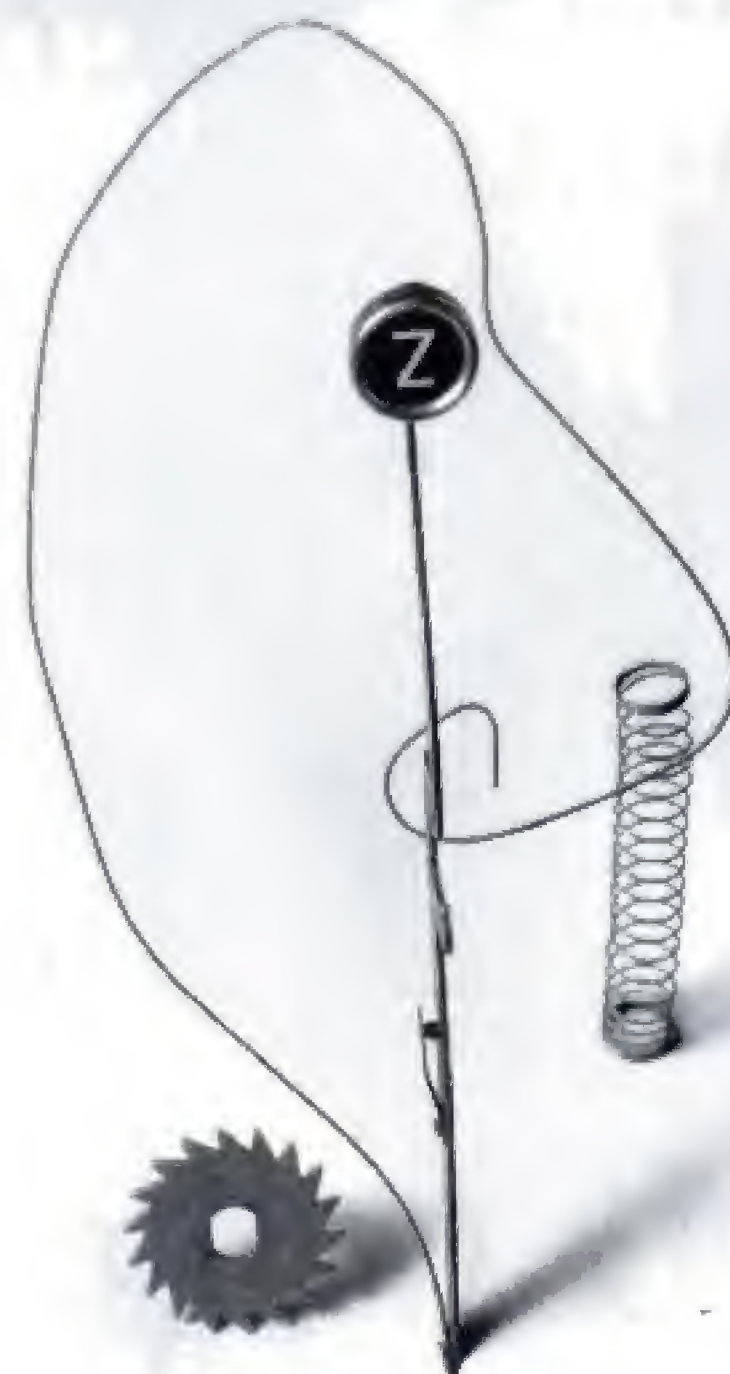
Talk about shocks pleasant and unpleasant. *It is I . . . Clive Barnes!* Bull's-eye! A famous-look-alike show is being reviewed by a famous-sound-alike critic . . . or is it? And that payoff: *It is I . . . Clive Barnes.* Surely this couldn't be the same Clive Barnes who the previous week began a review by blurting, "I wouldn't like to say that I didn't understand Tina Howe's play

'Approaching Zanzibar,' which opened at the Second Stage last night, but I didn't!" And yet, it is he . . . Clive Barnes. Just one more reason why Barnes, only a dozen years ago the most respected and powerful theater critic on earth, is at the *Post*.

Barnes's colleague, Edelstein, must be trying to get our attention again. What else can explain the sudden resurfacing of his old obsessions? When he wrote about Russian actress Natalya Negoda in *Little Vera*, Edelstein lost control in the very first paragraph: "Watching the topless young actress as she straddles her boyfriend, I could not help exclaiming, 'What a perestroika!'" And the American star of *Earth Girls Are Easy* also made a powerful impression on the young man. Edelstein mentions "the astounding Geena Davis in a skimpy bikini" in the first paragraph of his review and later returns eagerly to the memory: "she's spectacularly willowy in her bikini." Hubba-hubba.

It was precisely one year ago that my predecessor, Ignatz Ratzwizkiwzki, celebrated Richard Goldstein's distinguished writing for the *Voice* on his own ejaculations. Goldstein still has his column on sex, but does that mean he can't review the Kronos Quartet in the *Voice* and find them

Illustrations by Norberto Lescaila



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

"bristling with energy and eroticism," or refer to the "sinuous waves they send out over the audience, like lovers on a waterbed"? No, it does not.

Speaking of writers who have never underestimated the degree of public interest in their lives and loves, Bruce "Not the Photographer" Weber offered up, just one week apart, two essays on that most endlessly fascinating of subjects: his exhibitionistic singlehood. First, an About Men column in *The New York Times Magazine* in which an old friend ("R.") announces that his girlfriend ("J.") is about to move in with him. "In our 30's now . . . we are the oldest two heterosexual men I know who have never lived with a woman," writes Weber, and you know it's trauma time. "The real issue . . . is how this will affect me," he writes, honestly at least, for Weber's main point seems to be to let everyone know that *he's* still single. He also seems to be trying to say something profound about friendship: "I've never met [J.] . . . As it happens, every time she's been here, I haven't been. R. says he is anxious for us to meet. She is, too, he says. Naturally, I feel the same, more or less. . . . But R. and I are competitive, of course, so I am envious. It sounds terrible, maybe, but hey: It's true, isn't it, that between honest friends, life is a bit of a derby? Particularly so, I think, when . . ." and on and on and on, clause after comma-encased clause.

The following Sunday, Bruce "My Life Is an Open Four-Color Magazine" Weber struck again in a special *Times Magazine* section. SOLO IN THE CITY, read the headline, and that peculiar Weber-induced melancholy set in almost immediately: "I'm 35 now and have lived alone since . . . There have been love affairs, naturally. . . . Bill and Jean invited me to dinner. . . . [There was] the usual discussion about my social life and the single women Jean knows whom I ought to meet one of these days. . . . If you are a single man my age, if you have a respectable job, are not hugely overweight, wear clean clothes and have shaved recently, then there are occasions when attractive women who don't yet know you will be happy to introduce themselves." Even if you're also a bit of a drag?

Now John J. O'Connor, TV critic for *The New York Times*. "Now in college . . .," he began one review. Next paragraph: "Now NBC is offering . . ." Third paragraph: "Now they are at stage center. . . ." Sixth paragraph: "Now the real complica-

tions." (Now is clearly O'Connor's methadone-like surrogate paragraph-starter for *And then there's*, a habit he seems finally to have kicked. Earlier this year O'Connor started paragraphs in different reviews with "And then there is Mr. McAnally's extraordinary performance," "And then there is the performance of Ms. Greene" and "Then there's 'Shining Time Station.'")

And then there's—or rather, *now* Jami Bernard, the *New York Post's* not untalented second-string movie critic. Unlike first-stringer Edelstein, who gets his facts straight (especially admirable given how easily certain things can monopolize his attention), Bernard can in one sentence make three mistakes: "[In *Farewell to the King* Nick Nolte] seems much slimmed down since playing a similarly flamboyant, regal, driven artist in Martin Scorsese's segment of 'Tales of New York,' which opened Wednesday." Okay: it's spelled *Scorsese*, it's *New York Stories*, and as far as slimming down, *Farewell to the King* was actually filmed *first*. The omnibus movie *did* open on that Wednesday, though.

But Bernard is still worth reading for her gleeful wordplay. From her review a while back of *Tap*: "Hines plays Max Washington, son of the late *tap-o di tutti tap-o's*." And from her review, months later, of *Road House*: "Dalton is a guy who is so confident about his skills as *bouncer di tutti bouncers* . . ." Jami Bernard, *second-string Post movie reviewer di tutti second-string Post movie reviewers*.

Finally, an unintentionally grim reminiscence called "My Dinner with Groucho" in the June *Esquire*, from second-generation *Reader's Digest* editor Fulton Oursler. Let's join him as he captures for posterity the spectacle of an elderly Groucho Marx transforming a dinner party into a laff riot. The background: Groucho has apparently chosen as his comic theme the fact that Oursler works for *Reader's Digest*. Here, then, are some of the once-great Groucho's "original, fast, and fierce" witticisms, paired with the other dinner guests' immediate reactions as reported by the awed Oursler. Warning: This stuff is uproarious.

CAUSE	EFFECT
Groucho learns Oursler works at <i>Reader's Digest</i> .	"The laughter carried us into the dining room."
"You poor boy! That's the worst thing I've heard today. Tell me, how did it happen?"	

Groucho answers a weak parry from Oursler with "Congratulations. Did you rehearse that? Or is it fresh from the hearse?"

When Oursler calls him "Sir," Groucho says, "'Sir'? Did he call me *sir*? Have I just been knighted or am I just beknighted?"

Groucho on a friend who had sampled *Reader's Digest*: "He loved it, he said, but nights, he suffered from . . . *shortcomings*!"

Groucho: "Last month you carried condensation one step too far. . . . You published one of my jokes and then sent me a condensed *check*. The bank teller wouldn't cash it. He said he couldn't count that low."

When Groucho, still mugging and double-taking dangerously for someone his age, stops the conversation by asking—hilariously—whether the aforementioned check *was for the right amount*, Oursler has his chance to score one off the pro:

Everyone was watching me expectantly. I took a deep breath and risked all.

"It was the right amount, Groucho. . . . And I can assure you that the matter was carefully considered. In fact, we held an editorial board meeting to set the rates of payment for all comedians. The final vote"—I tilted my head and spread my hands, palms up—"was that you were to get half of what we pay Bob Hope."

The room exploded. Across the table, Groucho laughed loudest, nodded to me in tribute, and led the others in applause.

Tilting my head and spreading my hands, laughing louder than Groucho did, nodding even more vigorously in tribute, leading the applause for Fulton Oursler (a man whose eyebrows can soar and dip with the best of them)—yes, it is I . . . Clive Barnes. ☛

"His eyebrows jumped through the laughter."

"So it continued, relentlessly. . . . Groucho would recapture his audience by turning in slow-motion exaggeration to look at me."

"He acknowledged the laughter with a wide smile. The eyebrows soared and dipped. His fingers knocked the ash from an invisible cigar."

"The laughter started again."

MANNY HANNY WHAMMY

*How the big bank CEO took a lesson
from the Argentine president
and learned how to deal with debt.
South America—style*

BY JAMES GRANT

Somehow overlooked in Argentina's recent presidential election, and even during the more recent riots over inflation, was the



compelling likeness between the Peronist victor, Carlos Saúl Menem, and the non-Peronist American actor and clothes buff

George Hamilton. The handsome Menem recalls the tan, dashing, well-turned-out Hamilton and vice versa, although Menem's tonsorial signature—chin-length hair and silver-streaked sideburns—is all his own. The uncanny Hamilton-Menem resemblance puts Argentina's \$60 billion debt in a new and ambiguous light. Would you lend Hamilton even \$15 billion?

In the United States, Menem (who took office on July 8, five months early) has an indistinct public image. He is variously a "powerful orator" (*The Washington Post*), an "uninspired orator" (*The New York Times*) and a "spellbinding orator" (the *Times's* editorial page). Let's just say that Menem is no worse than George Bush reading Peggy Noonan. The truth is that Argentina's creditors—conspicuously, Manufacturers Hanover Corporation, which is in for \$1.4 billion—would have paid close attention even if the president-elect had campaigned with cotton balls in his mouth and speaking Japanese.

You'll wait a long time, though, to hear Menem say, *Rather than welsh on Argen-*

tina's debt, I would prefer to renounce the presidency. Another Argentine president said just that, straight-faced. He was Carlos Pellegrini, who presided during the Baring crisis a century ago. Baring Brothers, the toplofty British merchant bank, had overlent in Argentina during the 1880s (when England, like a certain other English-speaking country today, was about to lose its financial preeminence in the world). In 1890, faced with the firm's imminent failure and a nasty chain reaction in the City of London, the Bank of England broke tradition and intervened on behalf of the Barings. Although Argentina did not in fact default, the Baring partners suffered devastating losses, including the forced sale of their houses, art and furniture. As the partners were personally liable for the debts of the firm, its failure was tantamount to their own.

Although Latin American debt crises recurred for more than a century, it is hard to see progress in the quality of the dramatic productions. In place of Pellegrini and Lord Revelstoke (the arrogant Baring partner who lost his fortune in the crisis), the Argentine show now features Menem and the athletic John F. McGillicuddy, chairman and CEO of Manufacturers Hanover.

Let's just say

that Menem is no worse than

George Bush reading


Peggy Noonan

Riding his luxury refitted bus on the Argentine campaign trail earlier this year, Menem threatened foreign lenders with a five-year cessation of interest payments. As a de facto suspension was already in force, however, the threat seemed empty, and Menem has been back-pedaling on his stiff-the-Yankee-banks threat. Yet Argentine financial prospects are so bleak that outright default is an ever-present possibility, and Menem may be just the man to make it happen if everybody else in Argentina seems to want it, too. "Carlos Saúl Menem is known as a pleasant fellow who

can't say no and as a man who likes to be photographed with showgirls and belly dancers," reported the *Times*.

In Manny Hanny's McGillicuddy, too, the quality of the Argentine drama has suffered a kind of entropy. Long past is the time when a bank president was the proverbial sea captain who could be expected to go down with the ship. Unlike Revelstoke, who paid a high personal price for his misjudgment, McGillicuddy goes from strength to strength. He is the country's fourth-highest-paid bank executive (\$1,646,306 last year), a trustee of Princeton University and of the New York Public Library.

Maybe McGillicuddy's propulsion to the top of the establishment is the result of his being so well rounded. At Harrison High School in Westchester County, he earned all-county honors in football, basketball and baseball. He excelled at the discus. At Princeton 38 years ago he set a record for punt returns that still stands. Iona College (another Westchester institution) presented him with its Board of Trustees Award this past spring, and the school's press release described a veritable Renaissance man: "An advocate for education, and a leader in the forging of new partnerships between the artistic and business communities, John McGillicuddy is also, in the words of Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* sports columnist Dave Anderson, 'one of the most significant people in New York metropolitan sports.'"

Understandably, McGillicuddy's brilliant nonbanking career has left him little time to react to the collapse of the Latin American economies. "They [Manny Hanny] need a major injection of capital, and they need extra reserves," George M. Salem, a Wall Street bank analyst, said recently, not even mentioning the chairman's punt-return record. As a percentage of dubious Latin loans to net worth, Manny Hanny leads the league. While this blemish has left the bank and its president open to financial criticism, McGillicuddy cannot be accused (as many other lenders may be) of redlining an entire region for the narrow-minded reason that its debtors haven't the means or the will to repay their existing loans. "On a personal level, sports has been a key element in the development of John McGillicuddy," the Iona press release said. In fun-loving Menem's eyes, McGillicuddy must seem the most sporting banker north of the Rio Grande. 

JEWS ON FIRST

Where have you gone,

Andy Cohen?

BY NEAL KARLEN

It's a paradox that has tortured everyone of my religion from Maimonides to Morey Amsterdam: what am I first, a Jew or a

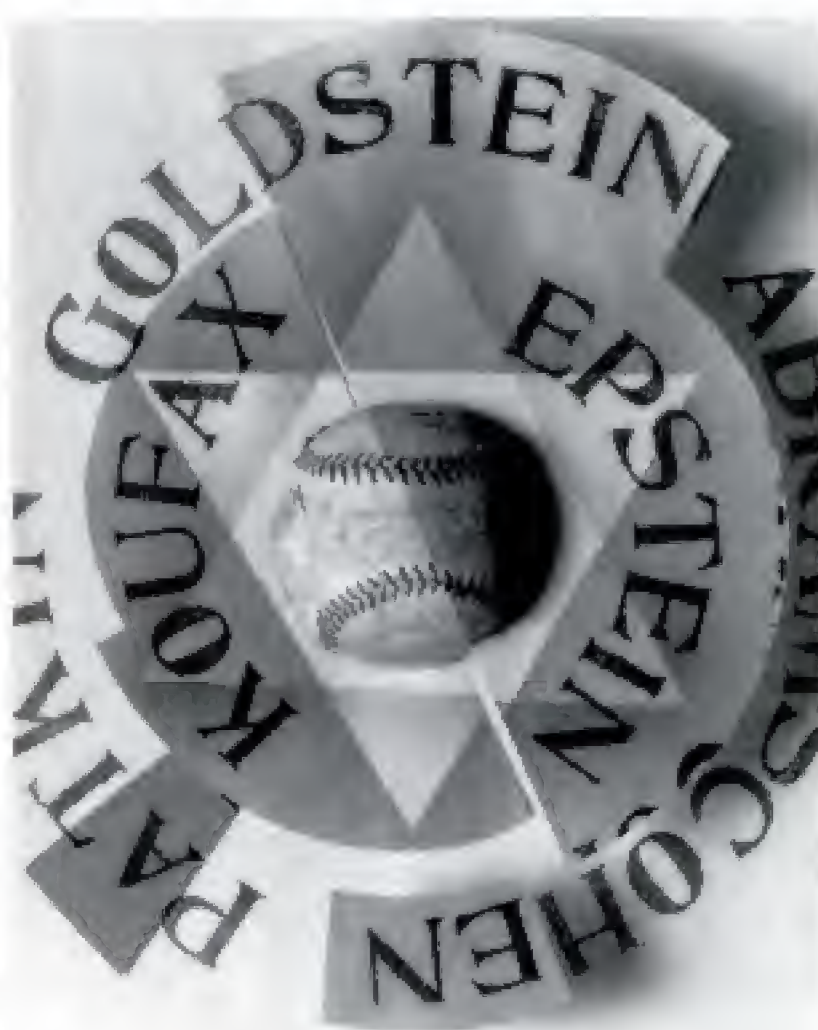


citizen of the place in which I live? It's a paradox that first tortured me when, as a six-year-old growing up in Minneapolis, I unaccountably found myself rooting for Sandy Koufax and the Los Angeles Dodgers to beat my beloved Minnesota Twins in the seventh game of the 1965 World Series. (Not only was Koufax a Jew, he also bore a startling resemblance to my Uncle Harvey.) Until that game, which my father and I attended, I had thought Koufax to be the epitome of weeniedom. After all, hadn't he sat out the Series opener in order to observe Yom Kippur, much to the delight of Twins fans, myself included? The price Koufax paid for being such a good Jewish boy was that he had to pitch that final game on only two days' rest instead of his usual three or four. But Koufax threw a shut-out, and the Twins lost the Series. As we filed out of the stadium my father muttered, "You got to admit the Yid's got *batzim*." I barely listened. Instead, I contemplated my treachery.

In the coming years I learned that *shtetl* chauvinism is normal when you and Bob Dylan are the only Jews who were ever born in Minnesota. Still, my love of religion extended only as far as a fetish for Jewish baseball players. The only thing I remember from Hebrew school was the day our rabbi brought Mike Epstein, the Washington Senators' first baseman, to class. I can still recall how Epstein blanched when the rabbi opened with "So, Mike—may I call you

Mordechai?—I understand your nickname in the big leagues is Super Jew."

A few months ago I heard about the Jewish Sports Information Center, a three-year-old, 70-member organization devoted to keeping track of those rare Jews who have managed to make it in the major leagues. I joined, and for my \$5 membership fee the institute sent me an autographed picture of Max "the Clown Prince of Baseball" Patkin, a list of all known Hank Greenberg and Sandy Koufax memorabilia and a complete run of the JSIC newsletter. The highlight, however, was a four-page printout filled with the career stats of all 141 Jewish ballplayers, from Cal Abrams to Larry Yellen, ever to make it up to the Show (that's 141 out of an all-time total of over 13,000 major-leaguers, Jews and Gentiles alike—or 1.2 percent, compared with the Jewish 3 percent of the general population). The first thing I noticed was, modern sportswriters have lost the knack of nicknaming: contemporary handles like "Mex" and "Nails" seem flat and uninspired compared with "the Yiddish Curver," and "the Rabbi of Swat."



Arcane codes were typed next to some of the names. The index key explained that an *A* next to a player's name meant he had converted from Judaism (what was your problem, ex-Jew Jacob Atz of the 1902 Washington Senators?). A *C* indicated he had converted to the religion (Elliott Maddox a *landsman*?). *MJ* meant that only the player's mother was Jewish, while *FJ* meant that only his father was. Then there were the maybes. *PC* meant "possibly converted" (Rod Carew), whereas a *D* signified "disputed data" (Jim Palmer). No code letters apparently meant a player was

certifiably 100 percent Jewish.

"Much of our members' work involves researching the truth behind the questionable ones," says Louis Schonfeld, a 40-year-old nursing-home administrator who runs the institute out of his Parma, Ohio, home. The forum for these efforts is the biannual JSIC newsletter, which is devoted almost exclusively to new research by members bent on determining which ballplayers truly are—and are not—Jewish.

It's a never-ending task.

"Delete Moe Drabowsky," one correspondent recently wrote of the former pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles, among other teams. "He's Catholic. . . . [But] it has been rumored that Moe's mother was Jewish. I asked Moe, face to face. . . . Moe said no, she wasn't."

Still, the researcher did turn up some positive data. "Add Henry Kessler [a shortstop for the pre-Reds Cincinnati National League team in the 1870s]," he wrote. "Henry was interviewed in [an] 1880's paper [and was] asked if he was Jewish. He gave no answer and stormed off. Later in Philadelphia he was arrested for arsoning the Kessler Department Store (a Jewish shop). [I'm] currently researching his prison records at Allegheny, Pa. Nothing to report yet."

Others write in with questions: "The August 24 newsletter specified that Jim Palmer's father was Jewish. I was under the impression he was an adopted child. . . . If this be so, is it Palmer's biological or adoptive father who is Jewish?"

Schonfeld's own contributions to the newsletter are chatty, equally single-minded schmoozes. "I was too hasty in deleting John Lowenstein from the list," he began a recent article. "Notwithstanding the fact that he is from Montana, John's father is Jewish; coincidentally, John is married to a Jewish girl. Another major leaguer who is married to a Jewish girl is Ron Cey. Of course, the full story of Rod Carew's marriage to a Jew and his conversion (?) has yet to be fully told."

The research, Schonfeld relates, is not easy. "The biggest problem in identification is going solely by last names," he says. "I recently heard about a minor-leaguer named Brian Abraham, and I sent away for his baseball card. The card came, and the guy was black. Not that that in itself rules him out—remember, we *know* that Elliott Maddox [who is black] converted."

Schonfeld asked me if I had any Jewish-

ballplayer research projects of my own. Not yet, I said. "You're from Minneapolis, huh?" he inquired. "Isn't that where Andy Cohen finished up his career?" I said I'd check it out.

I lost my stomach for research soon after turning to the chapter on Andy Cohen in *Jewish Baseball Stars*, a seminal text for JSIC investigators. When Andy Cohen arrived to play for the New York Giants in 1928, I read, a parody of "Casey at the Bat" was printed in a New York tabloid:

And from the stands and bleachers
The cry of "oy, oy" rose
And up came Andy Cohen
Half a foot behind his nose. . . .

Cohen, the "Great Jewish Hope," had hit .353 with 118 RBIs in his last year in the minors. In his first game with the Giants, he drove in two runs and scored another two himself, and *The New York Times* went so far as to note his successful debut on its editorial page. He was good, but not the superstar Giant manager John McGraw hoped would profitably lure the masses of Jewish immigrants who lived near the Polo Grounds. McGraw tired of Cohen in a couple of years, and the Giants began shuffling in the undistinguished yet enticingly surnamed likes of Goody Rosen, Phil Weintraub and Harry Rosenberg. Cohen, meantime, wandered off to the Midwest, where he killed seven years playing with the minor-league Minneapolis Millers. "Cohen was great," my father said when I called him with the fruits of my research. "The guy had *batzim*."

And my beloved Minnesota Twins? Last week I received the latest JSIC newsletter from Louis Schonfeld. This one was a huge issue that included a 23-page list of every known baseball card ever issued of a Jewish ballplayer. On page 5, I read, "Ike Goldstein. 1987 Visalia Oaks. Procards Issue." The Oaks, I knew, were one of the Twins' most minor minor-league teams. I called the Twins' front office and asked about Ike's progress. When could I expect to see him playing big-league ball at the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome?

"Let's see," said the nice woman checking the records in the Twins office. Ike Goldstein. Yes, here he is, a catcher. He played in 55 games for Visalia in 1987. He batted .174."

She paused. "Ike Goldstein," she said, sounding sorry, "was released at the end of the season." **D**

¿QUIÉN ES MÁS MACHO?

*The twits of Time Inc. —
the ever-richer men who gave us
Cooking Light — are responsible for
their own demise*

BY MACAULAY CONNOR

Virtually moments before Paramount (né Gulf + Western) launched its attempt to take over Time Inc.—in one stroke sending Time's stock way up and turning Time's top management from rich, blithe, self-deluded twits into even richer, panicky, bewildered twits—Jason McManus, Time Inc.'s smart, too-smooth editor in chief, was busy spin-controlling the proposed merger of Time and Warner. Like all the other Time executives, McManus was ritually pooh-poohing the alarmists who worried that in the proposed Time-Warner merger, Time was giving away the store to Warner and its shrewd chairman, Steve Ross. *Don't worry about Ross*, McManus told worriers. *How long will he be around? He's 61 years old, and he looks flabby.*

Good, Jason—Time's best insurance against losing its remaining shreds of editorial integrity is the fact that Steve Ross might die.

No matter: at least McManus has an unsentimental view of Time's chances. His colleagues seemed to believe the corporate PR line that because Time would get top billing in the merged entity—Time Warner Inc.—the 34th floor would really be running things. Of course, *most* of the men currently running Time Inc. are twits, lightweight time-servers—none more so

than its chairman, Dick Munro, who has done nothing during his years in power but preside over expensive, journalistically debased failures (*TV Cable Week*, *Picture Week*, a hushed-up \$25 million news-by-computer project) and expensive, journalistically debased acquisitions (Southern Progress, Whittle Communications). Munro's chirpy fecklessness has been legend for years.

Until now, though, it was not so desperate a drawback. He could have prevented the present mess a few years ago when the friendly, Yoda-like billionaire investor Warren Buffett asked Munro's permission to buy a big chunk of Time stock, thereby giving Buffett effective veto power over any unfriendly-takeover attempt. Munro declined the preemptive rescue in favor, ultimately, of the deal with Warner. Of course, Buffett wouldn't have paid the special \$4.275 million bonus that Munro negotiated for himself as part of the merger with Warner. And the frugal Buffett might have looked askance at the \$7.4 million in salary, bonuses and stock profits that Munro was paid last year. Also, if Buffett had been permitted to insulate the company from takeover, Time Inc. would not now be in play, and Munro would have missed out on the \$4.2 million paper profit he made on his own Time stock the day after Paramount announced its takeover attempt. Thus, whether Time Inc. ends up being owned by Paramount or by General Electric or by Donald Trump (who held 4.9 percent of Time in mid-June, much of it bought, *by pure coincidence*, while *Time* magazine was producing a cover story on him last winter) or by any of the other variously objectionable potential buyers—or even if Time hocks itself to buy Warner—Dick Munro will be to blame, and it will probably make Dick Munro extremely rich.

Munro and company have never seemed twittier than now, as they go to *any* length to preserve a Warner deal, flailing and foundering. The moment the hostile overtures started, Time Inc. responded in characteristic style: The executives declared their 34th floor off-limits to ordinary employees and ordered the caterers in to provide round-the-clock buffet service. Then Munro sent his naive, angry-little-boy letter to Paramount chairman Martin Davis ("I'm disappointed that I can't rely on you as a man of your word. Live and learn"). And then the Time Inc. benefits office began backpedaling, tell-

Those Who Can,

PARTY TIPS FROM SPY



How to Make Your Own Coaster—see side 2

Do

PARTY TIPS FROM SPY



How to Make Your Own Coaster—see side 2

Those Who Did,

PARTY TIPS FROM SPY



How to Make Your Own Coaster—see side 2

Coast

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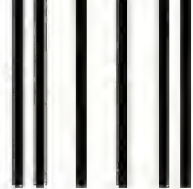
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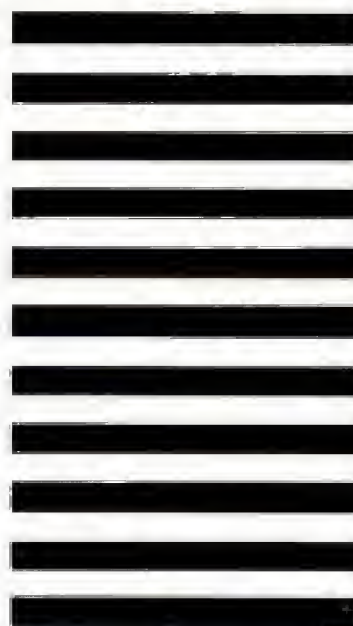
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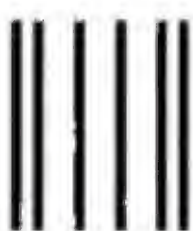
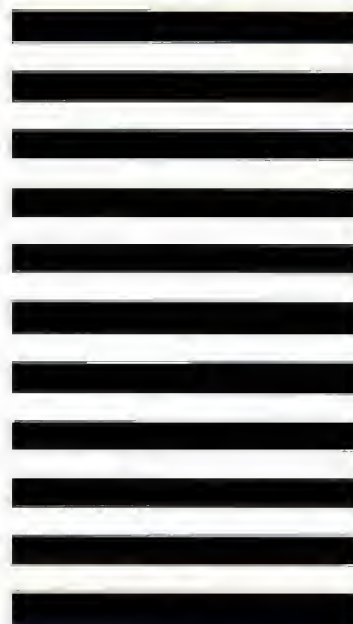
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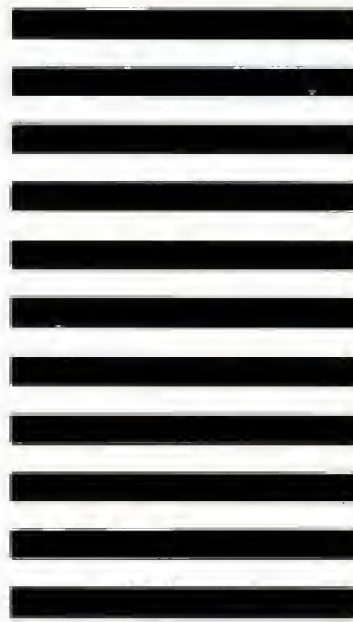
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SPY's Make-Your-Own-Coaster Kit

Some Light Assembly Required.



COASTER:

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

PRECOASTING OCCUPATION:

Child actress

COASTING PASTIME:

Perfume salesperson;
high-profile dieter

1. Cut out Coaster along dotted line as shown.
2. Memorize Coaster stats on side 1



COASTER:

DAN AYKROYD

PRECOASTING OCCUPATION:

Mid-seventies TV show cast member

COASTING PASTIME:

Unnecessarily ostentatious
motorcycle aficionado

3. Glue Coaster luminary to a circular piece of cheap cork.



COASTER:

HENRY KISSINGER

PRECOASTING OCCUPATION:

State Department employee

COASTING PASTIME:

Being photographed in tuxedo
at fundraising dinners

4. Add your new SPY Party Coaster to your own Official Party Paraphernalia.

ing employees with stock options that in spite of what their handbooks may say, they would not be permitted to exercise their stock options and cash out.

During the present takeover struggle Munro and company have been counting on the fealty of stock-holding underlings, but the kind of paternalism that used to purchase goodwill from Time Inc. employees is now merely nostalgia. When the company launched its retrenchment a few years ago, for instance, Munro announced that employees could no longer stay at a certain fancy San Francisco hotel. And when a fretful high-level colleague asked him about the expense-account limits, Munro smiled and reassured the executive that the gravy train was ending only "for them," the little people.

Of course, if Time does buy Warner for cash, or if Paramount buys Time, hundreds of the little people will soon be gone, since the huge new entity will probably be forced to sell divisions and sack workers to pay off the monstrous takeover debt. Standard & Poor's credit-rating service has already threatened to put Time, Warner and Paramount on its S&P Credit-Watch list. Paramount-Time or Time-Warner would be burdened with loans of some \$15 billion. Of course, Paramount's Marty Davis does have a special knack for firing people, especially talented people: a few years ago he purged both Barry Diller (who went on to make Twentieth Century Fox a huge success) and Mike Eisner (who went on to make Disney an even huger one), because they were getting the credit they deserved for turning Paramount around.

When the Time-Warner merger was announced last spring, it was made to sound as if the alliance would be between two more or less equal partners. *Manhattan, inc.*, for instance, reported that Munro would be around to counterbalance Ross until late 1990 — although, in fact, Munro is supposed to retire months earlier than that. It was also reported that Time Inc.'s widely loathed president, Nick Nicholas, would become Ross's coequal in running Time Warner Inc. and then run the company alone five years down the road — when, in fact, Ross had cut a deal to remain as *sole chairman* until the end of the century. Now, in a matter of weeks, the deal has changed from a Warner-acquisition-of-Time-masquerading-as-a-

Time-acquisition-of-Warner.

Ross's remarkable 15-year employment agreement, drafted and negotiated for him with Time by the country's toughest corporate lawyer (Martin Lipton) and best-regarded white-collar criminal lawyer (Arthur Liman), runs to 79 fascinating pages, nearly twice as long as the boilerplate forms signed by Nicholas and Munro. In the contracts the Time men signed, each is called Employee; in Ross's document, he is called the Executive.

By far the most curious language deals with a contingency that not every *Fortune* 500 chairman would think to address — the possibility that Ross might be convicted of a felony. But then, most *Fortune* 500 chairmen were not involved in a Justice Department stock-fraud and bribery investigation in the early 1980s. (Ross's right-hand man, Jay Emmett, was convicted on lesser charges.) Under Ross's deal with Time, if he were to become a felon, the company could suspend him while he appealed the conviction. If the conviction were overturned, no matter how many years later and even if on a technicality, the board of Time Warner Inc. would be required — *required* — to reinstate Ross as chairman of the board.

The only salary amount mentioned in

An alliance between equal

partners? Ross had cut

a deal to remain as sole chairman

until the end of the century

Ross's contract with Time is his reasonable-sounding base rate of "not less than \$800,000." But Ross, remember, is the second-highest-paid executive in America (\$14.164 million in total 1987 compensation). His real bonanza from Time is to be his vast nonsalary remuneration, especially in the form of special bonuses. Based on the price of Time Inc.'s stock in June, the merged company would have to give as much as \$150 million to Ross and his accounts immediately, which he could draw out in four chunks over five years.

But wait — for Steven J. Ross, *that's not all*. Not only was his annual bonus to be contingent upon corporate profits but, unlike his peers at other public companies, he was to get a fixed *fraction* of the profits, vigorous in the amount of .4 percent of the merged company's profits. And Ross not only wants it all, he wants it *all right now*: under a special contract provision, he'd get his bonus payments every 90 days, not once a year like every other executive on earth.

But wait — for Steven J. Ross, *that's not all*. Over the next three years Ross would get options to buy 1.8 million shares of Time Warner, a perk worth at least \$100 million. In addition, when he finally decided to retire, Ross would get \$3.75 million for serving as a consultant to Time Warner. In all, the deal negotiated with the Time ninnies on Ross's behalf could — after the *improvements* in the deal he demanded and got in mid-June — eventually give him \$300 million.

Time Inc. editor in chief Jason McManus is a natural-born corporate creature, too (it was he who decided last spring, over his editors' objections, that *Time* magazine would not report the Time-Warner merger the week it was announced, as did *Newsweek*), but he is only guaranteed \$731,000 annually in his new three-year contract. (He was paid a total of \$1.175 million in cash in 1988.)

McManus is, especially by the standards of the 34th floor, a wit. Given the sharpness of his tongue, one passage of his contract is particularly intriguing: "Employee will not at any time denigrate, ridicule or intentionally criticize the Company or any of its subsidiaries or Affiliates or any of their respective products, properties, employees, officers or directors. . . ."

That may mean that soon — assuming Time Inc. executive vice president Chris Meigher fails at his scheme to spin off the magazines as a separate company — unless McManus wants to get fired (his severance pay would come to \$3.04 million), he mustn't make any nasty remarks about *Pink Cadillac*, a Warner Bros. release. Or say anything mean about *Are You a Trans-human? Monitoring and Stimulating Your Personal Rate of Growth in a Rapidly Changing World*, a publication of Warner Books. Or, from our reading of his contract, gossip unkindly about the physical fitness and life expectancy of his new boss, Steven J. Ross. ■

OF MOLES AND TROLLS

It's all over the place

three half hours

CBS, October 1, 1989

BY CELIA BRADY

CAA Office-Furnishings Update: It was with great reluctance that Bill Haber, the popular, teeny cofounder of Creative Artists

Agency, exchanged his office bullwhip for a less he-man-like, more executive-ish riding crop. Now comes word that the chair that

Haber so tirelessly flogged in times of great agenting stress has itself been replaced. It seems that so devoted was Haber to the task of office-chair sadism that the poor old thing literally fell apart, its back an unsightly bramble of ribs and stuffing. It was easy enough to get rid of his command roost, but Haber can't so easily resolve the problem of particularly annoying clients—the very clients whose mere phone calls drive him to the sort of angry, anxious pitch that can only be relieved by going a round or two with a piece of office furniture. Plastic-surgery buff Marlo Thomas is one such client. When the star of *That Girl* calls Haber to complain about parts she isn't getting, or just to grouse about middle-aged life in general, he has been known to instruct his secretary to say that he is out. Only after he has given the chair a damned good thrashing is Haber capable of returning the difficult actress's call.

With CAA now packaging just about every feature film made in America, the agency is having trouble figuring out what to do with all the commission cash that floods into the office every month. The new I.M. Pei-designed Beverly Hills headquar-

ters (a reinterpretation in miniature of Pei's 1978 National Gallery wing in Washington) will relieve the agency of much of its loot. Ultraswanky interior decorator Kitty Hawks (daughter of director Howard Hawks and the girlfriend of new-Disney-corporate-headquarters architect Michael Graves—you see, at CAA, *everything* is packaged) is outfitting the offices of more than a dozen of the top agents. On a more personal level, however, Haber, a nonpracticing lawyer, is slowly buying up France, bit by bit. He and his wife, a French teacher turned travel-book author, are vigorous Francophiles. And having spent the better part of a fortune decorating their apartment in Paris, they recently purchased a château in the Loire valley. It only remains for the Habers to take that final step and spend *all* their time in the company of moody, humorless, bombastic French people—a refreshing change, no doubt, from the moody, humorless, bombastic show business people they must now endure.

Ninja-overlord Mike Ovitz is starting to assume the sort of quiet control over the Hollywood press that he already enforces on Hollywood itself. He has managed to

Ninja-overlord Mike Ovitz is starting to assume control over the press . . . becoming Vanity Fair's *de facto* Hollywood bureau chief

queer a *New York* magazine article-in-progress about him (he demanded interview questions in writing, in advance, then refused to answer at least half) and has become, thanks to his regular long-distance editorial chats and elaborate correspondence with editrix Tina Brown—giving her the big picture, encouraging her in her dreams of becoming a movie producer—*Vanity Fair's* *de facto* Hollywood bureau chief. (Each member of the magazine's \$400,000-a-year staff of Hollywood journalists, of course, has a specialty: Angela Janklow covers cute guys; Kevin Sesums will cover Garth Ancier, Barry Diller and David Geffen; Lynn Hirschberg covers

stars and executives who give confessional interviews; and Stephen Schiff is on the Richard and Lili Zanuck beat full-time.)

Little Man, Little Network: At CBS, the network's chairman, the asset-stripping, bean-counting, dwarf billionaire Laurence Tisch, continues to imagine himself a programming shaman, second-guessing his nominal programmer Kim LeMasters right into the ratings pit. Third-place networks have traditionally begun the long road back by running riskier, more interesting programs than the No. 1 and No. 2 networks, which begin playing it safe once they hit the top. ABC climbed out of last place this way in the 1970s and then did it again a few years ago. This was also NBC's strategy in the early 1980s. However, just as CBS the corporation is merely piling up cash in the bank, CBS the TV network continues to program to the older, more rural audience that was its franchise in the 1960s and early '70s. That audience, however, and indeed almost all audiences, are avoiding in droves the shows that Tisch is putting on.

LeMasters is no doubt feeling slightly pinched these days. First he has executive vice president of prime-time programming Barbara Corday, a woman who might replace him any day, working under him. LeMasters must also have heard that CBS has tried to woo everyone, including young Ancier (who went from Diller's Fox network to the Diller nemesis Michael Eisner's Disney as president of network television), Tri-Star chief Jeff Sagansky (who ran NBC's programming before Brandon Tartikoff) and Tony Thomopoulos (formerly head of ABC, now an independent producer affiliated with Columbia). With Tisch being such a meddlesome proprietor, however, if LeMasters leaves, CBS may never get a top-drawer programmer to replace him—although Sagansky is seriously considering CBS's latest offer. Maybe they'll have a shot at leaving third place in the *late* 1990s.

Indeed, so invisible is CBS these days that when Tartikoff, NBC's tenaciously boyish president, announced his network's new fall schedule, he also talked about some of NBC's counterprogramming strategies—counterprogramming strategies against shows on ABC and on Diller's Fox network. In all his programming-strategy talk, Tartikoff never once even mentioned CBS—America's fourth network.

See you Monday night at Mortons. **D**

Crossword Puzzle

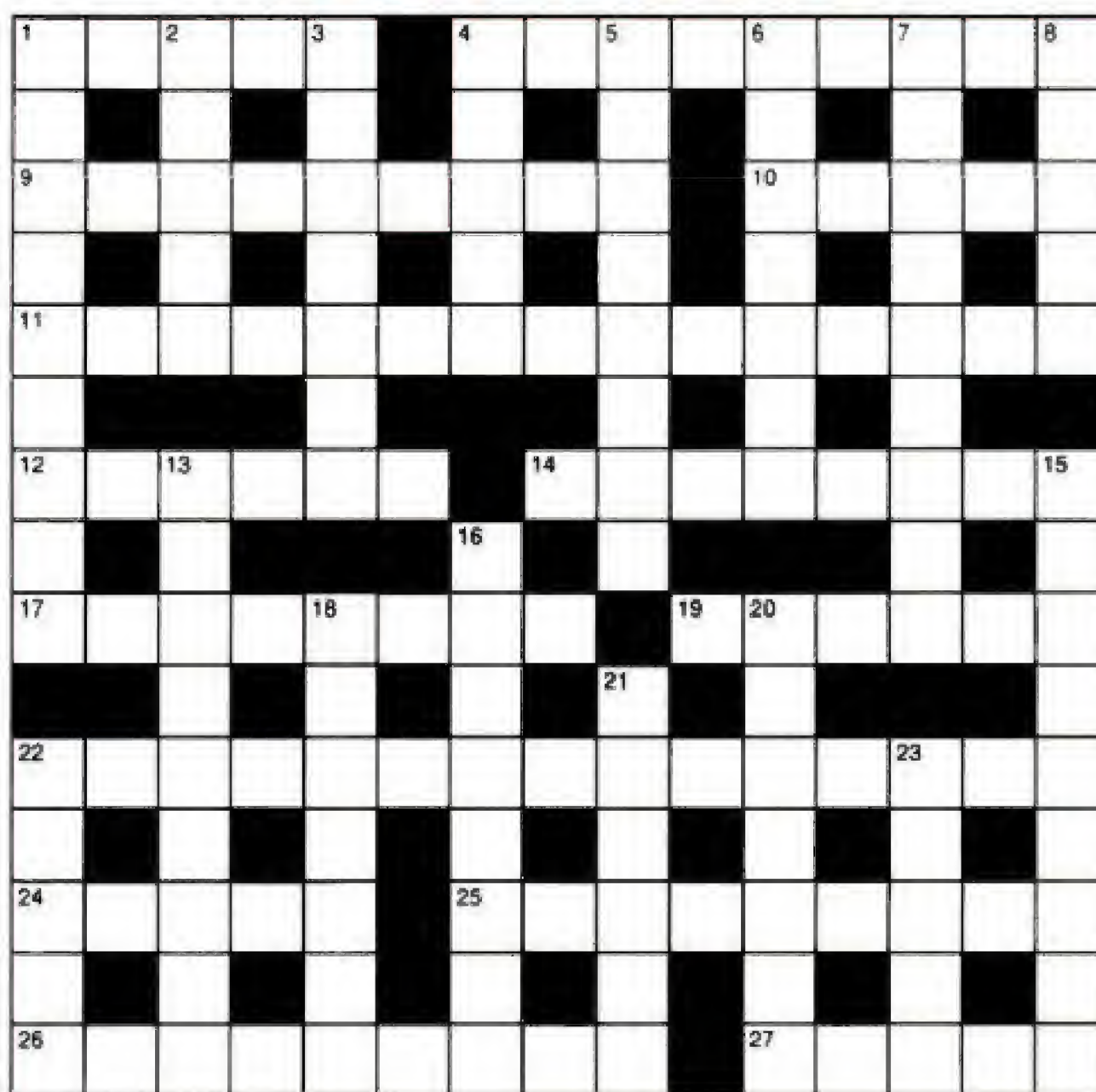
BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. They keep our heads up with kisses and caresses. (5)
4. Romantic heat, re men going crazy among lice. (9)
9. Supreme fictionalized, ideal young female. (5,4)
10. Strength of sun sign slightly off. (5)
11. Drummer's temptress may inherit cows. (7,8)
12. Inflamed ogle keeps you up all night, coast to coast. (3-3)
14. Fill in what you get lots of with a string bikini. (5,3)
17. Hush! I . . . Quiet! Get away, sea puss! (5,3)
19. Leech on ocean animal. (6)
22. We hear Pete Rose and risk-taking mate are approaching perfection. (6,3,6)
24. Description of summer skirts may cause blackout. (5)
25. Sort of hinted about what a cow says: "Ready for it." (2,3,4)
26. Those who lend their names to Reno dress oddly. (9)
27. For example, sizzling start following back road to all that's left at last. (5)



Too Hot to Smooch?



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 105.

DOWN

1. Bare bodies have some fun, Dr. Strange. (4,5)
2. Uncloody gain. (5)
3. Sounds like outline is suited to August. (7)
4. Behold in South the seat of Eros. (5)
5. First person objectively leads lieutenant empowered like wax or chocolate. (8)
6. Southeastern states are (we hear) coming up for ruins. (7)
7. Peignoir for wild thing? G'won! (9)
8. Miscue makes difference in run or earned run. (5)
13. Forest follows tendency to be beach detritus. (9)
15. Whose best man the groom is, we hope. (3,6)
16. SPY, for instance, is what Tipper doesn't want children to have sex with. (8)
18. You'll be one if you wear one in August. (7)
20. Play like what royal claimants do. (7)
21. Get ready to publish, before high school, whose lover Archie was. (6)
22. Juice in the oven and thrash. (5)
23. Ones over there have sweet excited heads after hot dancing. (5)

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Page 153: H. Armstrong Roberts.
Warhol Index: Yee/LGI (Warhol's head).

▼ It all started with Donald "Stinky" Trump and his boyish, pigtailed-in-the-inkwell sense of humor, and before we knew it New York's favorite party gag was the mock-scandalized *Who invited him/her?* finger-pointing gesture. At The Players Club, 1, Lauren Bacall points to Helen Hayes and demands to know — what else? — *Who invited her?* 2,3: Even the ordinarily dour giantess Nancy Kissinger has become obsessed with the joke. 4: At a Washington Hilton gala, perpetually red-nosed single guy Tom Hayden deploys a wagging, flirtatious variation on the finger point toward his genuinely fascinated interlocutor, the wife of Santa Monica



▼ **SECRETS OF SUCCESS** Pheromones, man-musk, a special way with a black tie, or impeccable breeding — whatever it is, some men just have an uncanny power over the opposite sex. *Left:*



publisher and freshly retired American Stock Exchange chairman and CEO Arthur Levitt works his cyclonic charm on his wife; and *left*, dancer turned walker Peter Martins effortlessly delights restaurant wife turned *Vogue* writer Anne McNally.



▼ **DOUBLE-DATING** Those two archetypal late-1970s couples, the Curtis Sliwas and the Geraldo Riveras, made a fun foursome at a party at Alice Tully Hall (fashion memo to Curtis: The T-shirt-over-the-dress-shirt thing still works *fabulously* for you).

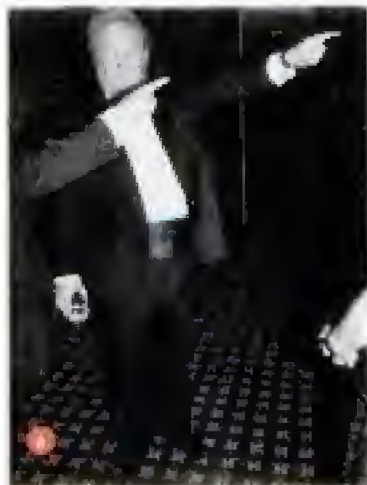


▼ **FINALLY, PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF** that elderly Trump court stenographer Liz Smith and Oscarcast embarrassment Allan Carr borrow each other's clothes.



▲ Art people are just so *expressive*! At the Love Ball, scary early-1980s art dealer-phenom Mary Boone and painter Ross Bleckner have a passionate conversation with painter Joseph Kosuth's hands.

congressman Mel Levine. But leave it to the very, very funny Jackie Mason to study with the master: 5, at the Police Athletic League's Superstar Dinner honoring—who else?—a graceful, lithe Donald Trump, Mason looked at the suddenly supercurvaceous Ivana and combined the side-splitting *Who invited her?* line with an improvised *What the H-E-Double-Hockey-Sticks happened to her breasts?* (6: No, Supreme Court rejectee Robert Bork, here at a Washington fete, has not been bitten by the *Who invited her?* bug—rather, he is being shown the way to the men's room.)



▲ **ABOUT FACE** The chronically frightened, bewildered John Zaccaro exits a Barnard College anniversary dinner, having evidently just received orders to do so.

▼ **PASS IT ON** Socialites sure do get a kick out of talking to one another, particularly when one of them is a bosomy dirty-book writer like Shirley Lord (1, with comrade-in-arms Donald "Stinky" Trump), or a bosomy former porno model turned billionaire's wife like Pat Kluge (2, evidently telling marriage-obsessed *U.S. News* commander in chief Mort Zuckerman the one about the guy with the furry mouse slippers, and, 3, coaxing an even bigger laugh out of wattled dirty-video renter and *Times* columnist Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal), or a not-yet-but-soon-to-be-bosomy deluxe-hotel president like Ivana Trump (4, evidently demonstrating Czech flossing technique with Jerry Zipkin, and, 5, fascinating a top cosmetic-rehab consultant, plastic surgeon Dr. V. Michael Hogan, with more or less comprehensible descriptions of her soon-to-be-new body).



▼ As the originator of the fabulous *Who invited him/her?* pointed-finger gesture, Donald Trump is already renowned for putting his famously short fingers to good use. Here, 1, at the opening of Jackie Mason's restaurant, he appears to be using all ten of them to place some sort of hex on his host, as an alarmed Gilbert Gottfried looks on. When Trump moves on to the Three Stooges segment of his nobody-does-it-better finger-gesture repertoire, 2–5, plucky comedian Gottfried decides to show off some of his own moves, in an act of postmodern homage to the master.





ONCE IT WAS COOL TO BE LOUD.

But in our New, Improved New York, it's cool to be cool. The seemingly 70-pound, 140-decibel, shoulder-balanced stereo system is out. The 70-pound, 7,800-BTU, shoulder-balanced air conditioner is in. No one knows where this new craze came from. But then again, no one really knows where Day-Glo spandex biking pants came from. Or the stopwatch around the neck. Or the unlaced sneakers. Maybe they don't want us to know. Maybe we'd rather not know. Maybe some young people will do anything to be the most popular kid in a 20-foot radius. So enjoy it while you can. The fad, like summer, will fade soon enough, only—we hope—to be revived in a frenzy of 1989 nostalgia sometime around next August. **D**

UN-BRITISH

CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

There it was, a raw, quivering thing, this spring, in *The New York Times*: "Researchers are reporting that parts of the corpus callosum, the fibers that connect the left and right hemispheres of the brain, are larger in women than men."

Deep down inside somewhere—in my corpus callosum, undoubtedly—I knew it all along. But I hated to say anything. Even at the height of passion, I never felt quite abandoned enough to exclaim, "Sophronia [not her real name]! There is something so elseways about you people! So exotic, so . . . I don't even know how to say it, so . . ."

Now, however, it has been in the *Times*.

Men's and women's very brains are joined together differently.

I guess that is why Barbara Ehrenreich can write, in *Mother Jones*, a progressive magazine, "What husband, even in the well-known two-income marriage, is capable of performing simple acts of daily self-care without the constant assistance of a watchful and fully able-bodied spouse?" and it is cool. Whereas if I wrote anything, no matter how tongue-in-cheek, at all comparable about wives, in this day and age (not that I would!), I would have to go to jail.

This mental fiber thing also explains all the burning and cleaving that still goes on, in spite of everything, between the sexes. You look at a person and she or he is probably wearing the same sweatclothing you are, and both of your names may be Lindsay, but there is something you can't put your finger on. Something that makes you want to cleave to that person and stroke his or her hair. Now we know it is a cerebral thing. You are fascinated by what lies under that hair: the corpus callosum, which, incidentally, is Latin for "firm body."

But, here's the question I was coming to when I got off into that matter of patronizing spousal references.

Which I am crazy to have got off into. But I am still dismayed that in her book *A Very Serious Thing: Women's Humor and American Culture*, Nancy A. Walker writes that my book *What Men Don't Tell Women* "perpetuates the traditional concept of separate male and female cultures," and that passages in it "reinforce the concept of woman as 'other,' and also approach feminism as though it were equivalent to being a Democrat or a Methodist—an affiliation to be changed at will—both of which [note: it is not clear to me what that both of which refers to] represent a continuing cultural resistance to the principle of gender equality." This is the thanks I get for devoting my life, as intractable Democrat and post-Methodist, to the principle of mixed company.

The question I was coming to is, are we still avid to burn and cleave in August, when the temperature is up around 100?

Late one spring when I was in college, a woman I wanted to burn with and cleave to, a woman who had generally seemed to be of a like mind in this regard, said something to me that has stuck with me ever since:

"Too hot to smooch."

I didn't get it. I still don't get it. It was only around 90. (This was in the South.) A woman can say something like that and be captivating. Whereas if a man said it, he would sound like a schlump—a husband. The difference must lie in the corpus callosum.

At any rate, when it is around 100, it can't be too hot to smooch. Because another person is only around 98.6. Another person ought to be refreshing. —R.B.

ACROSS

9. The musical *Dreamgirls* fictionalized the Supremes.

11. A drummer, as you know unless you are preposterously new-fashioned (and perhaps belong to that class of people that seems to me increasingly common in New York, a class of people that I think of as teenage lawyers), is a traveling salesman. (We are not speaking of musicians here. Incidentally, it was a woman musician who told me this joke: "What do you call somebody who hangs around with musicians? A drummer.") What with electronic shopping and conglomerate agribusiness, I guess there aren't many traveling salesmen or farmer's daughters around anymore. In fact, I haven't heard anyone say, "Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter?" in quite some time. Old stereotypes are breaking down. Today a drummer, in either sense, could well be a woman, and the closest equivalent to a farmer's daughter may be an accountant.

17. *Sb* means "hush," the musical notation *p* means "quiet," and *scat* means "get away." A sea puss, for our purposes here, is a nautical cat, but it is also a strong current near the shore that can sweep you out to sea. A public-service announcement: what you should do if caught in that kind of sea puss is not to struggle against it but to stay up on top of it and swim laterally out of it. It's

1	N	2	E	3	C	4	K	5	S	6	L	7	I	8	M	9	E	10	R	11	E	12	N	13	C	14	E
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127	S	128	H	129	O	130	R	131	T	132	I	133	N	134	T	135	H	136	E	137	M	138	O	139	O	140	D
141	T	142	O	143	E	144	N	145	H	146	N	147	S	148	E												
149	E	150	N	151	D	152	O	153	R	154	S	155	E	156	R	157	S	158	D	159	R	160	E	161	G	162	S

only going to be a few feet wide. I learned that when I interviewed a man who billed himself as the world's oldest working lifeguard. He was 81. He claimed never to have had a drowning on a beach he was working, and he didn't have much sympathy for people who even *thought* they were drowning on his watch. "I got kind of mad going after one man," he said. "This fellow was a fine swimmer. 'What you yelling for help for?' I asked him. 'You can swim as well as I can.' 'Yeah,' he said, 'but I can't turn around.' But usually when you get to a drowning man he's facing the shore, taking his last look," the world's oldest working lifeguard chuckled. "The book says you're supposed to dive down under him and turn him around so you can tow him in. I have a little different trick: I get in a ball with my foot up toward his face. 'Turn around, if you don't want a kick,' I tell him. One woman got so mad at me, she said, 'The next time I'm drowning, I'd rather drown than be saved by him.' I make 'em swim in. Make 'em work. I say, 'I'm not a ferryboat.' " He lived alone. "I didn't get along so well in married life," he said. "It's hard to hit it right."

25. Hinted rearranged ("sort of") around moo.

27. E.g. and s (which is the start of *sizzling*) following Rd backward.

DOWN

1. Some fun. Dr. rearranged ("Strange").

6. SE, Ga., Va. and r (how we hear the word *are*), backward (or "coming up" in a Down clue).

16. Tipper Gore mounted a campaign against lewd rock lyrics after hearing Prince singing about "masturbating with a magazine." And although I favor freedom of expression, I must say, as a person whose work appears in magazines, that I find it a little embarrassing, not to mention yucky, to think . . . Oh, wait. It just occurred to me that *with* in that Prince lyric might mean "while perusing." Hey, young people, if left alone, are going to do that. We in the magazine business are quite aware of this, and while we don't talk about it much, I don't mind telling you it gives us a bit of a glow.

21. This is, of course, Archie Bunker. Archie of the comics, I believe we can assume, was never the lover, in the word's full meaning, of either Betty or Veronica, except perhaps off-comic. During breaks, A. and B. or V. may have slipped off somewhere for an evenhanded discussion of stereotypes followed by what is known as a violent nap. In my experience, however, an evenhanded discussion of stereotypes between two people of different stereotypes, however well disposed, draws blood away from the organs of sweet feelings and into parts of the brain where who knows what happens. I regret this as much as anyone, and yet a scholar calls me divisive. To get ready to publish is to *edit*, and *high school* is *b.s.*

23. After *bot* rearranged ("dancing"), s and e (the heads of *sweet* and *excited*). 3



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